

XVIIIth YEAR.

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

LOS ANGELES

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1899.

FIVE CENT.

THEATERS—

For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part III.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

INDOOR SAUCER TRACK—MAIN AND TENTH STS.

The Big Bicycle Races Go Again
Thursday Night, Dec. 7, 8:15 p.m.

The most enormous hit ever made in Los Angeles. Thursday night a still better card will be presented.

Watch the time this time. Last Thursday we broke nearly every Coast record for similar events, but that is a detail. The royal sport we furnish is the thing. The building is now completely enclosed.

O STRICH FARM, SOUTH PASADENA—

Special

Sunday Rates

TODAY

Round Trip on Electric Cars

25c Including Admission to Farm.

PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURE—

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—Representative of the Hindu religion at the World's Parliament of Religion Chicago, 1893—Blanchard Hall, Friday evening, Dec. 8, at 8 o'clock. Subject—THE VENDANTA PHILOSOPHY, or Hinduism as a Religion. Tickets 50c—for sale at Fitzgerald's, 115 S. Spring St.

Y. M. C. A. AUDITORIUM—

THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 5.

Y. O. CHAPLAIN W. G. ISAACS, U.S.N., of the Flying Squadron at Santiago.

Members' course. General admission 50c.

COMING TO LOS ANGELES— VLADIMIR de PACHMAN, The Great Russian Pianist. Concert Direction, F. W. BLANCHARD.

BASEBALL— LOS ANGELES vs. SAN DIEGO, Sunday, 2:30. FIESTA PARK.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

CALIFORNIA LIMITED—

SANTA FE ROUTE.

Lv. Los Angeles 6:00 p.m.,

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

Lv. Pasadena 6:26 p.m.,

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday.

Ar. Denver 9:00 a.m.,

Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday.

Ar. Kansas City 6:30 p.m.,

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Monday, Tuesday.

Ar. Chicago 2:15 p.m.,

Friday, Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

Ar. New York 6:30 p.m.,

Saturday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday.

Entirely new and luxurious equipment. Electric.

lighted throughout. Everything to make you comfortable and the fastest time ever made.

EXCURSIONS MT. LOWE RAILWAY—

FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, DEC. 1, 2, 3.

These excursions are positively the last regular week-day excursions for this season at the lowest rate ever made. From Los Angeles to Alpine Tavern and return, (including all points on Mount Lowe Railway.) "FIFTY CENTS TO RUBIO CANYON" and return. Pasadena Electric Cars connecting leave 8, 9, 10 a.m. and 1 p.m. All the a.m. and 1 p.m. make entire trip and return same day. Evening special will leave Echo Mountain after operation of World's Fair Search Light and large Telescope, arriving at 10:45. To make your trip complete remain over night or longer at "Echo Mountain House," strictly first class. Rates \$2.50 and up per day. \$12.50 and up per week. Tickets and full information at office, 214 S. Spring St. Tel. Main 960,

TO SEE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—

You must go around The Kite-Shaped Track

The principal points of interest are on this famous line. See a new country every mile. Leave Los Angeles 8:30 a.m. return arrives Los Angeles 5:47 p.m., giving ample time at Redlands and Riverside for drives and sightseeing.

STEAMSHIP AUSTRALIA—

Sails Dec. 13, for HONOLULU only. For rates and future sailings apply to HUGH B. RICE, Agt. OCEANIC S.S. Co., 230 S. Spring St. Phone Main 392.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS—

H IN CARBONS AND PLATINOTYPES

...NEW EFFECTS...

Children's Pictures in characteristic attitudes

Make Appointments Now. Cloudy Weather No Detriment.

16--Medals--Medals--16

STUDIO--220½ S. Spring St.

OPPOSITE
HOLLENBECK
HOTEL

Steckel

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—

The famous resort 3½ hours from Los Angeles. HOTEL METROPOLE always open at popular rates. Fine QUAIL SHOOTING, special rates to hunters.

Golf Links, Submarine gardens as seen through glass-bottom boats. Marvelous exhibition of living fish in glass tanks. Boating, hunting the wild goat, fishing, etc. Most equable climate in the world—average temperature 70 degrees. Regular daily steamer service from San Pedro except on Friday. See railroad time tables.

BANNING COMPANY, 222 South Spring Street, Los Angeles. Tel. Main 36.

INSTITUTE OF PNEUMAOPATHY—

... The New-Science of Healing ...

THROUGH THE POWER OF BREATHING

Under the auspices of the FORWARD MOVEMENT, Blanchard Hall—Healing meetings—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 12 o'clock.

N. B. ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO—

We are shipping some of the finest Washington Naval Oranges raised in Southern California—Also Watsonville Winter Apples, all varieties. Write for quotations. Rivers Bros., Ste. cor. Broadway.

FLOWERS—

Long Beach Carnations and Violets are very choice. For sale by MESERVE FLORAL AND NURSERY CO., 244 S. Broadway. Tel. Main 1245. Floral Designs.

TURKISH BATHS CLEAR THE COMPLEXION—

Open the pores and work off Skin, Blood, Malaria and other poisons from the system. Tel. Green 427. 210 South Broadway.

NATICK HOUSE—

Cor. First and Main Sts. Hart Bros. prop. "The Popular Hotel," remodeled. 75 additional rooms, all newly furnished, every thing strictly first-class. Elevator. American plan. \$1.25 to \$3.00, latter includes suites, with private baths. European plan, 50 cents up.

[WASHINGTON.]
CHIEF CLERK
OF THE SENATE.

Loudenslager of New Jersey was re-elected secretary.

Mr. Henderson's name was presented by Mr. Payne of New York, and seconded by Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, both of whom had been candidates originally. The roll was not called. The nomination was made by acclamation.

Gen. Henderson came to the Capitol and remained in the Speaker's room in the rear of the House, until the House officers had been selected. He was then escorted to the rostrum of the House by Messrs. Hopkins of Illinois, Payne of New York, and Sherman of Connecticut. His appearance was greeted with a cheer. In response, Gen. Henderson addressed the caucus. After expressing his deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon him, he said:

"We have great responsibilities resting upon us in this Congress, and great responsibilities in the coming year, and upon our wise action depends the prosperity of the country that we all love. May I impress upon your minds the absolute necessity for devotion to the republic in more than mere words? We must be a watchword; care in the expenditure of the people's money. At the same time let us be large enough in intellect to grasp the situation which presents a growing country with opening and expanding opportunities, and do our duty with care and patriotic consideration. We are going to be met by a well organized and able minority, led by accomplished leaders. This involves the necessity for the Republicans to touch the heart of the working-class. We have got to realize that in this Congress, with our small majority, every man, like a true soldier, must be constantly at his post of duty, and I urge with the greatest earnestness that this be the determination of each and every member of the party. I have no fear that I can make you do this, for I am a man like me who has gone so far in this thing called politics, who has worked so faithfully for my party, who would crawl out just before an active campaign, when the party is in the minority.

Mr. Payne of New York called attention to the narrow majority in the House, and the necessity of having all the Republicans throughout the country present. He offered a resolution, which was adopted, that no leaves be granted, except for urgent cases, and that one member should be appointed to look after the pairs.

Mr. Daub of Pennsylvania, who was a member of the Committee on Rules in the last Congress, offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the caucus that the rules of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses (the Red Rules) should be adopted by the incoming House. He made a speech of considerable length in support of his resolution. Under the operations of the rules of the last two Congresses, he argued, the majority would be able to transact business in their own way, and have the satisfaction of the country. They were the only rules under which the House had been able to do business.

Mr. Hepburn of Iowa, who fought the rules in the last Congress, attempted to argue several points with Mr. Daub, but was not able to yield.

When he had concluded, however, Col. Hepburn got the floor and attacked the resolutions. He insisted that the rules should be modified. He laid particular stress upon the question of amendment, which he advised should go to the first member who addressed the chair. He also contended that the Committee on Rules should be entirely independent of the Speaker and that there should be a general decentralization of power.

The Speaker and the Committee on Rules, he contended, had too much power under the rules proposed to be adopted. The power of committees and individuals should be expanded.

Mr. Daub of Pennsylvania, who was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, warmly supported Mr. Daub's resolution. He argued and cited many instances to show that while committees were theoretically equal, the business of some committees exceeded that of others. It was also proposed that each member should have the right of way.

Mr. Reeves of Illinois favored a modification of the rules which would enlarge the Committee on Appropriations, warmly supported by Mr. Daub's resolution. He argued and cited many instances to show that while committees were theoretically equal, the business of some committees exceeded that of others. It was also proposed that each member should have the right of way.

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munications by which the battalions of cavalry and artillery were coming up, and that line stretches not only to Cape Town, but to Southampton, whence 3000 fresh troops sailed yesterday with an additional call behind for reserves of six regiments.

The curtain has been rung down upon the campaign in Upper Natal, and there is only a single glimpse left in the scenes. This is offered in a Central News dispatch from Durban, with the statement that a reconnaissance in force has taken place and Boer commandos found at Colenso, where a great battle is likely to fought early in the week. The bridge has undoubtedly been destroyed, and the river will be defended at Modder.

Military men are looking for a fine display of strategy in that quarter since the shining lights of the staff college are there, both Clery and Hillyard, and they also forecast more delay in bringing of an engagement since there will be maneuvering for uniting the two British armies in a general attack upon Joubert. That warrior has been killed off again by several news agencies, one of which is considerate enough to bury him with a state funeral, but he will probably live to fight another battle.

Buller's admirers are now asserting that he has virtually relieved Mafeking and Kimberley by the general plan of campaign, and is within striking distance for the rescue of Ladysmith. He has not yet beaten the Dutch allies whose fighting powers in defensive warfare are marvelous. He has succeeded certainly in nipping in the bud the rebellion in Cape Colony, where the Dutch are throwing down their arms and returning to their farms, although Gaecare and French have not yet struck a decisive blow.

SITUATION IMPROVED.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LONDON. Dec. 3.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) The military situation in South Africa as far as it is allowed to be disclosed has distinctly improved during the week from the British standpoint.

It is difficult to describe English pride and enthusiasm over Gen. Methuen's great march to the relief of Kimberley. There are still some misgivings over the ultimate fate of the gallant column which is fighting its way north against the enemy which is desperately contesting every step of advance.

The public is still in the dark as to the latest position of Gen. Methuen's force and the nature of the battle at Modder River. The publication of the casualty list gives the impression that it was a long-range fight, perhaps from opposite sides of the river, for much heavier losses were expected from Methuen's description as a "great battle."

It is naturally feared that, as in the case of the previous engagements, supplemental lists will be forthcoming in a few days almost as long as the original.

JOURBERT AGAIN DEAD.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

CAPE TOWN. Nov. 28.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) There are recurring and substantial rumors that Gen. Joubert was killed near Ladysmith on November 10. A correspondent has seen a letter written by a Boer in Pretoria to his wife, who is at Cape Town, in which he stated he had just returned from Gen. Joubert's funeral.

The Grahamstown Journal publishes a letter from a correspondent with the Free State burghers at Ladysmith, in which he says:

"You will have heard of Joubert's death before this. He was killed by a lyddite shell, which ricocheted and hit him in the head. He expired soon after, falling dead within ten yards of him at the time."

BOERS DEMORALIZED.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LONDON. Dec. 2.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) In regard to the Natal campaign, it is difficult to account for the Boer retreat from Modder River and around Estcourt, except by the acceptance of repeated reports that Gen. Joubert has been killed, and that the burghers are consequently demoralized. The original assertion that the withdrawal was caused by lack of food is hardly borne out by the discoveries of food and other loot left by the retreating Boers.

BOERS DESTROYED
THE MODDER RIVER BRIDGE

AND ARE NOW CONCENTRATING
AT SPYTFONTEIN.

Final Battle Before Kimberley Will
Probably Be Fought There—Bridge
Must Be Rebuilt Before Methuen's
Artillery and Cavalry Can Cross.
Dutch Colonists' Loyalty.

GEN. WALKER'S DISPATCH.

LONDON. Dec. 2.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The meager dispatch giving a list of the British casualties at Modder River, and announcing the bare fact that Lord Methuen is still there awaiting reinforcements, is only supplemented by a brief special message from Cape Town to-day, stating that the Boers destroyed the bridge over the Modder River before the battle and are now concentrating at Spytfontein, where the final battle before Kimberley is believed to be expected to take place.

The censor has apparently stopped all press messages from the front relating to the battle, which is not regarded as a favorable indication.

As to the material results of Gen. Methuen's engagements, it is not yet clear whether Gen. Methuen's force actually crossed the Modder River, or whether the Boers destroyed the bridge before the artillery and cavalry can cross. In any case, the railway must be carried over the bridge before the indispensable big naval guns can pass, because Lord Methuen's last message showed that they were worked on trucks along that railway.

It is a significant fact that Lord Methuen's cable makes no mention of the Boer loss, which therefore is assumed to be small.

A despatch from Cape Town this evening says Lord Methuen's advice undoubtedly is beginning to affect the Boer strategy and probably explains the withdrawal from Modder River. The continued presence of commandos in Cape Colony tends to confirm the opinion that the Boers are making desperate efforts to recruit their forces from the Dutch residents. While it is impossible to obtain exact statistics, it is absolutely certain that the dispersed Dutch have joined the Boers in great numbers, which is an increasing. Most of the recruits are young men. Gen. Buller's message clearly indicating that the punishment for disobeying having deterred the garrison hoards of farms from joining the Boers through fear of confiscation of their property. There are now clear proofs that the loyalty of the border Dutch is unable to withstand the proximity of Boer commandos. The

rest of the colony is apparently quiet, but there is a strong undercurrent of sympathy with the Boers. The outlook regarding the Cape Colony, however, may be regarded as hopeful.

The Boers, as well as the British, underestimate the strength of their opponents, and even engagement has evidently tended to establish a hearty respect for Tommy Atkins.

CASUALTY LIST
FROM MODDER RIVER BATTLE.

DEAD AND WOUNDED FOUND TO
NUMBER HUNDREDS.

Seventy-three British Soldiers Killed and Nearly Four Hundred Wounded. Methuen Did not Advance After the Battle—Reinforcements Pushed Forward—Movements in Natal.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

LONDON. Dec. 2.—[By Atlantic Cable.] As surmised, the British dead and wounded at the hard-fought battle of Modder River, numbered hundreds. The War Office today gave out the information that the total number of casualties was 438, and the number of killed was 72.

The revised list of Modder River casualties, non-commissioned officers and men, is divided as follows:

Ninth Lancers, 1 wounded; engineers, 2 wounded; artillery, 3 killed, 25 wounded; Second Coldstreams, 10 killed, 56 wounded; Third Grenadiers, 9 killed, 38 wounded, 4 missing; Scots Guards, 10 killed, 37 wounded, 1 missing; Northumberland Fusiliers, 11 killed, 31 wounded; First Northumbrian, 3 wounded; Second Yorkshire, 9 killed, 44 wounded; First North Lancashire, 3 killed, 14 wounded; Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, 15 killed, 95 wounded, 2 missing; First Coldstream, 20 wounded; South African Reserve, 1 wounded; Medical Corps, 1 wounded.

From Gen. Forester-Walker's dispatch it is proved that all reports of Gen. Methuen's advance after the battle of Modder River were premature, and that with the railroad working he should not be long in constructing a temporary bridge. His enforced delay will be of considerable service in giving his hard-pushed column a needful rest, and in allowing the troops of relief to march which must be sorely in need, after three such fights, placing hors d'combat here and there, already provoking the pestilence. The pest is traced to cotton imported from China, the original buyer, the carrier and the purchaser of the stuff being the three victims. Much dismay prevails in the infected city, and the most drastic measures are being taken by the authorities. A hundred houses are isolated and a corps of the most eminent physicians in the empire has been dispatched to the scene with full powers.

A striking illustration of the sensitiveness of the Japanese against the Russian encroachments in Korea is to be found in the fact that although it was perfectly known that the autumn maneuvers of the army were to be held this week, yet the embarkation of troops upon two transports here last Monday gave rise to the wildest rumors that they were en route for Korea, and in the popular imagination the impending war had already begun.

The future Empress of Japan has been chosen, and her engagement to the Crown Prince announced. She will have a dowry of 1,250,000 yen from her own family and from the Emperor, the latter contributing the larger portion of the sum. It may be significant that by this marriage the Crown Prince will become related to the highest Buddhist priest in the empire. In view of the strong Buddhist movement to secure state recognition, this fact is commented upon as of great interest.

Predictions are freely made that the coming session of parliament will result in a break up of the present ministry. The Liberal party, although it is not with the Boers, has been enabled to arm its measures in a state of chaos. Two of its leaders resigned, while another has been making insistent demands for spoils in the shape of ministerial appointments, in return for party service. The civilian government thus being brought to the front, as prominently as it is in the United States.

The government has decided to build two new cruisers in its own dock yards, one at Kuro and the other at Nagasaki. The cost of the new fleet cannot be done at any price near so small a cost as the work would entail in foreign yards, but as a matter of national pride and for the encouragement of domestic industry the decision has been taken.

The tone of the Japanese press on the war in the Transvaal is decidedly pro-British. According to a special dispatch from Cape Town, Gen. Joubert was killed November 10, but Gen. Buller's dispatch of November 24 showed that Gen. White was in communication with Gen. Joubert, or with somebody impersonating him, about November 19.

GEN. WALKER'S DISPATCH.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

LONDON. Dec. 2.—The War Office has received the following from Gen. Forester-Walker:

—CAPE TOWN, Friday, Dec. 1.—Gen. Gaecare reports no change in the situation.

—Gen. French has made a reconnaissance to Namaqualand to Rossmead. The troops returned today.

—Gen. Methuen's flesh wound is slight. He is remaining at Modder River for the reconstruction of the bridge. An reinforcing him with Highlanders and a cavalry corps. Horse artillery, the Canadian regiment, Australian contingents and three battalions infantry moved up to De Aar and Belmont line.

THE LIST RECTIFIED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

LONDON. Dec. 3.—Official rectification of the list of the Modder River casualties among the non-commissioned officers and men makes the total losses of the North Lancashires three killed and six wounded. Of the Northumberland Fusiliers, seven killed and thirty-four wounded, and of the Argyls eighteen killed and ninety-one wounded. It also adds to the list of the Remington Guards three wounded. The aggregate of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and men is 452.

MACRUM TO BE RELIEVED.

NEW CONSUL SENT TO PRETORIA.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. Dec. 2.—The President has designated Adelbert F. Hay to proceed at once to South Africa as the representative of the State Department, to take command of the United States consul at Pretoria. The State Department has answered Mr. Macrum's repeated appeals to be relieved, and he will not await the arrival of Mr. Hay before quitting his post.

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DUCHESS DENIES IT.

D'UZES NOT HELPING THE BOERS.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

PARIS. Dec. 2.—The Duchess D'Uzes has telegraphed the newspapers here indignantly denying the report that she is paying the expenses of an allied pro-Boer volunteer corps said to be forming in New York.

NO COGNIZANCE TAKEN.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. Dec. 2.—The State

Department will take no cognizance of the party recruited by Guano Thielkuhl for the alleged purpose of attacking South Africa, as the department officials say the British authorities have not called attention to the movement, and is not looked upon as in any way serious.

NOT AN AFFAIR OF STATE.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON. Dec. 2.—There will be no official utterances by our government respecting the speech of Mr. Chamberlain dealing with the entente between the United States and Great Britain and Germany. The reason pointed out is that it is not proper to take notice of matters merely mentioned in a speech delivered before social organization.

JAPAN.
DREAD PLAGUE
IN THE RISING SUN EMPIRE.

BUBONIC VARIETY CAUSES THREE
DEATHS AT KOBE.

Little Brown Men Fear Russian Encroachments in Korea—Crown Prince's Marriage Announced. Break-up of the Present Ministry Looked For—Press is Pro-British.

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Gen. Methuen's description as a "great battle."

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—Gen. Methuen's flesh wound is slight. He is remaining at Modder River for the reconstruction of the bridge. An reinforcing him with Highlanders and a cavalry corps. Horse artillery, the Canadian regiment, Australian contingents and three battalions infantry moved up to De Aar and Belmont line.

THE LIST RECTIFIED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

LONDON. Dec. 3.—Official rectification of the list of the Modder River casualties among the non-commissioned officers and men makes the total losses of the North Lancashires three killed and six wounded. Of the Northumberland Fusiliers, seven killed and thirty-four wounded, and of the Argyls eighteen killed and ninety-one wounded. It also adds to the list of the Remington Guards three wounded. The aggregate of casualties among the non-commissioned officers and men is 452.

MACRUM TO BE RELIEVED.

NEW CONSUL SENT TO PRETORIA.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

CHIEF CLERK.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

to vote for Richardson. There was a general stampede to Mr. Richardson, so he was nominated on the sixth ballot, receiving 50 votes against 47 for De Armond, and two for Sulzer. The nomination was then made unanimous.

Mr. Richardson, who was in the Way and Means Committee room, was invited to the hall and made a short speech, thanking his colleagues for the honor they had conferred upon him. Owing to the lateness of the hour, he said he would do no more than to return his profound thanks, trusting he had done his duty in discharging the responsibilities placed upon him by the action of the caucus. His highest ambition, he said, would be to meet these responsibilities and discharge them so as to meet the approbation of the House and the country.

Mr. Chambers, after speaking of the original treaty between the United States and Samoa, said:

"I am sorry for reasons you must appreciate at this time, my personal connection with the thrilling events of recent history. To do so, intelligently would involve discussion of a treaty. That bundle of diplomatic dynamite succeeded for ten years in combining all of the status quo in Samoa, because out of the committee in its manufacture, familiar with its contents, feared to touch it until all were wisely concluded to act together. Holding the three greatest nations of the world in an unhappy partnership between them than all the other causes combined. But the nation has delivered itself with past evil possibilities when instead of the calamities that might have been, we are facing and rejoicing in results among the most serious in our country's history. The powder cask is now empty, recently German Minister at Washington, and it has been taken out of international politics, and no one is found to regret it."

QUAY CASE
READY FOR SENATE'S ACTION.OPPOSITION TO SEATING HIM IS
VERY STRONG.

Senator Edmunds to Act as Counsel for Protestants—Majority of Pennsylvania Legislature Up in Arms Against the Governor's Appointee. State Constitution Violated.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Plans for opposition to the seating of Quay as Senator from Pennsylvania, upon appointment of Gov. Stone, are fully complete, and the case is ready to be presented to the Senate for final decision. It is now understood that ex-Senator Edmunds, one of the greatest constitutional lawyers of the country, will appear for the Republican opposition to Quay before the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, if that body will admit counsel.

A majority of the members of the Pennsylvania Legislature have signed petitions to the Senate asking that the constitution of Pennsylvania and of the United States be followed. Two petitions will be presented, one by Democrats and one by Republicans, who voted against Quay at the last session of the Legislature. Nearly eighty members and Senators signed the Democratic memorial. The Republican memorial already bears the names of fifty-six members and Senators, including those of Senator Chris Magee, and others who voted for Quay until within a few days of adjournment. It is expected four more names will be added. The Republican and Democratic signers of the two memorials constitute a clear majority of the Legislature. The memorials will be presented immediately upon the assembling of the Senate and doubtless will be carried to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. The provisions of the Pennsylvania constitution makes it mandatory for the Governor to call a special session of the Legislature in case of a vacancy during recess. This presents a new phase of the case and it is believed the failure of Gov. Stone to obey the explicit mandate of the State constitution will compell some Senators who are great sticklers for constitutional rights to vote against Quay.

Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania is devoting his entire time to Quay's interests, and claims sixty votes pledged, but the statement is not accepted by senators now in the city.

There will be only eighty-six Senators sitting at the opening of the Senate, as there are four vacancies. It may be the Committee on Privileges and Elections will take up the case at once, and a report be made before the holidays, but when the matter comes before the Senate a prolonged fight is probable.

HAWAII COMES FIRST.
THE ADMINISTRATION'S PLAN.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—The Tribune tomorrow will say:

"The first legislation inaugurated in the Senate of the coming Congress will be that concerning Hawaii. Senator Culom, chairman of the Hawaiian Committee, is authority for the statement. It may also be stated positively that he speaks with the knowledge and approval of President McKinley."

"In other words Senator Culom states, is the administration programme, and it is assured that the launching of Hawaii as a territory of the United States will be accomplished as soon as the proper legislation can be enacted."

SENATE FINANCE BILL.

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WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The Republican members of the Senate probably will hold a caucus Tuesday afternoon next to make provision for the organization of the committees. There are many vacancies on committees caused by the retirement of Senators. These will be filled, and in cases where Republicans are in the majority on committees, steps will be taken to change the membership so as to give them control.

The general interest in the committee changes is greater in the Committee on Finance. There are two vacancies in the committee caused by the retirement of Senators Tupper, Indiana, and White of California and the Republican Senators insist in filling both. The friends of Senator Tupper are urging his election to one of the places.

The probabilities are that a detailed work of filling the committees will be delegated to a committee, and that no actual changes will be made for several days, or probably weeks.

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SAMOAN TREATY SIGN.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The British Ambassador, Lord Pauncefot, as at the State Department today as at Secretary Hay went over the drafts of the treaty for the partition of Samoa, preparatory to the finalizing this afternoon. Three copies one in

strument were prepared, one for each of the governments concerned. The treaty was signed at the State Department at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon.

POWDER CASK REMOVED.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The Chi Phi Fraternity, which is now holding its annual convention in this city, gave a dinner last night at the Waldorf-Astoria at which ex-Chief Justice William L. Chambers, the principal guest, spoke on "Samoa, the Threshold of American Expansion."

Mr. Chambers, after speaking of the original treaty between the United States and Samoa, said:

"I am sorry for reasons you must appreciate at this time, my personal connection with the thrilling events of recent history. To do so, intelligently would involve discussion of a treaty. That bundle of diplomatic dynamite succeeded for ten years in combining all of the status quo in Samoa, because out of the committee in its manufacture, familiar with its contents, feared to touch it until all were wisely concluded to act together. Holding the three greatest nations of the world in an unhappy partnership between them than all the other causes combined. But the nation has delivered itself with past evil possibilities when instead of the calamities that might have been, we are facing and rejoicing in results among the most serious in our country's history. The powder cask is now empty, recently German Minister at Washington, and it has been taken out of international politics, and no one is found to regret it."

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settle the differences in case both bills are passed, each by its respective house.

BOND REFUNDMENT.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The propositions to refund the outstanding 4 per cent. bonds of 1907 and the five of 1904 were gone over at some length at today's conference. Secretary Gage, it is understood, has had the subject under consideration and has learned that his views practically agree with those of the committee. The proposition involves at least two amendments to the national bank act. One is to reduce the circulation tax from 1 to 1/2 per cent., and the other authorizes the issue of circulation notes at the par value of bonds deposited. There are now outstanding of the 5 per cent. due in 1904 about \$90,000,000, and of the 4 per cent. due in 1907 about \$45,000,000, taken into account those purchased by the government under the Secretary's plan offer making a total of \$25,000,000, which will be paid within the next seven years. The members of the Senate Finance Committee are of the opinion, which is fully shared by the Secretary of the Treasury, that these bonds could be refunded for other purposes, bearing 2 per cent., and it is expected that a proposition of this kind will be incorporated in the Senate bill when it is introduced.

The members of the committee refused to give out any details concerning the bill which is to be introduced, which will probably be on Wednesday next.

PENSIONS FOR CIVILIANS.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Pensions were granted to day to Californians as follows: Original, Erastus Barnes, Pomona, \$6; additional, David C. Winans, Santa Ana, \$8 to \$8; increase, Hugh Kirk, Blocksburg, \$8 to \$10; Patrick Carroll, San Francisco, \$8 to \$10; original widows, etc., Florence Labaree, San Francisco, \$8; original widows, special, November 20, Catherine Smith, Grass Valley, \$8; with Spain widows, Alice S. Armstrong, Santa Clara, \$12.

PENSION FOR CAPT. NICHOLS'S WIDOW.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—A pension of \$30 a month was today granted to Mrs. E. L. Nichols, widow of Capt. C. C. Nichols, widow of Capt. Henry E. Nichols, U. S. N. late commander of the U. S. Monadnock. Capt. Nichols died at Parana, in Manilla Bay, last June as the result of overheating himself during an action with the insurgents.

COLOMBIA'S FORCES
STILL FIGHTING THE REBELS.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

GOVERNMENT LOSS AT THE GREAT BATTLE AT SANTANDER WAS CONSIDERABLE. PORT RIO HACHIA RECAPTURED FROM THE REVOLUTIONISTS—GEN. URIBE NOT WOUNDED AS REPORTED.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The bitter controversy between the British and French press is not without its amusing features. All manner of Frenchmen and French women, residing in England, have made minds to be the best class of people disconcerned, though the vulgarity of the criticisms. The English papers have violently assailed every anti-Dreyfusard in France, but they cannot conceive the justice of their argument when the Queen's personality is involved.

A duel just fought in Paris between M. Jules Huret of the Figaro and M. Viala of the Libra Parole, sprang partly out of the controversy. M. Huret has been in England sending over pro-British articles to his paper, and was denounced by Viala, who accepted a challenge and paid for his criticisms with a wound in the arm, which has paralyzed two of his fingers.

Charles Dant, the cyclist whose fame has spread over the world, has been engaged by Dr. W. B. Burkhardt, Cincinnati, O., to sing in the new Drundum.

DR. BURKHART'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

Dr. W. B. Burkhardt, Vegetable Compound, 1000 Broadway, Cincinnati, O., sold under a honest guarantee to cure the following symptoms: Pain in the Side, Back, under the Heart, in the Mouth, and in the Stomach; Palpitation of the Heart; Tired Feeling; Poor Appetite, Coated Tongue, Bad Taste, Headache, Cough or Fimpling of the Face, Dizziness, Etc.

LONG STANDING ILLS CURED.

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DR. BURKHART.

[SPORTING RECORD.]
SAILORS DEFEATED

ARMY AND NAVY CADETS ON THE GRIDIRON.

West Point Defeats Annapolis Before a vast throng of Notables—Secretary Long and Root Among the Routers.

First Meeting of Eleves of the Two Academies for Six Years—Soldiers and Sailors Guests of Pennsylvania.

Ex-Champion Fitzsimmons and Manager Julian Quarrel and Fight. Racing at Oakland and on Eastern Tracks.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2.—The West Point football team defeated Annapolis on Franklin Field this afternoon, in a hard-fought battle, 17 to 5.

The soldiers won because they played the better football. It seemed as though every army and navy officer or standing at Washington were present. The President's Cabinet was represented by Secretary of War Root, and Secretary of the Navy Long. The two Cabinet officers received a great ovation when they entered the grounds. Secretary Root and his party occupied a box on the army's side of the field, while Secretary Long watched the game from the naval stand, on the opposite side. Between the halves, Secretary Long was escorted across the field and congratulated Secretary Root on the good work done by "his boys." This little incident started a great hurrah, in which the yell of the West Point and Annapolis cadets were mixed with the long loud roar of the Pennsylvania students.

Over 27,000 persons saw the contest. The army was well represented. There were major-generals, colonels, lieutenants-colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, and privates scattered all through the crowd. Among those present were Assistant-Secretary of the Navy Allen, Rear-Admirals O'Neill, McNair, and Rodgers, Capt. Robert D. Evans, Col. F. L. Smith, of the Marine Corps, Gov. Vashon of New Jersey, and Mayor Ashbridge of this city.

Early in the game the soldiers got the ball on downs on their 43-yard line. Line-plunges and two spins around the ends brought the ball to the 30-yard 40-yard line. The Polk halfbacks were set against the line steadily, until the ball was only 5 yards from a touchdown. On the next play Fullback Jackson was pushed over the line for the first touchdown. Rettison kicked goal. Score: West Point, 6; Annapolis, 0. There was no further scoring in the first half.

Early in the second half, a kick by Wade carried the ball to the army's 10-yard line, but Weston ran the ball back ten yards. Another exchange of punts and the ball was on the army's 20-yard line. Without losing the ball to the Polk, Weston put the sailors back from the army's 30-yard line to the middle of the field, and from there right over the Annapolis line. After almost every scrumming a sailor would be laid out, Rockwell, who took Clark's place, made a touchdown, and Rettison kicked the goal. Score: West Point, 12; Annapolis, 0.

The army started its line-breaking work again, carrying the ball from midfield to the goal without losing it or being stopped in her progress. Rockwell made the touchdown, but Rettison failed to kick. A difficult goal. Score: West Point, 17; Annapolis, 0.

When the play was resumed, the ball was carried to the army's 15-yard line by Clark, who had a 43-yard run on the next line-up. Wade was sent over the line for the first touchdown. The goal was a difficult one, and Rockwell failed to make it. The game ended a few minutes later with the ball in Annapolis' possession on the army's 45-yard line. The line-up was as follows:

West Point. Position. Annapolis. Smith (Capt.) left end. Long, Red Farnsworth, Ennis left tackle. Wartman (Capt.) Hopkins left guard. Halligan, Bettison center. Adam, Boyers right guard. Balkin, Pfeifer. Bunker, Nelly right tackle. Nichols, Williams. Burnett, Zeel right end. Berrien, Wesson quarterback. Osterhouse, Casad left halfback. Fowler, Foye. Clark, Rockwell right halfback. Gannon, Land Jackson fullback. Wade. FORMERLY AN ANNUAL EVENT.

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 2.—Today was the first time that eleven representing the two branches of the military arm of the government have met since 1883, when by mutual agreement of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, the annual contest was stopped, because the interest in the contests had grown so intense that they interfered with the progress of the contests of both academies.

Admission will be invitation, no fee being charged. More than 22,000 invitations were issued, the two academies each sending out 6,000, and the University of Pennsylvania, the remaining 10,000 or more. The demand for tickets was unusual, and as high as \$15 was offered for an invitation. Both teams arrived yesterday afternoon, and were quartered in hotels as the guests of the University of Pennsylvania. The West Point players were in charge of Col. A. L. Miller, commanding officer of the West Point Military Academy, and the Annapolis cadets were under the guidance of Lieutenant Commander Hugo Osterhouse, U.S.N.

The entire corps of West Point cadets, 1,200 strong, were activated here this morning by special order, and were escorted to Houston Hall on the university campus, where luncheon was served, followed by a reception by the University of Pennsylvania authorities. The naval battalion, also numbering about 500, was quartered shortly after the West Pointers, and were also entertained at Houston Hall.

WASHINGTON DESERTED.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—The State, War and Navy departments were almost deserted today, as a result of the West Point-Annapolis football game in Philadelphia. A special train left Washington at 10 o'clock, carrying Secretary Long, Secretary Root, Postmaster-General Smith, Adjt.-Gen. Corbin, Gen. Miles, Assistant Secretary Allen and a large number of officers

and ladies. Almost every chief of bureau, both of the army and navy, took a holiday in order to see the game. In the departments there was considerable betting in a quiet way, the odds being in favor of Annapolis, in many cases as much as 2 to 1 being given on the Annapolis team.

[PUGILISM.]
**MANAGER AND PUG
QUARREL AND THEN FIGHT.**

FITZSIMMONS AND JULIAN PART COMPANY FOREVER.

Martin Slapped the Ex-Champion's Face and Bob Retaliated by Swinging on His Brother-in-law's Eye. Revolver Drawn in the Melee—Gus Ruhlin Defeats McCormack.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—The News says ex-Champion Robert Fitzsimmons and his half-time manager, Martin Julian, have parted company. This resulted after a bitter quarrel in the pugilist's room at the Sherman House, last night, at which fists were freely swung and a revolver displayed. Fitzsimmons left for New York City today, vowing he was done with Julian for good. The disagreement came after a series of misunderstandings.

According to the stories of both men, it grew out of Fitzsimmons' inability to obtain a box at the Lyric Theater during a crowded period. Julian is interested in the Lyric. The pugilist, it is said, made certain remarks of an uncomplimentary nature concerning the Lyric and Julian took him to task for it.

After a little talk, Julian slapped the big fellow in the face, and the fighter swung on his manager's eye, skinning it slightly and raising a slight lump. Fitzsimmons declares that Julian drew a revolver at him that he chased him out of the room. Julian insists it was Bob who drew the gun.

RUHLIN BEATS MCGORMACK.

NOW HE'S AFTER JEFFRIES.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Gus Ruhlin, the Ohio giant, easily defeated Jack McCormack of Philadelphia, in a six-round go at Tattersall's tonight. Both men were in fair from first-class condition, but Ruhlin's superior height and reach told heavily on his opponent, who was seldom able to land effectively. Ruhlin scored a clean-knockdown in the first and third rounds, and had a lead in every round.

Billy Madden, manager for Ruhlin, today deposited \$100 with Col. Hopkins, to match Ruhlin against any heavyweight. London prize ring rules, Jeffries preferred.

[ON THE TURF.]

YELLOWTAIL'S WIN COST THE BOOKIES DEARLY.

WILLIAMS BET THEIR MONEY.

Jockey Jones Took Him Away in the Lead and the Son of Watercress Did the Rest—Princess Zeika Steals the Place from Anjou—Deering Wins Magnolia Stakes at New Orleans.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—At the matinee bicycle races held here today, George Fuller and E. F. Russ of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, succeeded in establishing several new amateur records. Fuller reduced the quarter-mile amateur Cours record of 0:24:2, held by Jack Wing of this city, to 0:23. He lowered the American half-mile record of 0:48 to 0:45:5.

Russ reduced the American one-third mile record of 0:32:2 to 0:30:1:5, and also made an attempt for the American one-mile amateur record of 1:34, but owing to a puncture he was unsuccessful. He, however, covered the distance in 1:34:1, which now stands as the Coast record for the distance. The events were all paced by a motor tandom manned by Floyd McFarland and Orlando Stevens.

[COAST BASEBALL.]

SACRAMENTO—ALL CALIFORNIA.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—Sacramento beat All California today by a score of 3 to 1 in a closely-contested game.

Sacramento, 3; hits, 5; errors, 6.

All California, 1; hits, 6; errors, 6.

Batteries: Doyle and Stanley; Chance and Knell.

[STORY'S ONE PIMPLE.]

IT CAUSED HIS REMOVAL AS A PLAGUE SUSPECT.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Health Officer Doty advised to Swinburne Island to-day for observation. Third Engineer of the steamer J. W. Taylor, from Santos, Brazil, had been under observation for the past three or four days. This morning, an examination showed a small pimple on the little toe of his left foot, which was painful. There were no other general symptoms, the man's temperature being normal. As a precautionary measure Dr. Doty decided to remove him to Swinburne Island for closer observation and bacteriological examination. This is the only suspicious case since the steamer arrived here on November last.

President Murphy of the Board of Health said that the Taylor's coffee may on light diet would not be allowed to come to the city under any conditions. Two steamers from Santos, Brazil, with coffee, arrived today. They will probably have trouble in landing their cargoes.

[FATAL TRAIN MIX-UP.]

STEER ON THE TRACK CAUSES THREE MEN'S DEATH.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

GREAT FALLS (Mont.), Dec. 2.—A freight train coming in on the Nishant branch of the Montana Central Railroad, rounded a sharp curve one mile from this city this evening and struck a steer, causing a terrible pile-up of the engine and twelve cars. L. A. Daniels, engineer; Patrick J. Riley, fireman; and Harry A. Edmiston, head brakeman, were crushed to death beneath the cab and the wrecked cars, within five feet of each other. Daniels leaves a family. Riley was married two months ago in Canada, and his wife was the favorite. Molo, who was the favorite, was expected to arrive tonight. Edmiston was to be married in three or four days to a young lady from Pueblo, Colo.

[MOVEMENTS OF SHIPPING.]

COAST VESSELS ON THE WAY.

FOR SAN PEDRO.

Vessel—From—Sailed.

St. Redfield—Great Townsend Nov. 8

Joseph Russ—Olympia Nov. 12

Sc. Albert Meyer—New Whatcom Nov. 14

Sc. Meteor—Olympia Nov. 16

Sc. A. Campbell—Tacoma Nov. 18

Sc. Reporter—Olympia Nov. 21

Br. Tid. Wave—Olympia Nov. 22

St. G. Givens—Gray's Harbor Nov. 22

St. Pasadena—Eureka Nov. 23

Sc. Marie E. Smith—Olympia Nov. 24

Br. Courtland—Port Ludlow Nov. 26

FOR SAN DIEGO.

St. Portland—Whatcom Oct. 13

FOR REDONDO.

Br. Vidette—Ballard Nov. 14

Deep-water Vessels Nearly Due.

FOR PORT LOS ANGELES.

Lakemore, British bark, from Antwerp, 40 days out November 28. Passed Isle of Wight November 28.

Arrivals and Departures.

SAN PEDRO—Arrived: Dec. 1—

Laura May, from Everett.

Sailed: Steamer Navare.

six-day contest, which is to begin tomorrow at midnight. In the six-day race the contestants run in pairs, so that if one of the individual couples shows signs of distress, his mate will relieve him, but neither can ride more than twelve hours a day.

The international mile, for professionals had nine trial heats, and in the final heat, Henri Meiers, champion of Holland and England, won, by a margin of twelve inches, from George Blanken of Paris, the 1898 champion of 1898. The time was 2:04:6.

In the twenty-five-mile international paced race Harry Elkes of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Albert Champion, the French champion, were contestants. They were paced by motor tandems and the pace was very fast. Elkes won by nearly a mile. The time was 49:02:5.

[OLYMPIC CLUB'S BOYCOTT.]

WILL EXCLUDE THE COLLEGIANS.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—When the athletic teams of Stanford and the University of California come to this city in the future for baseball, track and football contests, they will find the doors of the Olympic Club closed to them.

The reason for their exclusion is found in the fact that no complimentaries or tickets were issued to the Olympic Club for the Thanksgiving game in return for courteous the club had extended the collegians.

The excuses offered by the collegians for not sending the complimentaries are that the Olympic team was paid \$150 outright to equip a football eleven for the playing of weekly games with the universities.

[CYCLING MATTERS.]

GOVERNORS' BOARD MEETS.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—The board of governors of the California Associated Cycling Clubs met tonight, but was unable to act legally on matters of racing, attention, through lack of a quorum. The affairs of the association were discussed informally, and it was decided to call another meeting for the last Saturday in January.

At this time the organization will be effected. It is proposed to turn the control of cycle racing on this coast over to the National Cycling Association. The local officials will devote all their energies hereafter to the road races which they have developed. The intention is to group these races, the regional, third, fourth, and fifth, and to have a definite time for disposing of them all within a period of two months. The season of the year most favorable for competition will be chosen and the riders can remain in training for that length of time.

Some of the delegates favor reinstating all the riders who have been prostrated by the association.

[NEW BIKE RECORDS.]

FAST RIDING AT SAN JOSE.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.]

SAN JOSE, Dec. 2.—At the matinee bicycle races held here today, George Fuller and E. F. Russ of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, succeeded in establishing several new amateur records. Fuller reduced the quarter-mile amateur Cours record of 0:24:2, held by Jack Wing of this city, to 0:23. He lowered the American half-mile record of 0:48 to 0:45:5.

Russ reduced the American one-third mile record of 0:32:2 to 0:30:1:5, and also made an attempt for the American one-mile amateur record of 1:34, but owing to a puncture he was unsuccessful. He, however, covered the distance in 1:34:1, which now stands as the Coast record for the distance. The events were all paced by a motor tandom manned by Floyd McFarland and Orlando Stevens.

[DOILIES—DAMASK, COTTON, ETC.]

DOILIES—Damask round, oval and square—all sizes, 60c to \$1.85

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DOILIES

ENGLAND.1
WORLD-FLUNG WORDS.

CHAMBERLAIN STIRRED UP A HORNETS' NEST.

European Capitals in a Turmoil Over the British Colonial Secretary's Celebrated Speech at Leicester.

Ambassador Choate Taken by Surprise. French Papers Want to Make Believe That War is Inevitable.

Gen. Methuen the British Public's Idol. Queen Grieving Over Carnage in South Africa-London Cable Gossip.

[A. P. NIGHT REPORT.] LONDON, Dec. 2.—[Special cable letter. Copyright, 1899.] Mr. Chamberlain's liking for straight-drawn words has not only thrown the capitals of Europe into a turmoil, but his declarations have been by no means acceptable to those in England who are responsible for the relations with the United States. It appears that when Mr. Choate made his Thanksgiving speech he was quite ignorant that Mr. Chamberlain was speaking so definitely regarding tangible alliances, and the Ambassador did not intend his generalisms regarding Great Britain, Germany and the United States to be taken as confirmation of the Colonial Secretary's outspoken remarks. It would appear that Mr. Chamberlain only told the truth, for in the dispatches of November 25 it was pointed out that negotiations were afoot for an alliance looking for a settlement of the far-eastern question.

THE KEYNOTE.

The Outlook, particularly well informed on Chinese matters, says this week: "The keynote of the new understanding will be found in the words 'open door'."

In view of Secretary Hay's denial to the Chinese Minister, it is presumed that the United States at any rate as yet, has not decided to claim any sphere in China. According to opinion, the Secretary has denied, and only to be expected at this stage, and whether or not it correctly forecasts the attitude of the United States, it is not regarded as dissipating the belief that the "open door" is now the basis of negotiations between the powers, more comprehensive than mere answers to the United States' requests for assurances.

In addition to being the center of attraction in Europe's excitement over mooted alliances, Mr. Chamberlain occupies the center of the stage in French and British diplomatic life. His official recognition of the French press dispatches and threat of retaliation made in his Leicester speech have incurred the censure of many of his own supporters, while his utterances irritated France almost to an alarming extent.

JOEY'S HEAD TURNED.

The Speaker declares Mr. Chamberlain's head has been turned by his interview with Emperor William, and expects that he will forget that he is not yet Foreign Secretary.

The fact that the French naval attaché, speaking at the Temple Yacht Club dinner, simultaneously with Mr. Chamberlain, was publicly disowned before Admiral Beresford and the other attachés, and 700 prominent Britons, the attacks on the Queen hardened Mr. Chamberlain's notice of them more strikingly.

WAR INEVITABLE.

The Autophile, Paris paper, says: "We are confronted by the positive threat of war. Possibly it does not correspond with British naval sentiments, but it corresponds with ours. We would assuredly have demanded to have preserved peace, but the minister who leads Great Britain wants war, which is consequently, inevitable."

This extract from the Autophile voices the common tone. The Petit Parisien believes Mr. Chamberlain tried to throw dust in the eyes of the British public in order to avoid attention attracted to the defeats in South Africa."

Thus the Colonial Secretary has stirred up a hornet's nest, and marked contrast to his line of action is that of M. Del Casse whose moderate speeches and statesmanlike references to the Transvaal, receive the warmest commendation from all sections of the British press, though several firms have announced that they have withdrawn their exhibits from the Paris exposition on account of the French enmity.

BULLER'S CAMPAIGN.

The South African war progresses slowly. The work of rectifying the false military situation is evidently now in the hands of Gen. Buller's campaign, instead of being aggressive, as planned, is now wholly subservient to the necessity of relieving Kimberley and Ladysmith. It seems that both objects will soon be gained, though not without another engagement between Gen. Buller's strengthened forces and the reinforced Boers.

ENGLAND'S IDOL.

Gen. Methuen is described in a weekly as being the bright spot in the Boer campaign. He has won great popular favor by his victories on the march to Kimberley. No one, it is said, knows the topography between the Orange River and Kimberley better than he does. He traversed in 1884 all the ground he is now operating in. The general works his men harder than any one else. But, however, he is somewhat Spartan in his habits, taking enlisted men's rations and living their life, in contrast to Gen. Clery, who is accompanied by a special French chef, and who strictly ordered his staff to take out an ample supply of stores and delicacies.

A MINUTE-MAN.

The story is now told of how Col. Baden-Powell went to Mafeking. It appears that while on leave in London in July, having left his regiment in India, he met Lord Wolseley in Piccadilly. "Hullo," said the Commander-in-Chief, "are you off to South Africa? Can you get out at once?" Col. Baden-Powell left the same day.

THE QUEEN GRIEVING.

According to M. A. P. (Mainly About People,) the Queen is grieving so deeply over the heavy losses on the British side in South Africa that she can scarcely be induced to talk on any other topic and as a result she is subject to severe sciatic and other nervous attacks.

RISE OF DISCOUNT RATE.

The Statist commenting on the rise in the Bank of England rate says: "The accumulation of money by the Russian government is largely responsible for the present shortness of the gold reserve here and in Germany. Under the circumstances of the present situation and financial troubles in St. Petersburg we can scarcely expect the Bank of Russia to part with any of

its gold. While the advance in the value of money here will prevent New York from withdrawing its balances from London until easier conditions prevail, we cannot look for gold imports from the United States. We must be prepared for a further reduction of the reserve, and may witness very stringent conditions."

MARVELOUS INVENTION.

An invention has been tested at Weymouth for steering any craft whether掌舵ed or otherwise by means of an other wise on the wireless telegraphic principle. The model was subjected to a variety of tests and followed the current waves as surely as if guided by a rudder. In addition to steering in straight lines, various figures were described. If further tests are successful, it is likely that this will be adopted by the admiralty. Its effect on modern warfare is incalculable.

PHILIPPINE COMMENT.

Commenting on the Philippine situation, the Saturday Review says: "We have heard the story of Aguinaldo's defeat and flight so often that it has ceased to stir our credulity. But even if true, it in no way dispenses of the most serious problem the Americans have to face. This is not how to conquer, but how to administer the islands. It is high time the men in the United States who honestly desire to take up the work of civilization should assert themselves, and show their determination that their officers shall be the moral successors of the Spanish."

THINKS IT SCANDALOUS.

The Army and Navy Gazette, referring to the report of Rear-Admiral Crowninshield, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation at Washington, says:

"Certainly the manner in which Sampson and his officers are treated is little less than scandalous."

HOMeward BOUND.

The two Reiffs, American jockeys, sailed for New York on the steamer St. Louis today. They have decided to return and make their home in England. The reviews of the racing season are almost unanimous in giving attention to the English jockeys' riding with the American style of riding.

CURIOS PROPOSITION.

A curious proposition has been made by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Vice-roy of India, by Mirza Ahmad, a well-known Mohammedan. He wants the government to call a public conference of all the religions, and submit them to competitive examination under two of their most learned professors. The outward sign of divine support by the appearance within the year of some miracle transcending all human limits.

If he fails to prove that Mohammed was greater than all others, he offers to submit to crucifixion.

Lord Curzon, accompanied by his wife, proposes to revisit his old friend, the Ameer of Afghanistan, in 1890.

ENGLAND'S WEAKNESS.

TAGEBLATT'S ALLEGED PROOF.

[A. P. EARLY A.M. REPORT.]

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—A dispatch to the Herald has received from Berlin says the Tageblatt has received from St. Petersburg the views taken in Russia of the Emperor William's journey.

In the Russian capital it is considered that the Kaiser and Herr von Buelow are much too clever statesmen and have burned their fingers too much with English policy to allow them to be tied at this most favorable moment for the continental powers, for love of England. It is contended that there are not the slightest grounds for Germany to cooperate with England. In China only common action of France and Russia are possible.

Neither will the German policy in Africa be in the slightest degree advanced by the annihilation of the Boer's republic.

"The Kaiser's visit to England has the same effect on Germany as France and Russia have all the same antipathy to the war, and will, for the time being at least, not abandon their expectant attitude, and will, for the future, keep a perfectly friendly policy," says the paper.

It closes by saying that understanding between Germany and England is the more impossible in that the war has given to the world a startling proof of England's military weakness.

PRISONER REMANDED.

SAMPSON MAY BE BROUGHT HOME

[A. P. DAY REPORT.]

LONDON, Dec. 2.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Michael J. Sampson, who was arrested near Limerick, November 28, at the request of the chief of detectives of Chicago, was arraigned at the Bow-street Police Court here today. The United States embassy presented the magistrate with a cable dispatch from the Secretary of State at Washington, asking him to hold Sampson on the charge of forgery, pending the arrival of a Chicago detective. The magistrate declined Sampson's request to be remanded, and the prisoner was remanded for a day on no bail being asked for. Michael J. Sampson was in court. Sampson says he can explain everything satisfactorily. He is practically penniless.

Mrs. Druse's Appeal Dismissed.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—[The Appeal of Mrs. Anna Maria Druse who claims to be the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Portland, against the decision prohibiting the opening of the Druse vault in Highgate Cemetery, unless the owner of the grave consented to have the coffin opened, has been dismissed, no one appearing in support of the appeal.]

Dillon's Declination.

LONDON, Dec. 2.—John Dillon, M.P., declined to serve on the committee appointed by the rear of the British fleet to confer on the unity negotiations in a letter to Timothy Healy; he says that he believes the country has lost all faith in the possibility of the reconstruction of the United Irish parliamentary party by negotiations between the members of Parliament and adds that he does not believe the country will accept a settlement so reached. While wishing well for the efforts towards unity, he declines to serve on the committee.

COPPER RIVETED OVERALLS

SPRING BOTTOM PANTS

TRADE PATENTED MAY 1892

LEVI STRAUSS & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO,

Every Garment Guaranteed.

Kidney Trouble Preys Upon the Mind.

Women as Well as Men Suffer and are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Troubles.



Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble Before They Suspect It.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness gradually disappear, when the kidneys are out of order.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys.

Pains, aches and rheumatism come from excess of uric acid in the blood due to neglected kidney trouble.

Kidney trouble often causes quick or unsteady heart-beats and makes one feel as though they had heart trouble, because the heart is overworked, in pumping thick, kidney-poisoned blood through the veins and arteries.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder trouble, followed by suffering so painful to many that life is made miserable.

The bladder is situated in front of and very close to the womb and for that reason any pain, distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort.

The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided by paying a little attention to the condition of the urine.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back, dull heavy headache, nervousness, irritability, plenty of ambition but no strength, weak circulation, sallow complexion; these are all convincing proofs that the

world over at drugists' in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember, the name, Sampson, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

Swamp-Root is the wonderful new discovery of the eminent kidney specialist, Dr. Kilmer, and is used in the leading hospitals; recommended by skillful physicians in their private practice; and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that medical science has ever been able to compound.

To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you, free by mail, immediately without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. Be sure to say that you read this article in the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

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Southern California by Towns and Counties.

PASADENA.

"INTERNATIONAL DAY" CELEBRATED BY CLUB WOMEN.

City Attorney Wright Talks to Them and Lady Speakers Make Happy Points—Death of Mrs. E. E. Spalding—First of Series of Golf Games Played at Country Club.

PASADENA, Dec. 2.—[Regular Correspondence.] The ladies of the Shakespeare Club made this "International Day," and they had a crowded afternoon. City Attorney W. S. Wright opened the proceedings with a comprehensive discourse on immigration, and the naturalization laws. Mrs. Huzzy of Los Angeles sang two soprano solos, Miss Tleton accompanying her. Mrs. Frank Parker read a paper on the "Peace Congress," which she thought was not held in vain, but was the first real sign of the coming abolition of war between civilized peoples. "God is still in his heaven and all is well with the world," she quoted.

Mrs. J. H. Woodworth discussed the old age pension system, giving the pros and cons. Germany, she said, has one pension for which her people do not like. New Zealand has one in which it is fully carried out. Under their system, a person who has been an inhabitant of the country twenty-five years, and is over 65 years old, receives a pension of \$9 a year, provided he is not possessed of an income of \$150 a month. There are 800 such pensions. If the United States should undertake to give such a pension to everybody 65 years old, it would require an appropriation of \$15,000,000 annually. Miss Alberta St. John read a spicy paper on "International Visiting and its Results." She compared the work of the Deaf in the country, which inspired parts of his "Martin Chuzzlewit," and the criticisms he got from criticised America, with the reception accorded to Rudyard Kipling.

It was "International Criticism," of which Mrs. Francis Burt spoke. She said the comments of the newspaper and periodical press influence public thought and action to a surprising degree. Kenyon's magazine articles on people have made for that land people suppose, but along the way to the new development not good. By international criticism, more than by standing armies, the balance of power is preserved. The cartoonist, who reverence a king no more than a slave to their share, Miss Myra Handy drew a comparison between monarchical and republican governments. There was no discussion this afternoon.

DEATH OF MRS. E. E. SPALDING.

Mrs. E. E. Spalding, wife of the proprietor of "The Spalding" and one of the prominent women of the East Side, died at her home at 4 o'clock this afternoon. She had been in failing health since last May, but had been confined to the bed only since last Tuesday. She was 62 years of age and a native of New York State. She was married to Mr. Spalding twenty-five years ago last August, and they came here in 1888 from Bay City, Mich. Mrs. Spalding was a devoted Christian, active in good works, very highly esteemed in an unusually large acquaintance, she and her husband being leaders in the Universalist denomination. One of the last things she did was to write a paper before the Shakespeare Club, of which she was one of the founders. The funeral will be held at the house, Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Cremation will follow.

THE GOLF PLAYERS.

The golfers at the Country Club were disappointed at not making better scores today. It was the first of a series of handicap sweepstakes golf ball matches. In the men's competition, there were nine entries. J. B. McLean, C. E. Root and C. E. Orr second. Three ladies played in the women's match, and Mrs. E. W. Hitchings won the two golf balls for the lowest gross score. The ground was soft, and the scores were only one-half of what was usually played. The matches will be continued every Saturday afternoon. It is hoped that arrangements will be made for a conveyance to connect with the electric cars at Lake avenue for the club grounds.

HARD ON MRS. BUCK.

In the court's adjustment of the long-standing and much-involved prunes case, today, Mrs. C. P. Buck prunes will. All the costs of the latest prunes will be paid by the defendant to \$31.10, fall on her, although she had nothing to do with the original suit. This snarl grew out of the action brought by J. Haefner against J. P. Hoffman, for wages decided in favor of the latter, and given judgment for \$49 on the 29th last August. During the endeavors to collect the judgment by attaching prunes partly owned by the defendant, several other suits were started. Mrs. Buck, Hoffman's mother, had drawn into it by serving a garnishment on the prunes to cover a claim of \$299 which she alleged she had against her son-in-law. Through this process, she prevented Haefner's attorney from getting possession of the prune money. She also sent a letter to Root, the prune buyer, that she would sue him unless he withdrew a check which he had given to Haefner's attorney to satisfy the judgment. In this she got pretty deeply into the mire, and she will have the fun of paying \$31.10 for sitting down to the game.

After Mrs. Buck's threat, Root, the buyer, threw the trouble out of his hands by bringing an action of interpleader against John Haefner, C. P. Buck, D. H. Ettin, J. P. Hoffman, and all the parties interested, asking Justice Merriam to decide how the money, which he was ready to pay for the prunes, should be apportioned.

The amount in question was owned by Hoffman and Ettin in partnership. Hoffman's interest passed to Haefner, through the judgment for wages against the former. The proceeds of the crop sold to Root were \$73. The other members of the firm, except Merriam, decided that of this amount \$32.52 should go to Haefner, if the unsatisfied portion of his judgment amounts to as much, and \$37.71 should go to Ettin. The costs are to be paid by Mrs. Buck, as she is the defendant in the action.

The amount of the original claim, from which this case started, was \$49. The legal costs of the litigation grown out of it, aside from lawyers' fees, have now amounted to over \$75. Thus the whole prune crop has been eaten up and more, too.

RED CROSS APPEALS FOR BOOKS.

The Red Cross Societies of California and San Francisco are raising funds for the establishment of an American library at Manila, primarily for the use of the American army, and are seeking contributions of books as well. The railroad companies will forward the books free of cost to San Francisco and thence the government will send them to Manila. The Red Cross Society of

Pasadena would like to do its share and the officers have taken up the cause. Books or money may be left at The Times Branch Office, Pasadena, and will be accounted for to the president of the Pasadena Red Cross. It is needless to comment on the merits of this enterprise started for the good of the soldiers of the flag and all boys far, far from home.

PASADENA BREVIETIES.

The annual meeting of the Southern California Medical Association will be held here December 6 and 7, when it is expected that between seventy-five and one hundred doctors will invade the city. Numerous papers will be read and discussed, and the annual meeting will show the hospitality of giving the visitors a trip to Mt. Lowe on the 7th.

The humor of the sports who congregate on South Fair Oaks avenue, found vent today in a petition addressed to R. H. Gaylord, asking him to require California to make a law, which is an abomination of the sports, to shave off the heads of Gaylord's boys, who is a son of the late Deputy Sheriff Ward of San Diego, who was recently murdered by a convict while the officer was conducting him to the State's prison at San Quentin. "Billy" Ward, as he was familiarly known to the officers throughout the State, has been a help to almost every Sheriff along the Coast. In apprehending dangerous criminals who were endeavoring to get across the line into Mexico to evade the strong arm of the law, he has been a valuable service to the country.

A series of evangelistic meetings will be commenced at the North Methodist Church Sunday forenoon at 10:30 o'clock and will be continued every evening except Tuesday. Hugh E. Smith, the Los Angeles evangelist, will be the preacher, and Frank Robinson will lead the singing.

All the clerics in Pasadena (and there are twenty-nine of them in active service) have been invited to attend the reception to be given to the new pastor of the Universalist Church, Rev. Ralph E. Conner, at the last at 8 o'clock.

It is reported that the City Trustees will secure the advice of counsel not connected with any of the electric light companies before taking a final vote on the application of the San Gabriel Company for a permit.

Miss Letaha G. Palmer and Prof. Hubbard, who were married on Thanksgiving day, are the home of the bride by Rev. Herbert W. Lathe. They will reside on North Fair Oaks avenue.

The trains from the East have brought large numbers of winter visitors the past two or three days, and Pasadena is busting.

James L. Hinman will address the members of the American Association Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

A dozen Pasadena physicians attended the banquet to Dr. Brainerd in Los Angeles this evening.

The Boston Cash Dry Goods House, North Fair Oaks avenue, under C. H. Morris, will be an especially attractive place for ladies to visit the coming week. The store is crowded with holiday goods and is making a specialty of pretty shoulder capes and beautiful new lace curtains, on which a big reduction in price has been made. Look for a special display of the new nobby new underskirts, too.

Admiral Dewey has the reputation of being the neatest and best-dressed officer in the U. S. navy; you can look as well as if you will have the American Dye Works 2½% South Spring street, thoroughly clean or dye and renovate your wearing apparel by their splendid dry process. Pasadena Office, 21 East Colorado street, Carlton Hotel Block.

Miss Ely announces the opening of a new lighting system, and while the residence portion of the city, yet they desired to make a personal examination of the system before they decided finally just what would be done. The company now has no lights in the business portion of the city and strong incandescent lights on every other street corner throughout the thickly-settled residence portion of the city, thus making Santa Ana one of the best-lighted towns of its size in the country.

The new system of lights is expected to be installed and ready for use within sixty days. The principal business blocks in course of construction in the city now are being wired for incandescent lighting.

SANTA ANA BREVIETIES.

Taxes in this county became delinquent last Monday, since which time the clerks in the Collector's office have been busy straightening out the books. This work has been completed, and the showing is, indeed, a most satisfactory one.

On the first installment was \$108,811.72, and this year \$116,553.99 was collected, a gain of \$8,421.8 over last year. During the past five years there has been a gradual decrease in the amount of delinquent taxes, but at no other time have there been such a difference as is shown this year by the receipts of the Tax Collector.

Court Santa Ana, No. 133, F.O.A.D., elected the following officers at a regular meeting held Friday evening: J. H. Meyer, J.T.C.R.; E. F. Barton, S.R.; S. G. S.R.; H. H. Riddle, Treasurer; F. G. Johnson, F.S.W.; W. L. McDivitt, J.W.; E. L. Prothero, S.B.; C. Thomas, J.B.; A. D. Swartzel, L. Grumbach, L. F. Flenssens, Trustees; J. W. Roberts, C. G.

Mr. and Mrs. Menges and Bert Boyd of Ahwahnee were married Thanksgiving day at the residence of the bride's brother, Dr. M. A. Menges in this city. Rev. Stone of Anaheim officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Boyd have gone to Coronado to spend their honeymoon, after which they will return to their permanent residence.

A large and beautiful exhibit of cut glass is made by W. J. Pierce. The finest and fullest assortment ever brought to Pasadena.

Great vehicle bargains sale until December 31. Save money! Buy now!

Hawley, Kim & Co., Los Angeles.

Xmas gift bouquets, direct importation from Europe, an exclusive pattern, opened at Bon Accord.

Ask Thomas Nelmes (opposite post office) to figure on your electrical contract.

Miss Nelmes invites you to an informal open house of her studio, December 8. The Woods.

Packages delivered at your door promptly, cleanly, all right. Electric Express.

Fine jewelry and sterling silver for Xmas at G. F. Randal's, 49 E. Colorado.

Four trips daily between Los Angeles and Pasadena. Electric Express.

Belgian hares, scallops and best buck oysters, Halsted's, 16 South Fair Oaks.

Have you seen our Louwelsa-Weller ware? It's artistic. Annin & Hall.

Fine assortment of rugs. Come early and get your pick. C. E. Putman.

2000-pound tons of coal are sent by the Diamond Fuel & Feed Co.

Chocest meats of all kinds always at City Market, 8 E. Colorado.

Best Bottled Jersey Milk and Cream, Nettonel, Tel. Suburban 65.

Orders by mail given special attention.

Best houses, newest rigs, all sorts of horses. Carterline's Livery.

Belgian dogs, all wood, all kinds, lowest prices. J. A. Jacobs.

Annin & Hall, Jewelers and Opticians, 43 East Colorado Street.

Remember the Universalist Bazaar, December 13 and 14.

Best gloves, \$1 gloves on earth. Dorman's, new dry goods store.

Bargain: all my Belgian Hares, \$5. N. Raymond.

For plumbing repairs go to P. F. Bonham.

The leading grocer—W. J. Kelly.

Cut glass. W. J. Pierce.

New dates at Stratton's.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

A BOY SPIRITED OUT OF TOWN.

SAN BERNARDINO, Dec. 2.—[Regular Correspondence.] Willie Walsh, the San Francisco messenger boy who was wanted as a witness in the Frenna murder trial, was spirited out of town Thursday by F. B. Daley, Esq., and is probably in San Francisco by this time. The statement made by Walsh to the local officers has been a carefully-guarded secret, and it is not known whether his testimony will aid the prosecution on the defense.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVIETIES.

The funeral of Charles Courtwright was held this afternoon.

A meeting of the Associated Charities was held this afternoon at the home of Miss Barton.

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NOTICE TO PATRONS.

"Liner" advertisements for the Times left at the following places will receive prompt attention. Rate: one cent a word each insertion. Minimum charge for any advertisement, 15 cents:

F. D. Owen's Drug Store, Belmont avenue and Temple street.

Boyle Heights Drug Store, 1952 East First street.

Chicago Pharmacy, F. J. Kruehl, Ph. G., prop., Central avenue and Twelfth street.

National Pharmacy, corner Sixteenth and Grand avenue.

H. W. Drenkel's Prescription Pharmacy, Twenty-fourth and Hoover. Phone Blue 1101.

The Times will receive at a minimum charge of 50 cents "liner" advertisements by telephone, but will not guarantee accuracy.

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Liners.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—CHEAPEST ROOMS IN THE CITY for the accommodations of the most new fangled with large closets steam heated; community dining-room, kitchen with use of gas stove for cooking, quiet and first-class housekeeping; distance from walking within distance of the center of the city, room exchange. At the NANTHAN, 726 W. Broadway.

TO LET—TOURISTS IN SEARCH OF SUNNY home for winter, close in, will find a fine suite of prettily furnished rooms, complete for housekeeping, bath, table stove, electricity. THE AYLESBROUGH, 726 W. Seventh st.

TO LET—THE MOST CHEERFUL SUITE front room with grate, radiators, gas, coal, etc., complete; heating, only \$10; single room, \$4. 52½ Half block north Court House, 36 BUENA VISTA.

TO LET—IN BEAUTIFUL HOME, NICE and elegantly furnished rooms extra; rooms of suite, housekeeping room extra; use of bath, parlor, piano, lovely verandas, flowers, grounds. 21 S. MAIN.

TO LET—FOUR ROOMS, FURNISHED FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF COUPLES, to couple with no children; healthful, sunny location. Apply owner, 209½ S. Broadway.

TO LET—NEATLY FURNISHED SUITE OF 3 rooms, with grate, bath, on ground floor, suitable for housekeeping, other rooms \$15 per month; add \$16 and \$18. S. ENTH ST.

TO LET—CHEAP, TO MAN AND WIFE, NO children, 2 or 4 rooms on second floor at Court House, 36 BUENA VISTA. Address box 145, SOUTH PASADENA, Cal.

TO LET—FOR DOWNTOWN, SOLID COMFORT and the location of room, to THE LADY, etc., two private, sun-filled, furnished rooms at reasonable rates.

TO LET—A LADY WOULD LIKE TO SHARE part of a cottage, plenty yard room, will rent \$15 per month, car to be had at Johnson st., 12th MANITO AVE.

TO LET—8 & 11 JULIAN, NEWLY FURNISHED, sunny rooms, \$6 to 8; others, \$4 to \$5; housekeeping, bath, etc. Address box 409, E. Fifth, Mrs. M. BOUGHTON.

TO LET—2 UNFURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS, light housekeeping, grates and water, third floor, well furnished; rent reasonable, cheap. 629 W. JEFFERSON AVE.

TO LET—2 LARGE ROOMS, PANTRY, closets, etc., everything new; gas, electricity, etc., to be had at reasonable rates; free telephone, 640½ MAPLE AVE.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY, MODERN AND newly furnished rooms; private home; no children; single or suites. 181 S. LOS ANGELES ST.

TO LET—2 SUNNY FRONT ROOMS, FURNISHED, suitable for gentlemen and wife or two; single, bath and gas; no room-enters. 21 S. MAPLE AVE.

TO LET—SUNNY, FURNISHED ROOMS, single or in suite, 2 blocks of the postoffice; modern improvements. \$1, \$1.50 per week. 62½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—3 ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING, adults only; 2 ladies or man and wife; gas, gas stove, bath, etc. Cal after 10:30 a.m. 512½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—HOTEL DEWEY IS UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT; cleaned and renovated; has nice single or single or suites. Box 4, 147 S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—BRIGHT, PRETTY ROOMS, IN private home; running water, beautiful flowers and grounds; also bath, 941 FIFTH ST.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY, MODERN AND newly furnished rooms; private home; no children; single or suite. 311 S. LOS ANGELES ST.

TO LET—2 FURNISHED ROOMS BY THE day, week or month, rooms for transient; nice suite for professional; reasonable prices. 6½ S. SPRING.

TO LET—FRONT SUNNY SUITE, BAY WINDOW, close in, single or 5 rooms, light housekeeping, HERMOSA, 238 Maple ave., 8 blocks of postoffice.

TO LET—15½ S. GRAN AVE., 4 ROOMS, front, light, airy, comfortable, all conveniences; a most desirable place for man and wife.

TO LET—INVALIDS WILL FIND GUIDE pleasant home cars within 2 blocks, use of carriage. Address S. NEWS OFFICE, Pasadena.

TO LET—36 CALIFORNIA ST. HAS NICE sun rooms, unfurnished, \$1.50 per month up; furnished, the best in the city for the money. 3

TO LET—FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED rooms near Normal School, 329 S. BUNKER HILL AVE., 4 blocks from Broadway and Fourth.

TO LET—WARM, SUNNY, FURNISHED rooms, for lady and gentleman, 4½ S. Spring.

TO LET—NICE, SUNNY ROOM, GAS, bath, electric; reasonable; private family; for 2 minutes walk from city. 192 S. MAIN.

TO LET—2 FURNISHED SINGLE ROOMS FOR lady or gentleman. 716 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—DESIRABLE ROOMS, FURNISHED and unfurnished, at 819 W. SIXTH ST. 3

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SUITES OR single, \$1 up; also transient. 32½ S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—N-EAT-LY FURNISHED ROOMS, reasonable. MACKENZIE HOUSE, 4½ S. Spring.

TO LET—THE ABBOTT, 14½ N. SPRING ST. 3

TO LET—15½ S. GRAN AVE., 4 ROOMS, front, light, airy, comfortable, all conveniences; a most desirable place for man and wife.

TO LET—CLOSE IN, FURNISHED AND unfurnished rooms, light housekeeping and lodging; no children. 72½ S. GRAN AVE.

TO LET—2 ELEGANTLY FURNISHED rooms, with breakfast, or in suite, gentlemen preferred. 101 S. BOYLE AVE.

TO LET—4 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, NICE lawn, etc.; gas in house; no children; no objection to a baby. 236 W. 16TH ST.

TO LET—CHEAPEST IN CITY, 3 HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, 8 single room from \$1.50 month; 2 double, \$2.50. 10½ First.

TO LET—3 OR 3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping; large range; nice front and side rooms; piano and bath. 52½ W. SIXTH.

TO LET—THE MUSEUM, ELEGANTLY FURNISHED, light housekeeping, reasonable rates. 32½ S. SPRING ST., over on Drug Stage, 12½.

TO LET—LARGE, SUNNY AND NEWLY-furnished front room, gas, bath and parlor; nice location. close in. 52½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED, COMFORTABLE front room, for 1 or 2 gentlemen; no other rooms or children. 16½ W. 17TH ST.

TO LET—NICE, NEWLY-FURNISHED DOUBBLE, also single room, piano and bath; nice location. 52½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM with large alcove and bath; well furnished by expert workers; padded, vase and promenade. Tel. Main 872.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 1 OR 2 FRONT rooms, private house, close in, very suitable for one or two gentlemen. 52½ HILL.

TO LET—ELEGANT FRONT SUITE, ALSO single room, piano and bath; reasonable rates. 12½ W. 17TH ST.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM with large alcove and bath; well furnished by expert workers; padded, vase and promenade. Tel. Main 872.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 1 OR 2 FRONT rooms, private house, close in, very suitable for one or two gentlemen. 52½ HILL.

TO LET—NICE, NEWLY-FURNISHED DOUBBLE, also single room, piano and bath; nice location. 52½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM with large alcove and bath; well furnished by expert workers; padded, vase and promenade. Tel. Main 872.

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TO LET—NICE, NEWLY-FURNISHED DOUBBLE, also single room, piano and bath; nice location. 52½ S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM, furnished or unfurnished, for housekeeping; reasonable. 22½ S. SPRING.

TO LET—FURNISHED, SUNNY SUITE, FOR light housekeeping, reasonable rates. 24½ GRAND AVE. Reference required.

TO LET—NICE, NEWLY-FURNISHED DOUBBLE, also single room, piano and bath; nice location. 52½ S. OLIVE ST.

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TO LET—LARGE SUNNY FRONT ROOM, furnished or unfurnished, for housekeeping; reasonable. 22½ S. SPRING.

TO LET—DEKIN'S VANS FOR MOVING furniture; private room for storing; packing and shipping; cut rates. DEKIN'S VANS AND STORAGE, 4½ S. Spring st.

TO LET—DESIRABLE FURNISHED FRONT corner suite, housekeeping if wanted. 500 EIGHTH, corner Grand.

TO LET—

Rooms.

TO LET—NEWLY FURNISHED ROOM AND kitchen, suitable for light housekeeping; only \$1. 417 TEMPLE.

TO LET—2 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT housekeeping; private, respectable family; no children; 21½ S. HILL.

TO LET—1 UNFURNISHED ROOMS, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—FURNISHED, SUNNY FRONT parlor and 2 rooms, modern conveniences; cheap. 21½ S. GRAND.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED ROOMS WITH water, 9½ W. SIXTH, bet. Spring and Broadway.

TO LET—LARGE, FRONT, SUNNY, NEWLY modern room, very large, sunny room, 37. 51½ S. GRAND.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, COMPLETE for housekeeping, first floor, piano and bed, 2½ S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—LARGE, WELL FURNISHED ROOM, overlooking park; every convenience; bath. 52½ S. HILL.

TO LET—NICE, HOUSEKEEPING, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—CLOSE IN, 4 SUNNY ROOMS FOR housekeeping, second floor, \$12.50.

TO LET—4 SUNNY ROOMS, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—LARGE, FRONT, SUNNY ROOM IN MODERN, overlooking park; every convenience; bath. 52½ S. HILL.

TO LET—PEACEFUL, SUNNY FRONT, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

TO LET—LARGE, FRONT, SUNNY ROOM, 15 month, two, partly furnished, \$6. TEMPLE.

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Liners

MONEY TO LOAN—

ERNEST G. TAYLOR, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE, removed to 117 S. BROADWAY, 2 to 8 per cent. money.

MONEY TO LOAN—\$1000 TO \$5000, LOW INTEREST, NO COMMISSION. Address D, 52 TIMES OFFICE.

MONEY TO LOAN—\$100,000 IN SUMS TO suit real estate or chattels. H. P. ERNST, 108 S. Broadway.

PRIVATE MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, Address E, box 25 TIMES OFFICE.

MONEY TO LOAN—SALARIES WARRANTED, mortgaged, bonds, etc. 215 S. BROADWAY, room 200.

MONEY TO LOAN—\$200, \$500 or more, 7 and 10 per cent. LEONARD MERRILL, 135 S. Broadway.

MONEY TO LOAN—\$5000 AT 8 TO 7 PER CENT. 100 W. BROADWAY, HOLLINGWELL & CO., 52 WILCOX BLDG.

MONEY TO LOAN—ANY AMOUNT, LONG or short time. J. C. CRIBB & CO., 251 COTTON ST.

EDWARD C. CRIBB, 52 BROADWAY, NO. 10, regular public insurance. Money to loan at 5 per cent.

MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD CITY PROPERTY. W. J. SCHERER, CO., 218 S. Broadway.

MONEY TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE, 6 AND 7 per cent. RUSK HARRIS, 62 BULLARD BLDG.

MONEY TO LOAN—\$1000, 7 per cent. WHITE MORTIMER, room 38, Temple Block.

MONEY-LENT AT LOW RATES ON PERSONAL SECURITY. C. box 109, TIMES OFFICE, 3 TO LOAN—\$1000, 7 per cent. MONEY BRADSHAW BROS., 100 W. BROADWAY, HAZARD BLDG.

LOW INTEREST MONEY TO LOAN AT L. E. COHN'S, 511 S. Spring st.

MONEY WANTED—

WANTED—THE RED CLOUD MINING COMPANY has offered to a limited amount of their valuable stock upon the market for a short time in order to increase the value of their stock. The Red Cloud Mining Stock is non-assessable, thus giving a investor, large or small, the chance of a lifetime. These names consist of 16 claims well developed, so that there is shown ore sufficient for lots tons at a time. The Red Cloud Mining is the best mining property in this part of California. The company will put the money in and make a small investment for rapid work, a small investment in these mines will give a nice income for life and a large investment will give a large income. Terms C. O. A. or address S. P. CLEASINGER, room 102, 215 S. Broadway, president, W. L. ELDER, secretary, 215 S. Broadway.

WANTED—ON 7 ROOM, NEW COTTAGE—

\$300, 5 years, 10 per cent. gross.

Find residence section, still-edge security. Address for details D, box 78, TIMES OF FICE.

WANTED—PARTY ENGAGED IN A FIRST-CLASS PERSONAL PROPERTY LOAN BUSINESS wants party with money who would be willing to advance the cash and furnish the fixtures, furniture and plans for a good rate of interest. Address F, box 11, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A GENTLEMAN OF SEVERAL years experience, will like to find a first-class party with capital to engage in a first-class personal property loan business. Address F, box 11, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—A MAN WITH NECESSARY SUPPLIES to tackle proposition involving \$10,000, and paying 15 per cent. net, without risk, or possible loss. R. D. LIST, 211 WILCOX BLDG.

WANTED—IF YOU HAVE A SMALL CAPITAL to invest, call at 631 S. OLIVE ST., between 5 and 6 p.m. for a talk. 100 W. BROADWAY.

WANTED—\$500 PRIVATE MONEY-LOAN. Address E, 218 S. Spring Bldg.

WANTED—MONEY: WANT \$1000 ON CITY property, a safe loan. RICHARDS & RICHARDS, 206 Spring Bldg.

WANTED—\$2000, 7 PER CENT. 3 years, all payable monthly, a safe loan, southwest. Address C, box 22, TIMES OF FICE.

WANTED—\$500 PRIVATE MONEY-LOAN. Address E, 218 S. Spring Bldg.

WANTED—MONEY: SEVERAL LOANS, \$100 to \$1000, 7 PER CENT. net. DARR HALEY CO., 206 Wilson Bldg.

WANTED—MONEY: WANT \$1000 ON HIGHLY-IMPROVED RANCH. Address D, box 55, TIMES OFFICE.

WANTED—\$3000, 7 AND 12.000, 3 YEARS, 7 per cent. net. TAYLOR, 104 Broadway.

EDUCATIONAL—

School, Colleges, Private Tuition.

PROF. G. DURNERIN, BORN AND EDUCATED in Paris, gives French from his university, passes the French Marquis, and private French lessons; rapid, fascinating, natural, modern method; his diploma can be seen in the Parisian library. TEMPLE ST. Classes are held on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at Blanchard Bldg. Address 100 W. BROADWAY. First lesson free on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12 p.m., Blanchard Bldg. Terms for one year \$100.

A TEACHER OF LONG EXPERIENCE IN New England institutions desires private pupils; ancient and modern languages, Latin, French and English; in all their branches. Testimonials. Address T. D. ADAMS, A. M. 12 Main St.

MRS. D. D. CASTRO AND DAUGHTER teach the most perfect Spanish in the shortest time. The students practice the language, read, write, sing, etc. Classes meetings of CASTRO'S SPANISH-AMERICAN SCHOOL, 114 N. Main st. Tel. main 1194.

KINDERGARTEN TRAINING DEPARTMENT, 10 months' course, class of 190 begins Monday, December 10, those wishing to enter, hand in names at once. MISS FRENCH'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL, 51 S. Alvarado st. Tel. main 1194.

LICENCED TEACHER, MARTIN COLLEGE, a few more private pupils. Address 1200 W. BROADWAY.

GUITAR, MANDOLIN AND BANJO LESSONS by note; executing specialty; guitars pupils to play in public in 3 months; lessons, 100 W. BROADWAY.

BOYNTON NORMAL PREPARES FOR teachers' county examination, also office of First and Second class teachers in constant demand. ST. TIMSON BLDG.

YALE GRADUATE DESIRES PRIVATE PUPILS IN COLLEGE PREPARATORY BRANCHES; experience, 10 months' course, rates. Address C, box 28, TIMES OFFICE.

LEADING PIANO TEACHER GIVES 2 LESSONS weekly at pupil's residence, beginners or advanced, \$10 each. Address D, box 6, TIMES OFFICE.

PIANO, FRENCH GERMAN AND ITALIAN taught by Mme. Buttner, P.D., European method. Address 104 S. Spring ST.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 205 S. Broadway, evening classes, 1000 subjects, nominal rates. Tel. main 565.

MISS ALLEN'S SCHOOL FOR NERVOUS AND NASTY CHILDREN AND BOARDING PUPILS, 201 WOODSTOCK RD.

FRANK H. COLBY, PIANO AND ORGAN STUDY, 104 S. Spring ST.

CASSICAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, MARY L. FRENCH, principal, 513 S. Alvarado st.

PATENTS—

And Patent Agents.

WE FURNISHED OUR CLIENTS WITH copies of all correspondence had in their cases, and furnished complete copies of drawings and specifications. Retain this for future reference. TEL. 104 BROADWAY.

PIONEER PATENT AGENCY—22 YEARS IN Downey Block, HAZARD & HARMAN.

KNIGHT BROS. PATENT SOLICITORS, Washington, Los Angeles, 514 Byrne Bldg.

PERSONAL—

Business.

PERSONAL—PROF. SEWELL.

THIRTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Oldest, most famous and successful painter before the public has decided to locate in Los Angeles. He is the greatest living exponent of occultism, and has no other can hope to attain. Truthful in his predictions, reliable in his advice, no matter what concerns you have, he will advise you with greater knowledge than human power. Medical fraternity and scientists generally as a certainty psychic in the country, and should be of great value to you. Fortune tellers, astrologers and similar humbug, you wish to know facts you should know?

If you will succeed in your undertakings?

If you have young infants?

If your domestic troubles will soon end?

If you would obtain your ambition?

If you will be lucky in speculation?

Two other short the love and attention that should belong to you?

If you wish information you ought to have concerning your future, call this man a

person to overcome obstacles that keep you from happiness and success, make an appointment with me.

There is no home

so dreary and so lifeless as wrecks or blighted, no heart so sad and lonely as that of a man who has lost his wife.

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Thomas Drug Co., CUT RATE DRUGGISTS. Corner Spring and Temple Streets.

No Other Store

Is likely to duplicate our prices on

Holiday Goods.

Glove and Handkerchief Boxes.
Celluloid Toilet Cases.
Ebonized Toilet Cases.
Collar and Cuff Boxes.
Manicure Cases.
Perfume Atomizers.
Cut Glass Bottles.
Cut Glass Vinalgrettes.

Pinaud's French Carnation Perfume.
THE FINEST IN THE WORLD, PER OZ. \$1.00.

Sterling Silver Military Hair Brushes, PER PAIR, \$3.25

I Make Trusses . . .

I am not advertising some great ready-made trusses to fit all cases. I make a truss to suit each case. This must appeal to your reason as the sensible way to get a fit. I may add that it is the only way to get such fits as I am giving—to get such results as I get. Trusses that are properly made and skillfully applied accomplish all that can be done for rupture. They are also cheaper in the end because they never wear out. I never promise cures never charge for cures, but I guarantee comfort and benefit. I hold any rupture that can be reduced, with a light, easy and cleanly truss. No steel springs to rust, no elastic webbing, no straps between the limbs. Special materials devised by myself for the purpose—the result of fifteen years continuous experience in truss making and truss fitting. You can have the benefit of my experience at a moderate cost.

W. W. SWEENEY,
ONLY MAKER IN THE CITY.

Trusses, Elastic Hosiery, Etc.

LADY ATTENDANT.

213 West Fourth St.

Laux' Triple Extract Redondo Carnation

Has had most wonderful sale, and why? Because it has merit and is pronounced equal to the best in the market, and only 50c per ounce. You all know what Redondo Carnations are. Come in and sample the Perfume.

We have a large stock of Perfumes, Foreign and Domestic in Fancy Boxes at Reduced Prices.

RUSSIAN KUMYSS,

The ideal Food and Tonic for Sick People. By the bottle or glass.

C. LAUX & CO.
DRUGGISTS,
231 South Broadway,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

HOLIDAY GOODS and Souvenirs

Such as Orangewood, Yucca Palm, Manzanita, etc., plain or decorated, Abalone and other Shell Novelties in Jewelry, Spoons, Paper Cutters, Blotters, Ink Wells, Call Bells, Card Reavers, Paper Weights, Ash Trays.

Largest selection in the city at lowest price. Goods packed for mailing free of charge.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WINKLER'S CURIOS. - 346 South Broadway.

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Make good books your constant companions. New Edition Encyclopedia Britannica is all good and is equal to hundreds of volumes of ordinary-sized books. 23,418 pages, delivered in an oak case, with a guide for systematic reading, for \$1.00 cash, the balance of \$44.00, \$3.00 per month. See samples at Jones' Book Store, 226 and 228 West First Street, Los Angeles.

NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS.

DR. C. W. SYLVESTER, Prop.

You want to save your teeth by the latest discoveries in the dental profession? If so call on us. We do not resort to the use of cheap material to give the best work at the lowest prices. All work guaranteed. We positively have the newest scientific discovery in Painless Extraction. Consultation free. Open Sundays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

PHONE BROWN 1316.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE. TRIAL POSTPONED.

POLICE COMMISSION DID NOT MEET YESTERDAY.

Steps to Be Taken at Once to Have the Order of the Court Vacated—Forest Reserve Difficulties.

E. V. Methewer, Convicted of the Murder of Dorothy McKee of Long Beach, Sentenced to Death by Hanging.

Young Offender of the Law Released During Good Behavior—Lucy Gong's Paths of Glory Led to Jail.

The trial of Sergt. Roberts, which was to have taken place yesterday, was postponed owing to the writ of prohibition which was issued on Friday by the court at the instance of Roberts' counsel. Immediate steps are to be taken by the legal advisors of the de facto board to have the order of the court vacated so that the commission can carry out its original intention with regard to the sergeant. Attorney McFarland believes that there are ways in which this may be speedily done. Commissioner Pascoe says that he has no intention of retreating under fire.

Settlers near Tejunga, in the San Fernando Valley, have petitioned the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, D. C., that certain lands in the valley be thrown open to settlement. The territory in question is now a part of the forest reserve, and the City Engineer thinks that an injury would be done the watershed that supplies the city with water if the territory should be thrown open for settlement.

A strenuous protest will probably be made at the session of the Council tomorrow against the improvement of Washington street between Hoover street and Normandie avenue, which has caused so much talk before the Council, will be continued before that body at 2 o'clock tomorrow. At the time set for hearing last Monday the City Attorney was not prepared to report on certain phases of the situation upon which some of the Councilmen desired information. The debate at that time grew somewhat acrimonious, as one of the protestants charged Councilman Toll with breaking the rules of the house when he knew what form the discussion will take tomorrow morning, but the City Attorney will report with reference to the points submitted to him as follows:

Bids for the water bonds will be opened at 11 o'clock tomorrow. Considerable doubt is felt regarding the character of these bids in view of the opinion on the school bonds rendered by Attorneys Dillon & Hubbard.

E. V. Methewer's motion for a new trial on a charge of murdering Dorothy McKee of Long Beach last July was denied by Justice Smith yesterday morning and the defendant was sentenced to be hanged.

John Gray, aged 13, pleaded guilty to a heinous crime yesterday, but sentence was suspended by Judge Smith during good behavior.

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COURTHOUSE NOTES.

MISCELLANEOUS BREVITIES.
FOR FORECLOSURE.—Julius W. Hupfeld is suing Nicholas C. Newell and others to recover \$3000 on a promissory note secured by real property in the city of Pomona.

George Heberle began suit yesterday to foreclose a \$3000 mortgage against Fannie Lee Elliott and others.

NEW CHURCH.—Articles of incorporation of the People's Congregation, "El Bethel," were filed at the County Clerk's office. The purpose of the organization is to hold meetings and worship according to the Jewish rites and ceremonies. The church is to be located in Los Angeles, at its present address, 1110 Wilshire, M. S. Vonder West, William Mischkowsky and J. F. Grannis.

PETITION FOR LETTERS.—Lucy Jacoby asks for letters of administration on the \$600 estate of her father, Daniel Jacoby, who died in this city November 29.

Jean P. Riviere asks for letters in the estate of Francois Riviere, valued at \$3000.

Nellie Lahay pleads to be appointed administrator of the \$1000 estate of her deceased husband, John Lahay.

Selina Osama asks to be appointed administrator of the \$20 estate of Ravel Valenzuela, a cousin.

PROBATE OF WILL.—A. J. Stevens asks for the probate of the will of Ruhama Sanders in an estate valued at \$6000.

A. W. Murray petitions that the will of Jeanie Murray be admitted to probate in an estate valued at \$3000.

A vexed case.—The Ross matrimonial tangle was up again yesterday. Miss Druse Rose asking for a decree on a cross-complaint, charging unpublisheable grounds. Mrs. Rose is the woman who fled to Arizona and married Joe Rose before she had been divorced from Frank Dow quite two months. The case was submitted yesterday.

INSANE.—S. Thompson was ordered committed to the Southern California State Hospital at Highland by Judge Trask yesterday, on recommendation of Dr. William Dodge and Dr. J. E. Coyle. Thompson is an old man, whose age has bereft him of his mind.

A FAMOUS OLD VESSEL.—
SHE IS STILL CARRYING CARGOES
OF MERCHANDISE.

(London Mail.) The Kiel Zeitung mentions the arrival at Kiel of the Danish sailing vessel De Tre Sostere, hailing from Aeroeckjøbing, with a cargo of linsed cakes, and it says that she was built in 1772 at Rudkøbing, and is still quite seaworthy, does not leak in the least, and is easily navigated.

IMPORTANT WILL CASE.—
HENRY B. PLANT'S ESTATE IN
THE SUPREME COURT.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Margaret J. Plant, widow of the late Henry B. Plant, has begun an action in the Supreme Court, individually and as the trustee of her husband's estate, against

Lynde Harrison, Morton Freeman, George H. Tilley, Robert C. Erwin, individually and as trustees of the will of Henry B. Plant. In which she asks that a receiver for certain property of her late husband be appointed and that the courts of this State take entire charge of the estate pending a settlement of the suit.

Mrs. Plant further asks that the will and codicils, as far as they are consistent with the laws of this State, be upheld; that the defendants be required to bring back into the jurisdiction of the New York courts all securities and property removed to the State of Connecticut, and that all proceedings in connection with the probating of the will in Connecticut be declared null and void.

The complaint in the case is voluminous and an involved affair covering many printed pages. The purpose of the suit is to prevent the probating of the will in Connecticut.

It is the last codicil to the will, made three years before the death of the testator, which creates a trust extending until such time when a great grandchild shall have attained his majority. It forms the basis of the legal proceeding. The codicil in question was executed in New Haven, and under its provisions, Mrs. Plant asserts the estate is tied up for a longer period than the laws of this State permit.

We come second with 131, Sweden third with 66, the United States fourth with 59, Spain fifth with 30, Denmark sixth with 25, Russia, Italy and Germany are for seven, France eleventh with 5, Turkey twelfth with 4, Brazil thirteenth with 3, Peru and Portugal for fourteenth with 2, and Greece, Chile, Egypt, Columbia and the Argentine Republic have one each.

To go right back to the first recorded ship, she was built and owned by Noah, but she was not a sailing vessel, and vessel not classed or registered. It was the sixth chapter of Genesis, of goopher wood, pitched within and without, 300 cubits long, 50 cubits broad and 30 cubits deep, with a window and a door, and lower, second and third stories, and a wooden deck.

But Josephus gives the same dimensions as the book of Genesis, and first says it had four stories, so presumably, the word "first" is omitted but implied in the Bible. The bracing and cross beams evidently mean that the Ark was built shipshape, call a perfectly watertight deck.

Mr. Aspinwall, of the Society of Marine Engineers, says the proportions of the Ark—beam to length, 50 to 200 equals 6; depth to length, 30 to 300, equals 10, and depth to breadth, 30 to 50, equals 2/3, can hardly be excused for a modern sailing ship, and adding one or two hundred tons of machinery space, we arrive at the proportion of the present Atlantic greyhounds.

Her displacement in fresh water must have been 21,570 tons, and in salt water 22,494 tons, or 79 tons per inch. In the latter, and her actual dead-weight carrying capacity 21,570 tons; probably 2,000 tons herself and 12,570 tons for animals, stores, etc.

A GERMAN DEVICE.

ARTIFICIAL STONES FOR PAVING
STREETS AND ROADS.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.) NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1899.—Some suggestions to value to municipalities and contractors, makers, are contained in a description of the artificial paving stones now being adopted in many German cities. The paving is made by mixing coal tar with sulphur, heating the mixture thoroughly, and adding, when it has reached a semi-liquid stage, a suitable proportion of chlorate of lime. After cooling, the mass is broken into small pieces, mixed with glass or blast-furnace glass slag, and subjected to a pressure of 200 atmospheres, being reduced in the process to any form desired. The crushing resistance of the paving is 30 pounds to the square寸, and its wearing quality is fully half as great as that of stone or granite. It is as durable as stone, and causes little noise, collects hardly any dirt, and is easy to clean.

EXCURSION TO PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Passenger \$1 and \$1, round trip, \$20, good for ten days returning. See about it at Santa Fe office.

[HAWAII]
ISLAND PEOPLE
AID THE SOLDIERS' FAMILIES.

CONTRIBUTION SENT CLEAR FROM
HONOLULU TO LONDON.

Consul-General Haywood Commands
Maj.-Gen. Otis's Work After Personal Observation.—Pearl Wife deserter Kept on the Jump—Col. Soper Compromises a Judgment.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—Associated Press advises from Honolulu under date of November 28, that state that \$100 was sent on the steamship Warrington to Victoria, B. C., by the British residents of Honolulu for the care of the families of soldiers sent to South Africa.

Lewis M. Henry, who is stated by dispatches from Peoria, Ill., to have deserted his wife in that city after robbing her of \$3000, has a wife in Honolulu. He left Honolulu as suddenly as he disappeared from Peoria and San Francisco.

The case of Col. John H. Soper, F. S. Valentine and the San Francisco subscribers to Waialua stock vs. B. F. Dillingham, has been compromised by payment by Dillingham of \$6000. Soper and a wife of \$1000 damages. The San Francisco subscribers are to get their \$1,000 worth of stock from the new issue recently decided upon.

United States Consul-General Haywood returned today from Manila, Japan and China on the steamship Warrington, reported to have been recalled by next February, as it is expected that the American laws will have been extended to the islands by that time. Mr. Haywood is a supporter of the policy of Gen. Otis in the Philippines, where he thinks good work is being done.

FORT STEVENS IN A STORM.

(A. P. EARLY A. M. REPORT.) SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—The steamer Coptic has arrived from the Orient via Honolulu. Purser Goodrich reports that the transport Fort Stevens, which left Seattle November 11 with troops for Manila put in at Honolulu November 24, after having been driven far out of her course by a storm. The captain reported, "All well on board."

AMONG THE COPTIC'S PASSENGERS ARE ex-Atty.-Gen. Smith of Honolulu and Mrs. Haywood, wife of the Consul-General at Honolulu. Haywood was a passenger from Yokohama, but left the steamer at Honolulu to resume his duties.

IMPORTANT WILL CASE.—
HENRY B. PLANT'S ESTATE IN
THE SUPREME COURT.

(A. P. DAY REPORT.) NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Margaret J. Plant, widow of the late Henry B. Plant, has begun an action in the Supreme Court, individually and as the trustee of her husband's estate, against

Lynde Harrison, Morton Freeman, George H. Tilley, Robert C. Erwin, individually and as trustees of the will of Henry B. Plant. In which she asks that a receiver for certain property of her late husband be appointed and that the courts of this State take entire charge of the estate pending a settlement of the suit.

Mrs. Plant further asks that the will and codicils, as far as they are consistent with the laws of this State, be upheld; that the defendants be required to bring back into the jurisdiction of the New York courts all securities and property removed to the State of Connecticut, and that all proceedings in connection with the probating of the will in Connecticut be declared null and void.

The complaint in the case is voluminous and an involved affair covering many printed pages. The purpose of the suit is to prevent the probating of the will in Connecticut.

It is the last codicil to the will, made three years before the death of the testator, which creates a trust extending until such time when a great grandchild shall have attained his majority. It forms the basis of the legal proceeding. The codicil in question was executed in New Haven, and under its provisions, Mrs. Plant asserts the estate is tied up for a longer period than the laws of this State permit.

Referring to this, the complaint says: "It was the design and scheme and object of the testator, Henry B. Plant, to leave for his wife and to evade the laws of the State of New York and to suspend the absolute ownership of personal property and the absolute power of alienation of real property for a longer period than is permitted by the laws of the State of New York." In the will, in said codicil that the testator declares a resident of New Haven, and will be entitled to the same for the purpose of carrying out said scheme."

In her complaint Mrs. Plant asserts that her husband was a well-known resident of the State of New York for many years, and that he never, under any conditions, became a resident of Connecticut. She says that he did not own real property to any extent either in New York or Connecticut, but that the personal property left by her husband is worth at least \$10,000.

Under the laws of New York, Mrs. Plant says she is entitled to one-third of the personal property as a widow's dower.

PERSONAL.

Frank Barrett, a Palo Alto horse-breeder, is in the city.

W. S. Wood, an attorney of San Francisco, is at the Van Nuys.

A. B. Butter, largely interested in the Fresno oil field, is at the Westminister station.

F. Pedley and wife of Arlington have returned to Los Angeles to spend the winter.

Robert Dun Douglass, a prominent merchant of New York City, is at the Van Nuys.

Van Cohen, representing a large New York fruit establishment, is at the Westminster.

Dr. Nixon and daughter returned yesterday after an absence of three months in the East.

R. S. Grant and wife of Chicago will spend the winter in Los Angeles. They are at the Westminster.

Fred Blake has arrived from Cape Nome, where he has located mining property. He returns to Nome in the spring.

G. A. Bobrick and family, who reside on Burlington avenue, and went East last spring, returned yesterday and registered at the Russlyn.

Capt. Marion McMillin, of the Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., accompanied by his father, Emerson McMillin, registered at the Van Nuys yesterday, en route to Washington, D. C.

EXCURSION TO PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Passenger \$1 and \$1, round trip, \$20, good for ten days returning. See about it at Santa Fe office.

An Elegant Line of Dress Skirts at \$5

Bias Plaids, all-wool Venetian Cloths and black all-wool Diagonal Skirts of an uncrushable material. Cut in the newest and most approved style, neatly trimmed and well tailored. Every one our own make. Perfect beauties for five dollars.

Great Suit Reduction.

Well made and very stylish men tailored Suits, worth \$20.00 and \$22.50, reduced to \$13.50 and \$12.50, reduced to \$10.00.

Then there are some very handsome Suits selling at \$10.00.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Golf Capes.

Lots of kinds, but only one of a kind. Note cuts in prices.

\$2.50 Golf Capes at \$15.00

\$3.00 Golf Capes at \$13.50

\$3.50 Golf Capes at \$11.50

\$4.00 Golf Capes at \$10.50

\$4.50 Golf Capes at \$9.00

\$5.00 Golf Capes at \$8.00

\$5.50 Golf Capes at \$7.00

\$6.00 Golf Capes at \$6.00

\$6.50 Golf Capes at \$5.50

\$7.00 Golf Capes at \$5.00

\$7.50 Golf Capes at \$4.50

\$8.00 Golf Capes at \$4.00

\$8.50 Golf Capes at \$3.50

\$9.00 Golf Capes at \$3.00

\$9.50 Golf Capes at \$2.50

\$10.00 Golf Capes at \$2.00

\$10.50 Golf Capes at \$1.50

\$11.00 Golf Capes at \$1.00

\$11.50 Golf Capes at \$0.50

\$12.00 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$12.50 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$13.00 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$13.50 Golf Capes at \$0.00

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\$22.50 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$23.00 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$23.50 Golf Capes at \$0.00

\$24.00 Golf Capes at \$0.00

Read our full page
Christmas Announcement
in Part III, Page 10, this issue

A. Hamburger & Sons
SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

The Grandest Toy
Fair of recent years. Read
about it in Part III, Page 10

This half-page announcement in addition to our regular full page will most forcibly demonstrate the

POWER OF PRICES.

Here are proofs plenty that what this store undertakes to do it accomplishes.

Low prices on meritorious wares have wrapped up in them magnets which draw thousands of careful buyers to our abundantly filled four floors and basement.

The items quoted here are like thunderbolts from a California sky, yet they are nothing unusual for this great store. Our every day, humdrum business is based upon just such prices. Many equally good opportunities come and go before a word can be printed. Today's news demonstrates again that prices are all-powerful, that the power of prices is the everlasting, never-failing foundation of this great retail mart.

Dress Standard navy blue and white, French prints blue and white, dark red and white and fancy figured dress prints. Dark colors. Five cast of these to be sold at almost one-half price. **32**
Alwashable colors at.....

Dress Seersucker stripes in medium colors. Excellent silky finish and a splendid quality. The usual price is $7\frac{1}{2}$ or $8\frac{1}{2}$ c. To be sold at..... **4**

Outing Two solid cases of heavy, closely woven outing flannels with long velvety nap. The quality that most stores get $8\frac{1}{2}$ c. **5**
Special at.....

Apron Standard quality of apron Gingham checked gingham, as good as the average at $6\frac{1}{4}$ c, and made by one of the best American mills. **3**
On sale at.....

Golf A fabric dyed in the cloth fancy plaid effects. A good wearable, washable article for children's dresses and house gowns. A 15c quality to be..... **6**
sold at.....

Best The best quality produced by **Percales** American mills. 36 inches wide and sold in every store in the country at $12\frac{1}{2}$ c. 50 pieces of these to be sold at..... **7**

Simpson Sateens All sorts of stripes and figures on dark grounds. Standard washable long-wearing sateens. To be sold at..... **6**

Brocade Dress Goods A solid case of brilliant brocaded dress goods, double fold, shades of navy, garnet, Havana, green and modes. A 15c fabric everywhere. **8**
To be sold at.....

Wrapper The quality you see in most stores. **Flannels** at 15c a yard. Fur-faced wrapper flannels printed in all sorts of pretty patterns, for house gowns, dressing sacques, etc. **8**
Special at.....

Dress Checks 25 pieces double-fold dress goods in popular checks, medium colors. A durable and very handsome fabric. Worth every bit of $12\frac{1}{2}$ c. While they last at..... **9**

Lunch Cloth Pure linen white damask lunch cloths, easily worth \$3. Made by one of the best German mills. **2.25**
On sale at.....

Bed Sheets Solid case of ready-made double bed sheets, 81x90 inches in size, with wide 36 c hem. To be sold at.....

Pillow Cases Hand-made pillow cases, 42x36 inches in size. A good serviceable article, made of good 7c muslin. Usual $12\frac{1}{2}$ c values. On sale at..... **7**

in many instances, the fisherman seems to lose his grip. He fears to take chances as he has done before, and the result probably is that he gets turned over oftener than used to be the case. I have known a good many men who have never regained their lost nerve.

"Of course that isn't always the way it happens with them. A man, in some instances, after he has turned over, gets a sharp lookout and is more careful in going through the breakers, and may not have many accidents till freedom from them has made him careless again. It would surprise you if I should tell you how many men there are who go through the surf regularly from one year's end to another and yet can't swim. There was Bill Poston that used to go out from Santa Monica, a regular, once a time, that came ashore, heavily, when it was even chances that he would drown before he landed. Bill had gone fishing in the morning, and had been several hours. In the mean time the waves had got to rolling heavier and heavier, and it was no easy task for even the best of the boatmen to pull a skiff to or from shore. Bill had a lot of fish, and the weight of them made his boat harder to handle. He was getting on fairly well when he saw a tall comber just ready to fall on him. He was so frightened that he ratted him, for the boat turned sideways with the wave and he jumped overboard on the side away from land.

"Luckily, Bill had sense enough to hang to the boat. Ordinarily it would have pulled him, and that is what would have been the last of him. By a queer combination of forces in that case, however, the man's weight on the side was balanced by the force of the wave coming against that side. The boat went over, and the boat did not get spilled off to the right, but to the left side up, and made an amazing speed right in front of the breaker. It was one of the prettiest runs I ever saw, and it landed Bill and his boat right side up way on the beach.

"Some fellows are over-careful in pulling the boat to the right, and so get spilled off to the left, which generally carries them through all right. At the start the fisherman who goes out and in regularly through the surf acts awkwardly, but he very soon can handle a skiff so he won't capsizes so often than the old boatmen in his business. He requires a certain amount of skill and trusts to luck, which generally carries him through all right. After a year or two, some day he makes a little mistake in his reckoning, and his boat turns over in the breakers in such a way that he has a narrow escape from being knocked senseless by it, or from getting tangled up in his lines or seine and drowned. After that,

39

49

75

50

75

1.00

79

85

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

1.00

Colored Dress Goods Wonders.

For Silk-barred Plaids. Good quality of serge plaided with bars of silk threads. In all the newest color combinations. Hand-woven styles for waists, dress skirts or children's dresses. Each side can be used; 38 inches wide; usual 36c a yard.

For Homespun Suiting. Every thread pure wool. A quality of homespun which usually sells for $\frac{1}{2}$ more. All the new mixtures of oxford, steel and pearl gray, castor, tan, brown and brown. To be sold at 40c a yard.

For \$1.00 Plaids. 40 pieces just from their packing case. Large rectangular granite plaids and hand-woven colored crystal cloth plaids. Both combined with red, green or green, 44 inches wide. The regular \$1.00 quality to be sold at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For All-wool Cheviot. A quality most stores sell at $\frac{1}{2}$. They are well worth it too. Every thread pure wool and the back is enduring. The rich fuzzy kind that does not retain the dust. Both sides alike. 42 inches wide. On sale at 50c a yard.

For Black Crepons. Rich blotted patterns made of mohair and wool. 30 pieces all told. The variety of patterns is charming. 40 inches wide. To be sold at 75c a yard.

For Whalebone Serge. Another in the serge line and very handsome. Heavy wide-wale effect. All wool, 52 inches wide. A special quality for tailor-made skirts and suits. Easly worth \$1.00 a yard. Selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Corded Taffeta Silks. 200 yards of corded taffeta silks to be sold at this price. Among them are two-toned effects combining red, rose, blue, green, etc. with black. You will see the same qualities in other stores for \$1.00. Our price is $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Black Satin Duchesse. We have reserved 1000 yards of this excellent black satin duchesse for selling Monday. If any 18 left after that, we will sell it at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard. Back and face, pure silk. Rich black and soft cashmere fluff, 21 inches wide. On sale at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Fancy Waist Silks. Several novelties are among them. Silks in various patterns, 200 yards of each, \$1.50 a yard. Corded taffetas with embroideries between the cords, corded satin duchesse and corded taffetas in stripes. All on sale at \$1.00 per yard.

For Hemstitched Silks. A most popular novelty. Hemstitched stripes with faconne Parisian ripes between; some have polka dots between stripes. Rich and much demand novelties. Selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Fancy Waist Silks. Cored taffetas, hemstitched taffetas, more striped taffeta, pekin striped taffeta and black satin brocades. Some of them are $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard. Selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Silk Poplins. The most durable of all fabrics. Rich red poplins in shades of gray, brown, red, cerise, fawn, purple, etc. 40 inches wide. 50c a yard.

For Hemstitched Silks. Stripes with faconne Parisian ripes between; some have polka dots between stripes. Rich and much demand novelties. Selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For New Black Silks. Rich, heavy, dependable qualities. Cored taffetas, hemstitched taffetas, more striped taffeta, pekin striped taffeta and black satin brocades. Some of them are $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard. On sale at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Silk Prices. \$1.00
\$1.50
\$2.00

For Silk Prices. \$1.00
\$1.50
\$2.00

Exceptional Black Dress Stuffs.

For Rich Crepons. The quality selling about town at $\frac{1}{2}$. Rich, black crepon made of mohair wool. Beautiful silk, just like silk. Large size 20x36 inches wide; selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Black Tailor Suiting. Rich Venetian cloth, steam-spun, hemmed, shirred and black silk serge; 4 exceptionally appropriate fabrics for tailor-made suits. All in the same quality as ordinary \$2.00 quality, selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Silk Mohair Crepons. The mohair is of that silky sort which cannot be told from pure silk and will wear better. All sorts of the best mohair, navy, etc. and all mohair striped effects. There are also some rich stripes; easily worth \$2.50 a yard; while it lasts at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Black Tailor Suiting. Rich Venetian cloth, steam-spun, hemmed, shirred and black silk serge; 4 exceptionally appropriate fabrics for tailor-made suits. All in the same quality as ordinary \$2.00 quality, selling at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard.

For Silk Prices. \$1.25
\$1.50
\$2.25

For Silk Prices. \$1.25
\$1.50
\$2.25

Brown Excellent quality of crash or roller towels. Crash or dish towels. Every thread pure linen and full 20 inches wide. A quality selling everywhere for 100 12-1/2c a yard. Selling here at..... **10**

For Golf Suitings. A double-faced cloth, plaid on one side, plain on the other, made for rainy-day golf skirts, children's capes, etc. Browns, greens, blues and blacks. All sorts of plaids on the reverse side. Selling here at..... **5**

For Golf Suitings. A double-faced cloth, plaid on one side, plain on the other, made for rainy-day golf skirts, children's capes, etc. Browns, greens, blues and blacks. All sorts of plaids on the reverse side. Selling here at..... **5**

For Irish Napkins. Irish napkins to be sold at this price. All linen damask, bleached a perfect white. The best quality that has ever been known for the price. To be sold at..... **98**

For French Flannels. Every conceivable style of pattern and every one pretty. Exactly the same quality sold about town at $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard. Every thread wool. The colorings and patterns are designed especially for wrappers, tea gowns, dressing sacques, etc. On sale while they last at..... **39**

For Bleached Table Covers. Best you ever saw. Large size 20x36 inch Turkish bath towels, thick and durable. A 15c grade for..... **10**

For Bleached Table Covers. Large size 20x36 inch Turkish bath towels, 20x36 inches in size; 15c quality to be sold at..... **10**

For French Table Covers. Assorted patterns of red borders and long combed fringes. Selling here at..... **5**

For German Table Covers. Assorted patterns of red borders and long combed fringes. Selling here at..... **4**

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For German Table Covers. Assorted patterns of red borders and long combed fringes. Selling here at..... **4**

Health and Beauty.

Beauty is nothing else but a just accord and mutual harmony of the members, animated by a healthful constitution. Without health there is no beauty. Health is the base on which true beauty is built. 'Tis health that gives sparkle and brightness to the eyes. Healthful blood gives the clear, rosy complexion. Health gives energy and grace to the carriage and true loveliness to the disposition.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

is the Foundation of Health. It gives the health that constitutes beauty. Little ills and irregularities of the system are what mar true beauty. Abbey's Effervescent Salt banishes these little ills and regulates the system, improves the digestion, makes pure, rich blood, and clears the skin of all impurities and disfiguring eruptions. Take a teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water every morning before breakfast—you'll find it a pleasant, refreshing beverage, besides being a health-giving one. It is also a preventive and cure for Dyspepsia, Fevers, Gout, Headache, Nervous Depression, Constipation, Sea Sickness and many other "ills that human flesh is heir to."

The daily use of Abbey's Effervescent Salt will keep you in good health.

Abbey's Salt is a standard English preparation which is just being introduced into the United States. If your druggist has not got it he will get it for you.

Prices, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

The Abbey Effervescent Salt Co., New York City, N. Y.

Undigested Food
becomes poison in a few hours and is responsible for constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, languor, nervousness and fever, etc. kidney ills. When there is one or all of these ailments Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be taken at once. It prevents as well as cures all stomach ills, and is specific for malaria and fever and ague. When you get it see that a PRIVATE REVENUE STAMP covers the neck of the bottle.

Refuse—
Just as good
Substitutes.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

LEE IN THE REGULARS.

CAREER OF GEN. FITZHUGH LEE IN THE SECOND CAVALRY.

An Incident in Which the General Was Engaged With Texas Indians in 1859—Some Lucid Metallic Figures—Senator Culom on the Seating of Quay.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—It has often been noticed that whenever Gen. Fitzhugh Lee visits the White House he stops to have a chat with Capt. Loefler, who stands guard at the President's private office and the Cabinet room. This is generally attributed to Lee's pleasure in treating every one, but it has another origin.

Before the civil war Lee was a lieutenant in the old Second Cavalry, afterward reorganized as the Fifth. Loefler was a trooper in this regiment, and later a non-commissioned officer. His company was one of two which were engaged in a sharp fight with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in the Cimarron country in Texas in 1859. The Indians took refuge in a narrow canon, one end of which could be entrenched from each end, and there had thrown up a fortification of logs, from behind which they poured a hot fire into the troops. The character of the canon was such that the heads of the cavalry were useless, and they were left outside, the men advancing on foot. Only a few of the Indians had firearms, the rest using bows and arrows. Had the Indians been as well armed as they have been in later wars, the loss of the troops would have been very large. It was only four or five soldiers were killed, though the Indian loss amounted to nearly fifty. A charge was made upon the log fort, and Lee, who was a dashing officer and a wonderful favorite with his men, was the first one to scale the breastworks. He was hit in the shoulder, and a bullet struck him in the breast, inflicting a very ugly wound. As he fell the confusion was so great about him that the arrow was pulled out of his flesh and thrown to the ground among other arrows, some and broken, so that one could tell afterward whether the head had remained in the wound or had drawn out with the stick. It was impossible, therefore, to say how seriously he had been hurt, and he was carried at once to the rear, where a litter was improvised of saplings and boughs. He was laid upon a litter which was swaying between two horses, and thus he was carried back to the wagon train, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles, through a rough country. Probing showed that the head of the arrow had fortunately been driven out, and in due time, after nursing put the lieutenant on his feet again.

This is an incident in Lee's career which is apparently known to very few. It is of interest, also, that the old Second Cavalry had for its colonel Albert Sidney Johnson, and for its major and lieutenant-colonel Robert E. Lee, and that Hardee, of "tactics" fame, and George H. Thomas were two of its majors. The captain of the company in which Fitzhugh Lee was first lieutenant was Kirby Smith. Loefler served with credit in the Union army during the civil war, received a White House call and investigation as hundreds of others have done, who have been rewarded by a complete restoration to health.

WHY MOST PEOPLE FAIL.

The Cause of Most Failures in Life, both Financial and Social, Can be Traced to Ill Health: It Fetters Ambition and Dwarfs Our Capabilities. Disease is the Arch Enemy that Breeds Nothing but Doubt and Evil Forebodings; It is the Mother of Despair and the Father of Cowards; It Leads One Into Dark Ravines of Despondency Where the Sunlight of Hope Never Penetrates.

SUCCESS IS THE CRITERION OF COMPETENCY.

It is the Result of Unalloyed Ability, Stern Integrity and Honest Purpose.

In any line of business the competent man will sooner be crowned with the laurels of success than the man who is lacking in ability. In the world of finance, in the realm of commerce, and in the professions, this is time and again illustrated.

A physician's success is known by the number of patients who seek his advice and attention. The many patients daily to be seen at the offices of the Homo-Alo Medical Institute speak volumes for the good work being done by these well-known physicians. When hundreds of the sick flock to an institution of this kind and voluntarily testify to the great benefits they have received, it is conclusive evidence that here are to be found competent doctors, and all patients who visit them at once recognize this fact. Don't stop here, but read the balance of this notice carefully and then judge for yourself whether it is not worth your while to call and investigate as hundreds of others have done, who have been rewarded by a complete restoration to health.

Stomach Disease Cured.

Ex-Judge Myron L. Thorpe strongly endorses the HOMO-ALO METHODS of Treatment. His letter dated Los Angeles, Oct. 28, '99, reads as follows: "Having suffered for several years with a severe case of stomach trouble and indigestion, I am pleased to state that I have been completely restored to health after a short course of treatment at the HOMO-ALO Medical Institute. (Signed) MYRON L. THORPE."



Miss Ella M. Whiting, Pasadena, Cal., cured of CATARRH and incipient CONSUMPTION by Homo-Alo Treatment.



David B. Rood, the well known fruit shipper, cured of SCIATICA RHEUMATISM and kidney disease by Homo-Alo Treatment.



Mrs. Anna C. Manning, 216 East Third street, Los Angeles. DEAFNESS and STOMACH trouble permanently relieved by Homo-Alo Treatment.

Chronic Catarrh Cured.

Mrs. Caroline S. Beatty, a well-known worker, in the Woman's Christian Temperance League, says: "I have been troubled for more than eight years with chronic catarrh and feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great benefits I derived through the Homo-Alo System of treatment. My cure has been effected in a remarkably short time and I am feeling better than I have for years. Although these physicians charge but \$5 per month, they seem to take as much interest in one's case as if they received \$50, and furthermore, they seem to be willing to do. Their cures are very rapid as well as permanent, at least this has been my experience. I most heartily recommend them to all sufferers." (Signed) MRS. CAROLINE S. BEATTY



Homo-Alo Medical Laboratory.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are innumerable so-called cures without drugs, medicine seems very much in demand and the patients cured without drugs are far in the minority when compared to the many thousands saved from death yearly by the timely use of the proper kind of medicine. The Homo-Alo system of treatment is a judicious USE and not ABUSE of drugs. Their laboratory is a complete drug store within itself and is stocked with the purest remedies, carefully selected and gathered from all parts of the world.

Every Physician of the Homo-Alo Medical Institute is a graduate of two or more medical colleges, and an expert in his particular line of practice. The Medicines used are the purest and best that money can buy; all are prepared in their own laboratory, which is the largest and best equipped in the West. For certain forms of disease where electrical treatment is advisable, they have the latest approved and best appliances for all forms of Static, Galvanic and Faradic Electricity. Patients living at a distance can be successfully treated and cured at home; write for our symptom blanks and patients' record sheets, sent free on application. Office hours—9 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 5 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays 10 to 12; Consultation Free. Call or write.

AT ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

BLEAK JUAN FERNANDEZ.

[Capt. Josiah Slocum in Century Magazine:] The Spray being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and I saw more than flat-top when they did not slight my buns, as the professed had done in the Strait of Magellan. Between buns and doughnuts there was little difference except in name. Both had been fried, tallow, which was the strong point in both, for there was nothing on the island fairer than good, and a boat is but a lean beast to match it. So with a view to business I looked my steelyards to the buns at once, ready to weigh out tallow, those being no customs officer to say "Why do you do so?" and for the sun went down the islanders had learned the art of making buns and doughnuts, and did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious custom I got in payment some of them from the wreck of a galleon sunk in the bay, and I knew not where to go to, turned to antiquarians for an face value. In this way I made a reasonable profit. I brought away money of all denominations from the island, and nearly all there was so far as I could find out.

H. GILSON GARDNER.

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A Free Trial Treatment Will Convince. Call and Get One.

Are You Tired of Drugging?

Why not use Electricity, which cures?



DR. A. M. McLAUGHLIN,

129 W. Second St., cor. Spring, Los Angeles, Cal.

Office Hours—8 a.m. to 8:30 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 1. Never sold in drug stores.

My method is in the special application to suit different troubles. Unlike the old style, my belt DOES NOT BURN OR BLISTER, but sends the gentle, soothing current directly into the seat of the disease, acting on the blood, nerves and muscles, restoring health and strength to the diseased parts until they can take care of themselves and perform the functions intended by nature. My appliance is worn at night without any inconvenience, and when you awake in the morning you will feel refreshed and vigorous, ready for the day's work. If you are afflicted with Chronic or Nervous Weakness, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Lumbo, Locomotor Ataxia, Constipation, Liver, Kidney or Stomach Troubles, come to me and be cured. FREE BOOK—if you can not call I have a new 80-page book beautifully illustrated. This will be sent to you free upon request.

NEWHALL, L. A. Co. (Cal.) Aug. 5, 1899.
Dear Sir—I bought one of your Belts for kidney and bladder trouble and weakness. I had tried a number of other remedies and physicians, but they gave me no relief. After putting your Belt on I immediately began to improve, and my troubles have all disappeared. You have completely cured me by your wonderful treatment, and I will gladly testify to the merits of your method.

South Spring St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomson & Boyle Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF

Well Pipe,
Water Pipe,
Tanks, etc.

310-314 REQUENA ST.
Phone Main 157.

Dr. Wong
AND
Chinese Herbs

Nearly always this way. After all others fail you consult "the grand old man of Chinese Medicine." Why not investigate and get on the road to health before too late. Why until all others fail? Thousands of testimonials.

Sanitarium and office
713 South Main St.,
Consultation Free,
PULSE DIAGNOSIS.

Gallery of Art
Pictures and Framing

VISITORS WELCOME

Lippincott Art Photo Company,
349-351-353 S. Broadway.

GERMANY. I
GERMAN NAVAL BILL.

FIGHT FOR AND AGAINST IT TO BEGIN THIS WEEK.

Reichstag Getting Down to Serious Work—Debate on the Budget Will Be Warm and Prolonged.

Public Sentiment Overwhelmingly in Sympathy With the Emperor's Project for Increasing the Navy.

Port of Emden to Be Transformed into a First-class Naval Station. Troubles of American Embassies.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

BERLIN, Dec. 2.—[Special Cable Letter. Copyright, 1899.] After a fortnight of preliminary skirmishing the Reichstag during the coming week will begin serious work, starting with the first reading of the budget, which always leads to serious and heated debates. The important part of which will be the advance of the bill for and against the new naval bill. The whole energy of the Emperor and the government will be used toward making the bill a law, and thus securing for Germany the second place in the world as a naval power. After surveying the parliamentary field, it seems pretty probable that the bill will pass, as the whole right, part of the center and a portion of the left seem in favor of its passage. No doubt German public opinion overwhelmingly favors the bill, as the people believe with the Emperor, that it is absolutely necessary for Germany's continued prestige as a world power and for the extension of German trade and influence abroad. Besides, the conviction is now held generally here that France need not be feared as a serious competitor, militarily, she having reached her ultimate limit in increasing her army and being unable to compete with Germany's additional fifteen millions of inhabitants. Thus it may be said that Germany now has her hands free for naval expansion. NEW NAVAL STATION.

The government's purpose to transform Emden into a small North Sea port, into a naval and naval port has become plainer every day. On exceptional authority it is learned that these plans embrace the deepening of the river bed so as to allow the largest warships to enter the port. The first installment of 9,500,000 marks for the new port will be paid by the Prussian Diet after its convening. The government will also construct big naval shipyards and dry docks at Emden. The dry docks will be pushed so that a number of the vessels demanded by the new naval bill can be built at Emden.

AMERICAN PARSIMONY.

The desirability of the United States having suitable permanent embassies abroad is again unaplastically illustrated by the humiliating experience of Ambassador White's call to the Associated Press Wednesday, when it is fact just revealed that the minister at Vienna is undergoing a worse experience. Mr. White's trouble is likely to be tided over, as it is understood that the little government of Baden has offered to allow the American Ambassador to come to Vienna on the top floor of the building it purchased just this end of President McKinley's term. Since Mr. Harris arrived in Vienna he has been vainly searching for a suitable house. The difficulty is the unwillingness of the Austrian landlords to rent to Americans.

Mr. Harris's predecessor, Bartlett Tripp, had a dispute with his landlord and the latter sued Mr. Tripp successfully. He pleaded ex-territorially, but without effect. Even the Vienna tradesmen are dismally supplied to any one connected with the legation, unless part of the American Embassy is causing much astonishment, and talk in diplomatic circles at Vienna and Berlin, and many disparaging remarks have been made against the United States policy in this respect.

HIS OWN SQUEEZE.

Dr. Von Miguel, whose skill in financially squeezing the German subjects for the benefit of the state is proverbial, has fallen a victim to his own tax-gatherers. They have rejected Dr. Von Miguel's income tax return, declaring he omitted the income of his Sessional estate, while Dr. Miguel's claim is unproductive. The controversy which the courts will probably have to decide involves only a small amount, but the department insists upon its alleged rights against its own right.

AMERICAN VISITORS.

Mrs. William Walter Phelps has arrived here. She and her daughter, Countess Von Rottenberg, and Count Von Rottenberg, will go to the Riviera for the winter.

IMPERIAL BUDGET.

BERLIN, Dec. 2.—The imperial budget estimates, copies of which were distributed among the members of the Reichstag today, differ but slightly from the figures telegraphed to the Associated Press November 20. The revenue expenditure balance is 2,068,323,551 marks, showing an increase of 105,678,544 marks. The permanent expenditure is estimated at 1,83,042,491 marks, an increase of 10,094,681 marks, thus comprising an additional outlay for the army of 21,496,449 marks, and for the navy of 4,885,665 marks. The non-recurring expenditures are estimated at 275,291,053 marks, being a decrease of 1,32,211 marks. The estimated revenue shows an increase of 47,464,040 marks, under the heads of customs and taxes, and articles of consumption.

A Husband's Duty Denied.

[London News.] At Bloomsbury County Court yesterday a Mrs. Barnett was sued on a poulterer's bill. She said she did not owe the money. The debt was her husband's. He was in difficulties now, but would pay later on.

Plaintiff.

She always paid the bill, and she gave the orders.

Judge Bacon. Yes, the wife usually orders the dinner.

Plaintiff. But she paid the bills. Surely she is liable?

Defendant. With the housekeeping money, my husband gave me.

Judge Bacon. Exactly. In all well-regulated establishments it is the husband's duty to be out earning the money. It is the wife's pleasure to be at home spending it. [Laughter.] Judgment for defendant.

ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS. Handsome medallions of any photograph will be mounted. Times subscribers for from 45 to 50 cents (according to style of medallion) in addition to the regular subscription price of the paper.

The B'dway—The Busy Store. | The B'dway—The Busy Store.

Drugs==Medicines at Cut Prices.

Some more B'dway daring—another fling of low prices at the big profit houses—the B'dway defends the people's interests.

For months we've been laying our plans to sell patent medicines and druggist supplies at our own prices. It has required nerve, capital and cleverness to complete the arrangements, but we did, and we're ready now to supply the public—not the trade—with these goods at way under others' prices. Folks can hardly believe it, but it's so. We are convinced that the prices the local combine dictate are too high—at least, our methods don't permit of so

much profit. Thus we make our own—read them!

Look at These Candy Prices!

Here's more startling price news—another business where folks ask too much profit.

For 30c Lemon Chocolates. For 30c Vanilla Chocolates. For 30c strawberry Chocolates. For 30c Maple Chocolates. For 30c broken hill Caramels 17c. For 30c Creams, raspberry, strawberry, maple or lemon.

19c

Los Angeles' Christmas Headquarters.

From now on, this great store—Los Angeles' most progressive mercantile enterprise—will be a huge holiday bazaar. We want you to make this store your headquarters for Christmas buying—to take advantage of the lowest prices quoted on holiday goods. Our stocks are now complete and, naturally, much better than they will be just before Christmas.

For Art Work Carlson, Currier & Co.'s sewing silk, 6c spool or silks in filo twist, rope dresdens, floss, etc., here in 3c all shades, for only.

Stamped Dollies—
6x6 in., 4c 12x12, 10c 18x18, 20c
9x9 in., 7c 15x15, 15c 20x20, 25c
Battenburg Patterns—
7x7 in., 3/4c ea 12x12, 6c ea 20x20, 14c ea
8x8 in., 3/4c ea 18x18, 9c ea 24x24, 19c ea
Pinholes—
24x24, Poster art, 48c ea.
24x24, Light outline, 25c ea.
Battenburg braids, in all widths, worth 1c for 36c.

Draperies—Bargains Monday we will sell a fine quality of pretty tinsel crepe, made by the Japanese and so much used for screens and draperies 6c for only. 18x18 in. cushion Tops, in floral and geometrical patterns 15c—Fancy Head Rests, in large variety of colors, trimmed with silk cord and tassels. 4c—For large Bed Pillows, soft and fluffy, covered with ticking. See em!

Ladies' Aprons Monday we will start the sensation in aprons with a pretty lawn ones with in 9c section for but.

Ladies' White Lawn Aprons, plain, wide hem on the bottom or trimmed with tucks or lace insertion, good size, fine quality, large tiestrings. 17c

Ladies' White Lawn Aprons, trimmed with tucks, flounce of embroidery or Hamburg insertion, large or small size, extra good quality. 25c

Ladies' Extra Fine Quality Lawn Aprons, trimmed with tucks and flounce of handsome embroidery or insertion, large or small size, large tiestrings. 49c

Slippers—Bargains. These

popular and favorite Christmas gifts will be even more popular this season—our low prices put them within easy reach of all.

Gents' Velvet Embroidered Slippers, with toe, patent leather back, 59c

Gents' Genuine Goat Opera, patent leather, trimmed in brown, hand turned, 98c

Ladies' Belt Sole Felt, hand turned, 98c

Ladies' Slipper Soles, per pair, 19 10c

Infants' Goods Infants' crocheted booties, made of zephyr yarn, good quality, 5c

assorted colors.

Infants' Booties, made of the best yarn, fancy stitched, silk trimmed, high boots, extra close fit, hand made, assorted colors. 39c

Regular size quality. 17c

Infants' Zephyr Sacsques, pink and blue, assorted full sleeves. 17c

well made.

Infants' Crocheted Sacsques, made of fine zephyr yarn, wren yokes, full sleeves, assorted colors. 33c

Scotch Flannels, 29c And

they are all wool beyond a doubt. In effective plaids, so pretty and so wanted just now for dressing sacques and house wrappers; our price but. 29c

Christmas Silks, Dress Goods.

We've been particularly fortunate in our buying of dress stoffs for holiday selling—Take for example, a special exhibit of Waist-length Silks—a few over a hundred all told, and no two alike, though we bunch them at two prices.

50 pieces, 4 yards long. Waist length at 4.92.

These are in solid colors, mostly, heavily corded and in choicest of Persian effects, nothing finer for a dressy, over-to-waist.

We will sell for Christmas, 36-in. rustle percale in brown, gray, white, pink, blue, yellow, lavender, regular 10c goods, now. 42c

We will sell for Christmas, 36-in. Burlap for interlining, tan, gray, black, etc.; worth 10c, now. 5c

We will sell for Christmas, all wool morgens, green, blue, magenta, purple or black, always 50c special now. 43c

We will sell for Christmas, a choice of high-class novelty plaid goods. 75c

We will sell for Christmas, a heavy 46-in plain black serge, that has been sponged and shrunk and made ready for satisfactory wearing, extra well finish, priced for this effort. 75c

We will sell for Christmas, 18-inch silk finish ribbon cloth, used so much for skirt lining and facing, choice of white and colors, 25c goods. 19c

Priced now.

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We will sell for Christmas

COOKING IN
THE SCHOOLS.

The girls of today no longer cook as our grandmothers did. Two hundred girls, with white caps and aprons, learning to cook by scientific methods, may be seen at the Sixth-street Cooking School of our city. What more delicious dishes could one wish for than those cooked and served by the dainty hands of rosy-cheeked school girls? The wives of future husbands cooking by scientific processes is a new departure in our educational system, and yet such may be seen any school day one wishes to visit the school.

Rapid progress in education is why this cooking school exists today. The Board of Education are trying it as an experiment this year. They erected a building and hired a supervisor of cooking and a regular teacher for class work. If the experiment proves successful, more may be expected. Thus the girls from eight different schools of our city go to the Sixth-street Cooking School to receive instruction and practice in how to prepare foods and serve them. Such things were never heard about in the days of mothers and grandmothers, but those days are past now and things have changed. Today one must know how to take fancy stitches, cook by science, saw and carve in wood, draw, sing, wave the hands and shake the feet in call and response, or sing and play, and cannot remain in our public schools. These are modern times and all are expected to keep up to the progress of the ages.

Standing in the northwest corner of the Sixth-street school yard is a schoolroom which is for the girls to learn all about the art and science of household work. On the opposite side of the yard is the school building where the boys are taught the practical work for wood trades. Thus both boys and girls are trained alike. Each is prepared for the occupations of his or her order that they may make a livelihood and help each other in after school days.

As you enter the room of the cooking school, the girls appear decked out in white caps and aprons in up-to-date style. At first they are embarrassed on the part of both visitors and girls at work. It is something new for visitors to see so many girls dressed out in natty gowns and caps, working as cooks. It is something more strange for the girls to have visitors bold right into their kitchen, uninhibited and unashamed to gaze the visitors. Soon, however, the teacher steps forward and you are seated as a guest. Then gradually, the girls become accustomed to you and everything runs along smoothly.

In the center of the room, running lengthwise, stands a long table with six chairs around them, fitted out in true laboratory fashion. On the top of each of these tables are six slender stands, made of sheet iron and zinc, over which the food is cooked. To make this little stove complete there is a gas jet with a latest style burner. The gas is taken from one of these stoves. Then in the side of the tables are drawers for keeping the dishes and part of the cooking utensils for this team of girls. Underneath there is a large flat board for molding bread, which is taken out when used and placed on top of the table.

In the corner stands a large gas range for the teacher and general purposes. Near it is a hot-water reservoir, while not far distant is a sink with hot and cold water ready for use in washing dishes and preparing materials for cooking. In true household fashion a large pantry opens near by the range and sink, where can be found ample stores for culinary purposes.

As you see one of the prettiest of the girls leave her place to her already beautiful look. She steps to the back of the room and opens a door and your curiosity is satisfied. You can count twenty-four pigeon-holes, some of which are filled with aprons, sleeves and caps. Then you understand what this long row of lockers is for. There they are, reading from one side of the room to the other, with a glass cupboard in the center breaks the monotony. Underneath are small drawers for storing towels, cloths and table linens.

The floors are spotlessly clean and shiny like mirrors, and do not wear out. The floor is a modern kitchen and everything must be according to the latest sanitary ideas. It must conform to the newest principles of household and domestic management. The brass doorknobs of our grandmothers certainly do not measure up to those of this modern cooking kitchen at the Sixth-street school.

No decorations hang upon the walls of this kitchen. Nothing besides the clock and curtains takes your eyes except four charts. These are curious things for a kitchen, but you remember this is a school. On further examination you find that two treat of beef, while the others illustrate mutton and veal. Here is pictured out the places from which comes the choicest of rib chops, loin, cutlets and the different parts of meats. Thus the children are taught anatomy as well as cooking.

While you are looking around the room the teacher is pronouncing words for the little damed to write out as a spelling lesson. As you listen you hear her pronounce the names of vegetables, such meats, etc. This reminds you of school days, but at more is it noticeable as the teacher stops in the middle of the lesson to caution some one. With true teacher habits added to the housewife phraseology you hear the teacher say: "Some one has got to come to you, hard again. Be careful of your dress, it's a little too strong." Then you see some girl turn down her gas jet or lift the lid to her stove pan to see how her potato is cooking.

The utensils which the girls use are generally found in a good household—common spoons and forks, tin cups, pepper and salt-cellars, strainers, bowls, egg-beaters, skimmers, plates and saucers. Besides this common ware is a set of silver knives and forks, china plates and saucers which are to be used in the glass cupboard. These are for tea and coffee. The girls how-to-set-a-table-for-tea and ice. In the pantry they become acquainted with the use of an ice-chest, flour-chest, glass jars for canning fruits, tea and coffee pots. They must learn how to use dishes and dishcloths. It is also a part of their duty to see that all their apparatus is put away clean and orderly after they have finished using it.

A glance at the course of study shows what the girls who are preparing in household economy are expected to know by the time they have completed the work outlined. Names, uses and care of utensils; washing of dishes; dusting of a room; cleaning metals; measuring; principles of combustion and fire building; boiling of water; table setting and the duties of a mistress; and the care of a room. They are supposed to study food principles. This covers carbohydrates, proteins, fats and oils, batteries and dough; beverages, canning and preserving. With this knowledge of domestic economy at their finger tips, cannot our girls go out and make

HAIR-HEALTH.

Dr. Hay's Hair

Health

produces a new growth and restores color to Gray Hair. Removes DANDRUFF and Itching of the Hair. Covers bald spots.

DR. HAY'S HAIR.
A Hair Food, which nourishes the roots. It is made from animal extracts, and does not rot or make the hair greasy.

ONE BOTTLE PRICE 50c.
DRUG STORES.

Get this advertisement out within the next 5 days, signing your name and address here:

and take to any druggist or list below.

DR. HAY'S HAIR and a 2c. cake of DR. HAY'S HARFINA MEDICATED SOAP, the best soap you can use for Hair, Scalp and Toilet. This offer is only made to those who should embrace this offer, redeemed by druggists below AT THESE STORES ONLY, or by LONDON SUPPLY CO., 102 Broadway, New York, by express.

TRY AT ONCE DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH.

Don't Accept any Substitute, on which Dealers Make More Profit.

The following druggists supply Dr. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH and HARFINA SOAP at their stores:

F. W. BRAUN & CO., Los Angeles, WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Every Bottle
Warranted

to restore gray or bleached hair to youthful color and beauty. Not a dye; does not injure the hair.

NOT GRAY HAIR LEFT.

A CLEAR, CREAMY DRESSING, DELICATELY SCENTED, AN IMPORTANT ADVENTURE TO EVERY TOILET. IF YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM BREAKING OR FADING TRY IT NOW.

TRY IT NOW.

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The following druggists supply Dr. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH and HARFINA SOAP at their stores:

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homes for themselves and others? The rising generation will not only know a little of books, but also a little of trade and business which they may use with men and women.

"How do the girls like this new study?" was asked of the teacher.

"Very much, indeed," was her reply. "But do you not find that parents object to their children taking the work?"

"They do not complain to me," the teacher answered; "but I hear some do outside."

"I suppose those who have learned to cook at home are excused from taking it here."

"No, indeed. Cooking is compulsory in our school. No one is excused. Cooking is on the same basis as music, drawing, callisthenics, sloyd, and the same cannot remain in our public schools. These are modern times and all are expected to keep up to the progress of the ages."

Standing in the northwest corner of the Sixth-street school yard is a schoolroom which is for the girls to learn all about the art and science of household work. On the opposite side of the yard is the school building where the boys are taught the practical work for wood trades. Thus both boys and girls are trained alike. Each is prepared for the occupations of his or her order that they may make a livelihood and help each other in after school days.

As you enter the room of the cooking school, the girls appear decked out in white caps and aprons in up-to-date style. At first they are embarrassed on the part of both visitors and girls at work. It is something new for visitors to see so many girls dressed out in natty gowns and caps, working as cooks. It is something more strange for the girls to have visitors bold right into their kitchen, uninhibited and unashamed to gaze the visitors. Soon, however, the teacher steps forward and you are seated as a guest. Then gradually, the girls become accustomed to you and everything runs along smoothly.

In the center of the room, running lengthwise, stands a long table with six chairs around them, fitted out in true laboratory fashion. On the top of each of these tables are six slender stands, made of sheet iron and zinc, over which the food is cooked. To make this little stove complete there is a gas jet with a latest style burner. The gas is taken from one of these stoves. Then in the side of the tables are drawers for keeping the dishes and part of the cooking utensils for this team of girls. Underneath there is a large flat board for molding bread, which is taken out when used and placed on top of the table.

In the corner stands a large gas range for the teacher and general purposes. Near it is a hot-water reservoir, while not far distant is a sink with hot and cold water ready for use in washing dishes and preparing materials for cooking. In true household fashion a large pantry opens near by the range and sink, where can be found ample stores for culinary purposes.

As you see one of the prettiest of the girls leave her place to her already beautiful look. She steps to the back of the room and opens a door and your curiosity is satisfied. You can count twenty-four pigeon-holes, some of which are filled with aprons, sleeves and caps. Then you understand what this long row of lockers is for. There they are, reading from one side of the room to the other, with a glass cupboard in the center breaks the monotony. Underneath are small drawers for storing towels, cloths and table linens.

The floors are spotlessly clean and shiny like mirrors, and do not wear out. The floor is a modern kitchen and everything must be according to the latest sanitary ideas. It must conform to the newest principles of household and domestic management. The brass doorknobs of our grandmothers certainly do not measure up to those of this modern cooking kitchen at the Sixth-street school.

No decorations hang upon the walls of this kitchen. Nothing besides the clock and curtains takes your eyes except four charts. These are curious things for a kitchen, but you remember this is a school. On further examination you find that two treat of beef, while the others illustrate mutton and veal. Here is pictured out the places from which comes the choicest of rib chops, loin, cutlets and the different parts of meats. Thus the children are taught anatomy as well as cooking.

While you are looking around the room the teacher is pronouncing words for the little damed to write out as a spelling lesson. As you listen you hear her pronounce the names of vegetables, such meats, etc. This reminds you of school days, but at more is it noticeable as the teacher stops in the middle of the lesson to caution some one. With true teacher habits added to the housewife phraseology you hear the teacher say: "Some one has got to come to you, hard again. Be careful of your dress, it's a little too strong." Then you see some girl turn down her gas jet or lift the lid to her stove pan to see how her potato is cooking.

The utensils which the girls use are generally found in a good household—common spoons and forks, tin cups, pepper and salt-cellars, strainers, bowls, egg-beaters, skimmers, plates and saucers. Besides this common ware is a set of silver knives and forks, china plates and saucers which are to be used in the glass cupboard. These are for tea and coffee. The girls how-to-set-a-table-for-tea and ice. In the pantry they become acquainted with the use of an ice-chest, flour-chest, glass jars for canning fruits, tea and coffee pots. They must learn how to use dishes and dishcloths. It is also a part of their duty to see that all their apparatus is put away clean and orderly after they have finished using it.

A glance at the course of study shows what the girls who are preparing in household economy are expected to know by the time they have completed the work outlined. Names, uses and care of utensils; washing of dishes; dusting of a room. They are supposed to study food principles. This covers carbohydrates, proteins, fats and oils, batteries and dough; beverages, canning and preserving. With this knowledge of domestic economy at their finger tips, cannot our girls go out and make

This Bottle

is known all over the world. It will be found in almost every family medicine chest.

For half a century

Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters

HAS CURED

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Trouble, Fever and Ague, and Malaria.

It has never failed to cure—we don't believe it can fail.

Sold by all druggists and dealers generally. See that a Private Revenue Stamp is over the top of the bottle.

DRESS SUITS FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Black Clay Worsted in Cutaway Frock Suits for \$17.50, \$19.50 and \$27.50. BEST VALUES IN THE CITY. SEE THEM.

BRAUER & KROHN, Tailors, 114½ S. Main St., Neshopah & CO. M

DON'T Let your prejudices for old things prevent you buying a "Crown Piano." They are up to date in all that makes a first class instrument. Splendid tone, while the imitation of strung instruments is wonderful. Sold only.

E. G. ROBINSON, 353 South Broadway.

BICYCLE RIDING SCHOOL. A good place to learn.

518 South Hill, Opposite Central Park.

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BUSINESS.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL

OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Dec. 2, 1899.

For the information of orange-growers, buyers and shippers. The Times is now publishing detailed quotations from New York and Boston obtained through the Associated Press, especially employed for the purpose, whose dispatches also give the pulse of the citrus fruit market. The information contained in these reports will become more and more important as the season advances.]

CITRUS FRUITS IN THE EAST.

USUAL SATURDAY DULLNESS.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The dullness usual at Saturday characterized trading in oranges today, and business was confined to small orders at the lower rates established yesterday. Buyers do not care to increase their stocks, and what they bought go apparently to fill assortments or to satisfy some special demand. There were no auction sales today.

Jobbers' prices were as follows: Jamaica, repacked, 6.06/7.00; Jamaica, boxes, 3.25@4.00; Florida, bright choice, 3.50@4.00; Florida, bright fancy, 4.00@5.00; Florida, russets, 3.25@4.00; Florida, Tangerines, 8.00@10.00.

Lemons quiet and demand chiefly local. No changes in prices reported, and it is likely that present rates will prevail until after auction sales next week. Jobbers' prices: Choice Sicily, 3.00@3.75; extra choice Sicily, 3.00@4.00; fancy Sicily, 3.00@4.25@4.50; extra fancy Sicily, 3.00@4.75@5.00; choice Sicily, 3.00@3.25; extra choice Sicily, 3.00@3.50; fancy Sicily, 3.00@3.75; extra fancy Sicily, 3.00@4.00.

Boston Citrus-fruit Markets.

BOSTON, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Conditions changed but little and the market remains steady. Demand has fallen off slightly. Today's business light as usual on Saturday.

Friday's Auction Sales.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Following is the result of Friday's auction sales of citrus fruits: Jamaicas, good cargo, 50¢ lower; large sales at Boston and Philadelphia affecting market. Thirty-four hundred barrels sold at 2.80@4.00; average, 4.45; 3000 boxes sold at 2.10@2.90; average, 4.40.

Californians—one car Orangevale greenish fancy navel, regular, 3.00@2.70; average, 3.40; Parson Brown's, regulars, 2.40@2.60; average, 2.45. Two car navel due Monday.

Twenty-six thousand boxes Sicily lemons due next week. Trade dull on account of holiday.

FINANCIAL.

LOCAL CLEARANCES. The exchanges brought into the local clearinghouse last week amounted to \$1,916,902, compared with \$2,147,220 in the preceding week, and \$2,165,424 for the week before that. For the corresponding weeks in 1898 the figures were \$1,649,389.04. Last year the average was six days; this year five. For the month of November the clearances were \$9,076,617, compared with \$6,750,678 in the same month in 1898.

LOCAL STOCKS AND BONDS. The Los Angeles Stock and Bond Exchange quotes local securities as follows:

	Bid	Asked
Broadway	115	
Chitizens	115	
W. Columbia	50	
**Farmers' and Merchants	110	
First National	180	
Los Angeles National	119	120
MERCHANTS' NATIONAL	140	142
N. Y. Bank of California	105	
Security Loan and Trust Co.	88	89
German-American Savings	138	
Main Street Savings	60	
Sou. Cal. Savings	82	
Union Bank of Savings	105	107
Security Savings Bank	75	

*Shares \$100, paid up \$50.

**Par value, \$100 all paid up.

BONDS.

Los Angeles and Pasadena Electric Railway Co. 100% 101 1/2 San Antonio Water Co. 6s. 98 103 1/2 Conf. Water Co. of Pomona 101 San Gabriel Electric Co. 6s. 100 Edison Electric Co. 5s. 98 Angelus Lighting Co. 6s. 99 100 Southern Cal. 6s. 98 100 Crystal Sprs. Water Co. 100% 101 1/2 Traction Co. 6s. 110 L. A. Consolidated 6s. 101 101 1/2

HEMISCALEANOUS STOCKS

Little Guarantees and Trust Co. 103 1/2 105 Title Ins. & Trust Co. 6s. 67 90 West L. A. Water Co. 45 60

NATIONAL CLEARANCES. For the first time in months the clearances throughout the country have come down to about the level of the previous year, the increase for the week being only an average of 6 1/2 per cent. over last year. But there were only five days in the week this year to six last year. This is 20 per cent. in favor of last year.

COMMERCIAL. BOOT AND SHOE TRADE GOOD. A canvass of jobbers of boots and shoes at principal centers in this country as to the condition of business brings the answer that prices are good; that there are fewer failures, while collections and prospects for future trade are better than ever. Fall River, Providence, Portland, Me.; New York, Baltimore, St. Louis and New Orleans are some of the cities represented in the inquiry which was made by the Boot and Shoe Recorder.

DEAR CATTLE. Three-year-old Texas short-horn cattle sold for \$6.75 at the Chicago stock yards a few days ago, which is the highest price paid for Texas cattle since 1882.

RUSSIAN WHEAT. The Russian government has published its preliminary crop estimate showing how it compares with last year, as follows: 1898, wheat, 52,760,000 quarters; 1898, 57,100,000 quarters. It is thought that the final report in February will modify these returns.

WORLD CORN. Following is the latest compiled showing of the world's corn crop as made up by Broomhall:

	1898.	1899.	1897.
Bushels	Bushels	Bushels	
Argentina	73,000,000	56,000,000	65,000,000
Bulgaria	35,000,000	153,000,000	50,000,000
Russia	5,000,000	7,000,000	5,000,000
China	34,000,000	23,000,000	34,000,000
India	40,000,000	38,000,000	36,000,000
Japan	45,000,000	47,000,000	44,000,000
United States	1,000,000	1,000,000	1,000,000
Uruguay	4,000,000	22,000,000	25,000,000
Total sales	18,000,000	18,000,000	18,000,000

Total 181,000,000 203,000,000 191,000,000 The total is a very large one, in spite of serious deficiencies in the estimated production of Austria-Hungary and Russia. The grand total has only once been exceeded, viz., in 1897. The aver-

age crop of the past four years has been 2,500,000,000 bushels, so that this year's is 111,000,000 bushels, or 14,000,000 quarters, superior to an average.

DEAR LEATHER. Leather men say that demand for hides is at least 50 per cent. greater than a year ago and the last 20 months the best grade of oak butts, says Bradstreet's, which are used for belting, has advanced from 36 cents to 42 cents a pound, and first quality of oak sole leather has gone up from 34 cents to 38 cents. It is understood that Congress will be asked to repeat the duty on hides.

WHERE SILK IS WOVEN. Recently published figures relating to the silk trade of Milan and Lyons throw some light on the growth of the former over the latter. The following table shows the sales in two centers respectively at intervals of ten years:

Milan.	Lyons.	Kilos.
1878	2,475,280	4,244,141
1888	4,538,305	5,183,520
1898	7,549,395	6,462,633

GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.

WHAT IS LYDDITE? Referring to the reports that the Boer generals have protested against the use of lyddite as inhuman, the London Graphic says: "The high explosive thus called from the name of the small Kentish town and gunnery center where the experiments with it were made is nothing else than picric acid brought into a more explosive condition. Picric acid is obtained by the action of nitric acid on phenol or carbolic acid. It burns very violently, and, owing to the tremendous heat produced by the explosion, the destructive effect of bursting shell filled with it is some eleven times greater than that of a shell filled with powder. Common shells or forged steel filled with lyddite are used with 6 and 9.2-inch breech-loading guns, and with howitzers; also with 4 to 10-inch mortars."

All lyddite shells are equipped with percussion nose fuses only; hence their explosion takes place on impact in the following fashion: The percussion fuse ignites a picric powder exploder, which turns ignites the bursting charge of lyddite, the detonation of the fuse and the explosion of the picric powder being instantaneous. The picric powder exploder should be added, is inserted in a recess left in the lyddite for that purpose. Lyddite shell is to some extent less barbarous than shrapnel exploded by powder, for, though, wider-spread, it is less effective in the wounding effects of the flying fragments. In other words, in the case of a lyddite shell bursting in a group of men, the greater number will be killed not by pieces of the shell, but by the blow of the suddenly compressed air."

LOCAL PRODUCE MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES MARKETS. OFFICE OF THE TIMES.

Los Angeles, Dec. 2, 1899.

The week closes with hardly a change in the situation.

Poultry is dull, receipts and sales being small. The prices are the same.

Game is still scarce, and the demand very active for nearly all kinds.

Hay is weak, no one being disposed to speculate, excepting on a lower market.

Barley is steady with a fair demand for day-to-day needs.

Flour is steady. The trend of the wheat market seems to warrant an expectation of lower prices.

Fancy potatoes are very firm.

Common sweet sell as low as \$1, but fancy, which are scarce are held as high as \$1.50.

Onions are still scarce and dear. The vegetable list is very firm.

Eggs are easy for local to steady for the best eastern ex-storage.

Butter is firm with a feeling that prices may advance. The rise is probably to be 5 cents per square.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SHARES AND MONEY.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Today's stock market was sluggish and drifting throughout. Premiums and discounts were inclined to buy stocks at the opening, with the idea of discounting a favorable bank statement. The appearance of the statement on the tape was the signal for a slight realization movement, and as there was no outside tendency to absorb the prices fell away, the closing price being only 10 cents easier, the downward drift having established a liberal sprinkling of net losses where the level had been higher throughout in the early dealings. Sugar and glucose were strong on the reported plan for consolidation and absorption of competitors, and there were evidences of strength in Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Burlington and Chesapeake and Ohio, and in one or two of the less prominent industrials. None of the gains were well maintained, the whole list being affected by the easier tone in the final dealings. The bank statement was fully as favorable as had been expected, though the liberal expansion in the loan account was unlooked for. The high rates for money and the satisfactory security offered are attractive, inducing the banks to keep their loans close to the limit of the legal allowance. The lack of reserve in the stock market was due to the understanding that the reparation of reserves was wholly due to bond-redemption operations with the sub-treasury. The fact that the movement of money is still in favor of the interior on balance and the pressure of the eastern stock market is toward the gold export point, a further step of what was made today, leaves the future of the money market still unpromising from the stock operator's point of view.

Activity in stocks during the week has been restricted to a few individual securities, and the general list has been rather neglected. The dropping tendency of prices was partly offset by the heavy absorption of the great trunk-line stocks and the sharp upward movement in the prices of those mentioned. The tendency to explain these movements are mostly anonymous and are far from being explicit. They range from allegations of consolidation of ownership to milder intimations of a friendly and mutually advantageous co-operation, though lacking any definite knowledge of the facts.

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(A. P. DAY REPORT.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Surplus, reserve, increase, \$1,884,500; loans, increase, \$2,003,900; deposits, increase, \$1,110,600; circulation, increase, \$10,120,000; circulation, increase, \$930,000. The banks now hold \$5,567,000 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

GENERAL EASTERN MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

(A. P. NIGHT REPORT.)

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—At the opening Liverpool was less influenced than expected by yesterday's slump in the local pit, and there was a general disposition to even up over Sunday. Consequently May wheat began the day fairly steady, but the market was rather quiet than was the case last year, it is not expected that the former will be able, even if willing, to encourage such a rise in loans as occurred from January last into the spring of this year. The surplus reported on the books of the banks is only slightly for the better during the week. With these facts in mind the statement assumes a different meaning, but taking the exhibit as a whole, the totals are to be regarded as satisfactory. Expansion in loans and the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. The current exhibit, with the National City Bank, which at the close of the previous week reported all the gains in cash, proving conclusively that the other institutions did not suffer from the withdrawal of a reserve standpoint, appears in a somewhat similar role in the current exhibit. This bank, with the National City Bank, accumulated nearly all the excess cash which has been received, and the former made practically all the new loans, and in the same manner as the other banks. The inference is that the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. With these facts in mind the statement assumes a different meaning, but taking the exhibit as a whole, the totals are to be regarded as satisfactory. Expansion in loans and the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. The current exhibit, with the National City Bank, which at the close of the previous week reported all the gains in cash, proving conclusively that the other institutions did not suffer from the withdrawal of a reserve standpoint, appears in a somewhat similar role in the current exhibit. This bank, with the National City Bank, accumulated nearly all the excess cash which has been received, and the former made practically all the new loans, and in the same manner as the other banks. The inference is that the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. With these facts in mind the statement assumes a different meaning, but taking the exhibit as a whole, the totals are to be regarded as satisfactory. Expansion in loans and the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. The current exhibit, with the National City Bank, which at the close of the previous week reported all the gains in cash, proving conclusively that the other institutions did not suffer from the withdrawal of a reserve standpoint, appears in a somewhat similar role in the current exhibit. This bank, with the National City Bank, accumulated nearly all the excess cash which has been received, and the former made practically all the new loans, and in the same manner as the other banks. The inference is that the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. With these facts in mind the statement assumes a different meaning, but taking the exhibit as a whole, the totals are to be regarded as satisfactory. Expansion in loans and the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. The current exhibit, with the National City Bank, which at the close of the previous week reported all the gains in cash, proving conclusively that the other institutions did not suffer from the withdrawal of a reserve standpoint, appears in a somewhat similar role in the current exhibit. This bank, with the National City Bank, accumulated nearly all the excess cash which has been received, and the former made practically all the new loans, and in the same manner as the other banks. The inference is that the position of the other banks has changed only slightly for the better during the week. With these facts in mind the statement assumes a different meaning, but taking the exhibit as a whole, the totals are to be regarded as satisfactory. Expansion in loans and the position of the other banks has changed

Please Notice

The name "Jacoby" has been a familiar one to the residents of this city for over 30 years (since 1867.) During all these years it has been the purpose of this house to deserve your patronage -- to give the very best article possible for the price paid. Holding strictly to these lines meant constant steady growth--every step, a step forward; every change, a change for the better--until today this store is without question, without chance for parley or argument, the largest Shoe and Clothing House in this section of the country. Not only the largest in amount of stock carried, but the largest volume of business as well. Without the absolute confidence of the public the growth of this business would have been impossible. We thank you, and we will continue to strive to deserve it. Our new store at 331, 333 and 335 South Broadway will be one any city in the Union would be proud of. It will be a marvel of convenience--but we'll tell you more about that later on. At present we want to impress upon you particularly that we will open the new store with an entirely new stock, and none of the goods in our store today will be moved to the new building.

The first day of the Removal Sale was the first day of a sale started to close out---absolutely---over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of merchandise. Carloads of Fall goods, ordered long ago, during the Spring months, have come in since this Removal Sale commenced. We're going to sell them; we're going to sell them now, here, before we move.

We make Clothes to your order.

We employ the very best workmen, use the best of linings and trimmings, and our regular prices are much lower than exclusive tailors charge. Just now our prices are still lower, for

Removal Sale Prices Prevail. Save \$5 on a made-to-order Suit or Overcoat.

Men's Clothing, Suits and Overcoats,

..... At Prices that stagger the Clothing Trade.

Boys' Furnishings

50c Pants.	
Boys' knee pants, good cheviots, all sizes	28c
12c Boys' Hose.	
Absolutely fast black seam, red ribbed hose; all sizes	7c
20c Boys' Hose.	
Extra heavy ribbed hose, stainless, fast black dye, double heel and toe	11c
35c Waists.	
Fancy percale shirt waists, all sizes from 4 to 15 years	22c
50c Waists.	
Boys' outing flannel waists in light and dark colors	25c
50c Underwear.	
Boys' natural gray and camel's hair sanitary merino, shirts or drawers	25c
12c Handkerchiefs.	
Plain and fancy border, hem-stitched Japonette handkerchiefs	7c
50c Shirts.	
Boys' unlaundered linen bosom shirts, all sizes from 12 to 14 1/2	33c
75c Boys' Shirts.	
Nobby patterns, cross bar stripes, two separate collars, and detached cuffs	50c
65c Shirts.	
As handsome a line of boys' shirts as you'll find. Stiff bosom and golf shirts; separate cuffs to match	45c

Boys' Clothing.

\$3.00	
Child's Suits.	
Extra value at \$8.00, sizes 4 to 8, handsome vests, styles, neatly trimmed	\$2.38
\$2.00	
Boys' Suits.	
Two-piece suits, double-breasted coats, knee pants, good cheviots, ages 8 to 16	\$1.44
\$5.00	
Youths' Suits.	
Coat, vest and long pants. Brown and gray mixed cheviots. Ages 14 to 19 years	\$3.98
\$9.50	
Youths' Suits.	
Fancy mixed cheviots, herringbone and plaids, well-tailored, single and double-breasted coats, ages 12 to 16 years	\$7.35

More clothing in this store than in any two stores in this city. Prices on clothing are just about what other stores have to pay for clothing. Less than any one could buy the same quality for at wholesale prices, if they had to buy them today. We're going to sell every suit and overcoat in the store, no matter how great the loss may be. Take a look at our windows.

We're selling our regular \$7.50 Men's Suits for \$5.15.

	\$10	\$11.50	\$12.50	\$15.00	\$17.50	\$20.00	\$25.00
	Suits and Overcoats						
	\$6.65	\$7.65	\$9.45	\$11.65	\$13.35	\$16.25	\$18.75

Shoes	Ladies' Shoes.	Girls' Shoes.	Men's Shoes.
Nothing	\$3 Ladies' Shoes. Odds and ends of twenty different \$3 lines; nearly all are small sizes	50c	\$2.00 Men's Shoes. Lace and congress, coin toe with tip and plain globe last, medium weight, all sizes
Can Stop	\$5 Ladies' Shoes. Made by America's foremost shoe manufacturers, small sizes or narrow widths, no toying with short lines now	1.00	87c
The Crowd	\$1.25 Misses' Shoes. Sizes 1 1/2 to 2, black kid, button or lace, patent leather tip, spring heels		\$1.24
From Coming	\$1.50 Misses' Shoes. Button or lace, black kid, stitched soles, patent tips, spring heels, sizes 1 1/2 to 2	98c	\$2.50 Men's Shoes. Coin toe, lace and congress, in black and Russia calf tan, lace, all sizes
For Shoes	\$2.00 Ladies' Shoes. All sizes, black kid button shoes, coin toes, patent tip	1.09	\$2.75 Men's Shoes. Vici kid and congress, all sizes in both leathers, sizes to fit all normal feet
At These Prices.	\$1.09	\$1.48	\$1.88
	\$2.00 Ladies' Shoes. Bulldog or coin toe, lace and button shoes, all sizes in each style	1.37	\$3.00 Men's Shoes. Genuine wax calf skin, lace and congress, plain or tip, globe or coin toe last
	\$1.74	79c	\$1.98
	\$2.50 Ladies' Shoes. Vici kid shoes, button and lace, space stitched tourist heel foxing, Harvard last and tip, patent leather, lace stay, all sizes	1.74	\$3.50 Men's Shoes. Vici kid and calfskin, bulldog and coin toes, lace only, all sizes in the different styles
	\$1.98	79c	\$2.17
	\$3.00 Ladies' Shoes. Goodyear welt soles, vici kid uppers, lace and button, kid or patent leather tips, and all sizes in all styles	1.98	\$4.00 Men's Shoes. Double sole, welted, vici kid and White Bros. genuine box calf with nickel eyelets, tan and black bulldog last, all sizes and widths
	\$2.37	1.05	\$3.00
	\$3.50 Ladies' Shoes. Hand-turned and welted soles; kid or patent tip, new styles, button or lace, all sizes in each style	2.37	\$3.50 Men's Shoes. Box calf, vici kid, Russia calf, heavy double soles, black and winter tan; all sizes in all styles
		1.27	\$3.50

JACOBY BROS.,
128 to 138 N. Spring St.

Men's Furnishings

75c Underwear.	
Vicuna merino underwear, splendid garments, fine finish	46c
\$1 Underwear.	
Our regular \$1 wool underwear, Jersey ribbed and plain, natural, light blue, camel's hair and vicuna	70c
\$1 Sweaters.	
Heavy ribbed sweaters, roll collar, sizes 34 to 44, colors maroon and black	65c
33 1/2c Hose.	
Wool hose, sold regularly at 8 pair for \$1. Removal sale price, the pair	20c
75c Gloves.	
California made working gloves, asbestos tanned	54c
15c Handkerchiefs.	
Fancy colored hemstitched border, good quality japonette	9c
\$1 Shirts.	
Fancy percale bosom shirts, new bar stripes, checks and fancy stripes	73c
75c Shirts.	
Flannelette negligee shirts, full cut, light and medium colors	48c

Boys' Clothing.

\$2.50	
Child's Suits.	
Stylish vestee suits, ages 4 to 8, plaids and fancy mixtures	\$1.89
\$5.00	
Child's Suits.	
Elaborately trimmed vestee suits, beautiful colorings, ages 4 to 9	\$3.35
\$5.00	
Boys' Suits.	
Double seats and knees, and leather bound pockets, two-piece suits, large variety of patterns, ages 8 to 16	\$3.85
\$7.50	
Youths' Suits.	
Black cheviot suits, double and single breasted coats, ages 12 to 19 yrs	\$5.46

XVIIIth YEAR.

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, *Lessees*.
ONE WEEK, commencing Monday, Dec. 4. Matines Wednesday and Saturday.

ENGAGEMENT OF THE EMINENT ACTOR

Mr. Frederick Warde—Together with MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE M. BRUNE. Supported by the best company obtainable, in a repertoire of Romantic and Classic dramas. Monday and Thursday nights. *"THE LION'S MOUTH."* Tuesday and Friday nights. *"FORTUNE'S FOOL."* Wednesday matinee. *"MERCHANT OF VENICE."* Thursday matinee. *"ROMEO AND JULIET."* Saturday night, *"RICHARD III."*

Grand scenic productions, historically correct. "The strongest company since the famous Booth and Barrett combination." *"New Orleans Picayune."* Seats on sale today—Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Phone Main 70.

LOS ANGELES THEATER—C. M. WOOD, H. C. WYATT, *Lessees*.
Friday and Saturday night and Saturday matinee, Dec. 15 and 16—*Roman* Opera in three acts.

Advance tickets until Dec. 14 at Bartlett's Music Co., 235 S. Broadway, and Fitzgerald's Music Co., 113 S. Spring St. Those having tickets can exchange them at Los Angeles Theater box office, Thursday, Dec. 14. Prices of seats—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

HAZARD'S PAVILION—C. M. WOOD and H. C. WYATT, *Lessees*.

4—*HIG RAG-TIME NIGHTS.*—Dec. 3-4-5-6

—STARTING TONIGHT—

The big "Syncopated" sensation from the East. Phil R. Miller's latest rag-time musical farce comedy.

THE HOTTEST COON IN DIXIE
SO LEADING COLORED FUN MAKERS.

Including the matchless "Clorindy" chorus—for 16 weeks the rage at the New York Casino—that will be ringing in your ears and whistled on your streets long after "Dixie" has come and gone.

The best colored show ever seen in Denver.—Denver News.

PRETTY COSTUMES, PRETTY GIRLS, PRETTY MUSIC, PRETTY PRICES TOO.

15c, 25c, 35c, 50c

On sale at Pavilion.

OPHEUM—WEEK Commencing MONDAY, DEC. 4. Matines Today.

New Battalion

of

... Vaudeville Conquerors...

Cora Stuart *Alexander Kearney and Company*, English Artists in "The Fair Equestrienne."

Lucie Verdier, European Musical Star.

Rice and Elmer, Comedy-Acroats, in "A Ruby Visit to Chinatown."

Mignon, Greatest of Child Artists.

Hamilton Hill, Brilliant Baritone Singer.

Ryan and Richfield, in a New Comedy Sketch.

Cheridah Simpson.

Prof. Burton's Dogs.

The Hit of the Season That Trip to Paris!!!

Only a few more weeks and the contest will be over! Save all your coupons until January 10, and win the gift of a first-class round-trip ticket to Paris!

Save Your Paris Coupons!

PRICES NEVER CHANGING—Best reserved seats down stairs, 25c and 50c; entire balcony, 25c; gallery, 10c. Matines Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday; any seat 25c. Children, any seat, 10c. Tel. Main 147.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO, *Lessee and Manager*. *Tonight! Tonight! Tonight!* YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIEENNE.

NANCE O'NEIL, Supported by Clay Clement, Barton Hill and McKee Rankin and an excellent company in the great drama, "MAGDA." Prices always the same, 15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

A MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—With Dates of Events.

B LANCHARD HALL—Concert Direction, J. T. Fitzgerald.

B Thursday DEC. 14, 1899. Evening, KRAUSS STRING QUARTETTE

Assisted by MISS J. RUSSELL BROWN, Pianist.

Reserved Seats, 75c. General Admission, 50c. Now on sale at Fitzgerald's, 113 S. Spring St. and at Bartlett's, 235 S. Broadway. Subscribers exchange coupons for reserved seats.

S IMPSON AUDITORIUM—Management J. T. Fitzgerald.

S THE CREATION TO BE REPEATED Tuesday Evening, Dec. 5th.

Nearly 1000 people turned away from Fitzgerald's and Auditorium last Tuesday. Therefore, in order to accommodate the disappointed, the oratorio will be reproduced next Tuesday Evening, Dec. 5, by the same soloists, chorus and orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. F. A. Bacon.

Reserved seats now on sale at Fitzgerald's—25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

S IMPSON AUDITORIUM—Management J. T. FITZGERALD.

S ADA DECEMBER 15th. Recently at the Orpheum. Assisted by MME. GENEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP, soprano. Advance sale of seats at Fitzgerald's. Commencing Monday, December 15th, at 9 a.m. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1899.

Plays and Players—Music and Musicians.

AT THE THEATERS.

NOW that American civilization has commenced expanding in some of the outlying districts—notably the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico—it appears not improbable that the same quality of expansion is going on over the domain of playwriting, and more notably the field wherein comedy is treated in lighter vein. We have had two examples at local theaters this week of comedies from an American workshop which, while just as ludicrous and quite as entertaining as the French exotics, are so dissimilar in treatment and in atmosphere as to encourage those who have the good of the stage at heart.

It is notable, as a general feature of American plays, that they are not of a character to which a man might not take his sister or his daughters, or to which a wife might not introduce her husband without fear of his contamination by the language and suggestions which the playwright puts into the mouths of the players. While the plays may have been played to us during the past week, not wonderful from the dramatist's standpoint, they are distinctly notable in their spirit of cleanliness and sweetness, and are, therefore, as refreshing as a breath of balm from the flower-decked uplands.

In these conditions, in America, there is the American spirit of joyous but innocent hilarity, which is neither tainted by the fetid odors of the half-world, nor spiced with the salaciousness of domestic deception and unfaithfulness, something to have achieved success since these days, because it has seemed of late years as if no comedy could be made to "go" without some oblique reference to the fracturing of the Seventh Commandment. Mr. Broadhurst has clearly demonstrated that there is good clean fooling and infatuation in an imaginary instance of domestic complication, without resorting to shady episodes, or without laying the action of his plays amid the swift restaurants of a tenebrous district.

There is no room for the stage in these times and hope for the manners and morals of a people to whom it is given to see this class of creations instead of the suggestive pieces which emanate from unhealthy brains. If America shall succeed in expanding an air of cleanliness and refinement over the entire continent, enveloped in an unwholesome atmosphere, the country of Uncle Sam will have accomplished a work for the world which the people thereof who admire decency and rejoice in cleanly things, should be thankful for.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

Tomorrow evening that sterling and ever-popular American actor, Frederick Warde, will begin an engagement at the Los Angeles Theater, continuing throughout the entire week. Mr. Warde will be supported by one of the strongest organizations sent out upon the road since the days of the famous Booth and Barrett combinations. Year after year Mr. Warde has appeared in this city, and it is not too much to say that each year the strength of the company associated with him has surpassed the previous year appearing with him. The year previous we are promised that this season is no exception to the rule.

Mr. Warde's leading lady is Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, who will be remembered in this section of the country as Mrs. "Titbits" as during her days under that name she was one of the most favorite among the younger actresses. This season she is said to have culminated the triumphs predicted for her in her girlhood days, and to have established herself as a legitimate actress of the first quality. Clarence M. Brune will be seen for the first time as he has heretofore confined his starring tours to New England and the East. The company is headed by Charles D. Herman, long a favorite here, and last season leading man with Mme. Modjeska. Other members of the company are Frank D. Riddle, recently leaving for Thomas Keene; John Sturges and Alexander McKenzie, leading men, respectively, for Whiteside and Downing; Harry C. Barton of Booth and Barrett; and McCullough fame, and Charles H. Clarke, for fifteen years a member of Mr. Warde's company. Mrs. Warde, the daughter of the eminent actor, is also a part of the company's personnel. The company numbers twenty persons, all of whom are said to be worthy of their association.

Mr. Warde will open in his well-known romantic play from the pen of Henry Guy Carlton, "A Ruby Visit to Chinatown." The piece will be presented with new and historically correct scenery, and the other plays to be presented during Mr. Warde's season are to be equally well equipped in all regards.

The repertoire for the entire week will be: Monday and Thursday, "The Lion's Mouth;" Tuesday and Friday, "Fortune's Fool;" Wednesday matinee, "Merchant of Venice;" Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet;" Saturday night, "Richard III."

That powerful and impressive young artist, Nance O'Neil, who has scored many a triumph since her last appearance in Los Angeles, returns to the Burbank Theater tonight for an extended engagement, making her initial appearance this season in "Magda," Sudermann's great drama of the emotions.

This California girl of ours has developed with astonishing rapidity from a dramatic novice into an actress who has attracted the attention and admiration of the leading critics of the eastern press, as well as the thoughtful attention of European writers. We may say that she has indeed been accomplished without a hard struggle, which has gone on among many vis-à-vis, but it is known of all theatergoers that Nance O'Neil has arrived, and that there is every indication to believe that her career is to be a succession of triumphs wherever fortune of the stage may lead her.

The company surrounding Miss O'Neil this season is headed by that exceptionally clever actor, Clay Clement, who all Los Angeles theatergoers know to be one of the most finished artists on the American stage. Clay Clement, with whom the character parts is an actor who needs no introduction to California audiences. Mr. Hill was manager of the famous Old California Theater Stock Company, and has a standing on our stage which is unsurpassed by few men in the profession. Warde's Miss O'Neil has appeared this season in California, but has not been fully applauded and praised the star, but have showered her company with generous compliments. "Magda" is a play so well known that it were unnecessary to

make especial mention of its character, its motif or its story. The cast tonight will be as follows:

Schwartz	McKee Rankin
Maga	Nance O'Neil
Aruta	John T. Raymond
Fransiska	Rick Allen
Hertfelder	Bettie Bartlett
Dr. Von Kellert	Clay Clement
Theresa	Charles Caudell
	Barney
	George Beeks
	Lella Hill

Five new features are programmed for the first week, and the remainder of the week, and from the list presented, the bill promises to be close up to high-water mark. Cora Stuart, an English comedienne, supported by Alexander Kearney and others, will produce "The Fair Equestrienne," an addition of "The Circus Rider." Miss Stuart claims to have originated the part and that Miss Vokes copied the production from her. Another newcomer is Lucie Verdi, an artist of exceptional beauty and a musician who plays the cornet, the piano and other instruments. Rice and Elmer, who will be remembered as ap-

pearance at the Pavilion rather than let it go by entirely.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Frederic Anstey is writing a new

E. S. Willard is to return to the stage next year.

Jessie Bartlett Davis will not sing this season.

Stuart Robson is rehearsing "Oliver Goldsmith" at the Fifth Avenue Theater.

Rose Melville's tour in "Sir Hopkins" is now managed by John Stirling of the Star Theater, Buffalo.

"Zorah" was shelved after its Brooklyn performance. It is the third Jewish play to announce an end this season.

The thirty-second annual benefit for the Elks will be held at the Herald Square Theater, New York, December 10.

The scene of Harry B. Smith's new play for the New York Casino, to follow Alice Nielsen's engagement, is laid in Cairo, Egypt, of today.

Augustus Pitou will introduce "The Gunner's Mate" to New York audiences.

A star, at the head of a company specially organized to present a new play on the basis of "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens, Miss Williams will impersonate Little Nell and the Marchioness.

Madeline Lucette Ryley, author of "An American Citizen," by birth an English woman, has settled down permanently in London. Mrs. Ryley, during her stage days, lived in this country for ten years. —Gertude Elliott, hit in London, is ill.

William Gillette, in the first two weeks of his new drama, "Sherlock Holmes," has turned people away from the Garrick Theater at every performance that was given. The audiences which enjoy "Sherlock Holmes" as a complete realization of Conan Doyle's detective hero.

The company which will support "Tom" Seabrooke in the new farce

"Who Killed Cook Robin?" written by J. Cheever Goodwin and Louis Harrison, includes Max Figman, William Armstrong, Charles Danby, Frank Smithson, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Margaret Robinson, Ada Deaves and Phoebe Coyle.

Beautiful Florence Rockwell, leading lady this season for Stuart Robson, has been in the ranks of the "professional beauties" now for about three years. Before she began to attract attention because of her good looks she had some renown as a prodigy, having played Juliet and Ophelia for Thomas W. Keene when she was only 14 years of age.

The full cast of David Belasco's new farce comedy, "Naughty Anthony," to be produced at the Herald Square Theater early in January will include Frank Worthing, William L. Le Baron, William Elton, Albert Brunning, Samuel Edwards, Charles Wyngate, Claude Gillingwater, E. P. Wilks, Brandon Tynan, Blanche Bates, Maud Harrison, Olive Redpath, Mary Barker, Fanny Young, Francis Jolliffe, Ethel Norman, Catherine Black and Jane Hudson.

Maggie Jordan, the pretty member of the troupe known as the "Flying Jordan," was dangerously injured, according to Sydney Adams, while performing on the aerial rings, and lost her hold in some manner, falling from a terrific height to the stage below. She was in a state of unconsciousness, and the first advice from Australia went to the effect that she was still in a dangerous condition.

Eva Grace Snell, granddaughter of millionaire Amos B. Snell of Chicago, whose mysterious murder caused a sensation years ago, is stage struck. Her ambition, however, has been born in her. She will make her debut at the Chicago Opera House December 12. Miss Snell, who is pretty, 20 years old and has a fortune, expects to open a company of her own some day. Anybody can who has the money, but their days as "angels" are always numbered.

MISS. MUSIC.

THE Orchestral Association, with Mrs. E. T. Earl as president; Miss Waddilove, secretary; Mrs. Hugh Macneill, vice-president, and Mrs. John G. Mossing, treasurer, has taken upon itself the task of securing financial support for the Symphony Orchestra.

Each year has marked a step forward in the method of securing patronage for the symphony. The first year there was an open admission for all at 25 cents, with no reserved seats.

The second year saw subscribers, obtaining the choice of reserved seats at 50 cents, the remaining seats selling at 25 and 50 cents, according to location. This year a special inducement is offered to the holders of season tickets, who secure at a 50-cent rate, the first choice, seats which cost the occasional attendant at the symphony 75 cents.

It would be a matter of regret if the nominal admission should ever be altogether abolished. Perhaps, next year Los Angeles can follow the methods of Boston, where the subscribers' seats are sold at auction, bringing very high prices; thus enabling a great number of seats to be sold for a very small entrance fee.

Miss Sada Wersheim, the girl violinist, who recently appeared at the Orpheum, under the name of "Sada," has decided to give a concert on December 15 at Simpson Auditorium, where the public can hear her to much better advantage than in a theater. She will be assisted by Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop. "Sada" made her first public appearance five years ago at the session of the Central Ohio Saengerfest in Toledo. A year later she went to Brussels and studied for three years under Ysaye. Her first public appearance was a posthumous, after her return, with the New York Symphony Orchestra, when she played the "Symphonie Espagnole" of Lalo. Sada has just closed her vaudeville engagement in this city.

J. T. Fitzgerald announces Hummel's sextette at Blanchard Hall on the evening of January 19. The performance will be under the patronage of the Ebell Society of Los Angeles, and will be given by the following artists: Mme. Jeannette W. Crawford, piano; Miss Eloise Lemon, violin; Miss Lavelle Knox, viola; Miss Sara Simons, cello; William Mead, flute; E. B. Smith, horn; E. E. Benson, contra bass.

Atyon Armitage for three years with the Bostonians, will sing at the morning's service at Unity Church, "The Heavenly Song," by Vinal.

Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas has been engaged by the Spinett Club of Redlands to give a recital in that city on December 15.

H. S. Williams will sing at W. F. Steele's organ recital in the First Congregational Church on the evening of December 15.

ladies' scores, while Mr. West holds the best record so far among the gentlemen.

Mrs. Augustus Gilbert of Third and Flin streets gave an afternoon card party Tuesday in honor of Mrs. George S. Willets, wife of Commander Willets of the United States cruiser Marblehead.

A Thanksgiving dinner party was given at the Country Club Thursday evening. The rooms were handsomely decorated and almost the entire membership of the club was present.

Mrs. Waldo Waterman, will entertain next Tuesday afternoon at cards, assisted by Miss Woods.

Mrs. G. B. Grow has returned from a several weeks' visit in Ohio with her daughter, Mrs. C. D. Lieut. C. C. Fawell. Mrs. Fawell will spend the winter months in this city.

Mrs. S. E. Dodge and Mrs. J. D. Carothers of San Francisco are guests at the home of J. M. Dodge, the visiting mother and sister of Mr. Dodge.

Mrs. O. J. Stough and Mrs. Acer Doolittle are in San Francisco visiting friends.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has arrived in this city, expecting to spend many months here. She will be a guest of Dr. and Mrs. John Kendall of El Cajon, the greater part of the time, although she expects to spend considerable time at Coronado and La Jolla, as well.

Miss Emma Way visited in Los Angeles last week, as the guest of Mrs. Waldo Chase.

Coronado Beach.

M. AND MRS. GRAHAM E. BABCOCK gave a dinner Thursday evening at their charming Ocean View cottage, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. William A. Edwards of Coronado, and Miss Margaret Edwards of Kansas City. Mr. and Mrs. Babcock and Miss Edwards will leave for San Francisco today, to be gone about two weeks.

The wedding of the flagship Iowa, the Philadelphia, the McCulloch and the United States cruiser Marblehead to the port of San Diego for a part of the winter promises much to the social life of Coronado, as well as San Diego. With the exception of the regular visits of the McCulloch, the other warships are expected to reach here by December 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wangenheim, who have visited in New York City and Washington, D. C., for several months, are expected to return here in the middle of this week. While at Washington, they were guests at the home of Gen. Smith.

Henry G. Crocker and son, Robert Crocker, are at the Redondo Inn after a couple of months' sojourn at Alpine.

Mr. and Mrs. Whittfield P. Nolan of San Diego have taken a cottage at Coronado, and expect to make their home there.

Mrs. Anson P. Stephens entertained the Coronado Afternoon Card Club Wednesday.

Dr. George W. Robinson of Los Angeles gave a luncheon at Hotel del Coronado Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold and daughter, Eleanor, of San Francisco are spending the winter at Coronado Beach.

A. B. Gomez-Casseres gave a tiffin party at Hotel del Coronado Tuesday last as a farewell, before starting for his home in Jamaica, B. W. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry d'Acheul and Mrs. Rumley of Butte, Mont., who spent some time at Coronado recently, have taken the Ross Clark residence at No. 243 Grand avenue, Los Angeles, for the winter.

Howard Summit:

M. AND MRS. ROBERT WEAVER gave a dinner Thursday at their home here. The rooms were tastefully decorated with callas and roses, and the dining room table looked perfectly with its decorations of pink and white roses. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blythe of Rivera, Mrs. D. A. Owens, Misses Minnie and Mary Owens and James Owens of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. James Hardwick, Mrs. C. W. Kerr and Richard Owens of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Burrows gave a Thanksgiving dinner Thursday, only relatives being invited.

Azusa:

MRS. E. P. CARPENTER of East Woodstock, Ct.; Mrs. A. G. Paine of Chicago, and C. E. Daniels and family of Pasadena, have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Daniels.

The Azusa girls will be here next Friday with Mrs. J. W. Calvert.

Mrs. Elmer Thomas, who has been spending several months at her old home in Sullivan, Ill., arrived home Saturday, accompanied by her father, Dr. A. L. Kellar. Dr. Kellar was here two or three years ago, and has many friends in the valley.

Mrs. C. E. Needham and daughter are visiting Mrs. Kidwell at Long Beach.

Reece Easley and family of Colorado will spend the winter in Glendora.

Mrs. Isabella Burrows was surprised by about twenty-five of her friends Saturday evening.

Ventura:

THE mask ball and cake walk given by the C.N.C. Dancing Club on Thanksgiving night at the Academy of Music, was largely attended and was a very successful affair.

Grand President Mrs. Cora B. Sifford of the Native Daughters of the Golden West has returned from a tour of official visits to the parlors in Northern and Central California. She was delightfully entertained by the various parlors visited and returned with many souvenirs.

Miss Mata Wilson departed Sunday for her home in Petaluma, after an extended visit with her cousin, Miss Blanche Chalebais.

Miss Belle Cullinan entertained at luncheon Saturday in honor of Miss Blanche Chalebais.

Mrs. H. A. Newton of Los Angeles is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. White of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Giddings left Friday for several weeks' visit in Arizona.

Pomona:

MISS FANNIE H. MITCHELL has gone to Santa Barbara for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard Jess entertained friends at a whist Friday evening.

Mrs. Martha Allen, aunt of John P. Storrs is here for the winter.

Emil P. Steffes arrived home Saturday from a two months' eastern trip.

Mr. S. H. Mason of Boston is visiting his nephew, E. C. Bichowsky, and family.

Mrs. Anna H. Farrington has arrived from Bangor, Me., to spend the winter here.

Miss Helen Summer, only daughter of Prof. C. B. Sumner, and E. H. Benson were united in marriage at Twin Oaks, the home of the bride's father, at high noon on Thanksgiving day. Miss Clara Benson of Redlands, sister of the groom, was maid of honor. Misses Louise and Alice Murstow of Pasadena were bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. George S. Summer, brother of the bride, was groomsman. After the ceremony the bride and groom left for South San Francisco, where Mr. Benson has recently been ordained rector of the Episcopal Church. Both Mr. and Mrs. Benson were members of the class of 1904, Pomona College.

The Social Hour Club gave a Thanksgiving ball at Colonial Hall on Thursday evening.

The wedding of Miss Clara Pitzer,

Presents By Mail.

Nothing more acceptable to lady or gentleman than a hundred artistic visiting cards. We make them by any process. Our engraving is perfect. Our styles and shapes are from Tiffany's, New York. Our prices are lower than any house in the city.

Our Typogravure process is a facsimile of engraving, no plate necessary. Our price for cards by this process is

100 For 60 Cents.

We are exclusive agents for this process for the United States and Canada.

We have just installed a new typogravure press and can turn out all orders in a few hours. We are prepared to do double the business that we did last December. Samples mailed free to any address.

We make a specialty of Wedding Invitations, etc., at \$4.00 per hundred, complete.

NEW TYPOGRAPHY CO.

Jones' Book Store. 226 W. First Street, Los Angeles.

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Pitzer and Prof. Arthur Durward of Hanford, Cal., occurred at the residence of the bride, corner Pearl street and Garey avenue, at high noon on Thursday. Dr. George W. White of the Methodist Church performed the ceremony. The bride was attended by Mrs. Jessie Durward, Mrs. Jessie Fleming. The best man was L. C. Pittman, brother of the bride. The house was handsomely decorated, and about sixty guests witnessed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Durward left for their home at Hanford on Thursday evening.

Dr. E. E. Kelley of San Francisco is a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. S. C. Pitzer.

Edward J. Hewlett and Miss Louisa James were married Tuesday morning at the home of Mrs. M. A. Ostrander, on West Elm street. Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett are now spending a few days at Mt. Lowe and Los Angeles. On their return here they will reside at No. 182 Williams street.

Covina:

SATURDAY evening the home of Mr. Jacob Brunjes was the scene of a pleasant social gathering in honor of the birthday of the host's son, John Brunjes. The guests were: Misses Post, Brown, Adele Brunjes, Emma Brunjes, Orr, Damerel, Vincent, Florence Archer, Ada Archer, Hilda Wulkins, Knight, Heasby, Gesiena Brunjes, Meta Brunjes; Messrs. Brunjes, Ware, Dill, Orr, Meneffe, Siddle, Seat, Knight, Manning.

Saturday evening Mrs. J. B. Beardside entertained at her beautiful ranch home on Citrus avenue. The guests were: Mmes. Matthews, Basher, Davis, Jenner, Maxon, Ostrander, Storm, Sane; Mssrs. Ostrander, Basher, Fralop, Jenner; Misses Fralop and Mathews.

Thursday evening Miss Clara Amon entertained the younger set of the valley in honor of her friend Miss Grace Potter. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Oshaver, Misses Blanchard, Zillor, H. H. and Mrs. C. C. Beanblossom, Jordan, Tobi, Messrs. Taylor, Carter, Boling, Ira Stanton, Pliny Stanton, Minter Stanton, Speer, Blanchard.

A. L. Simons of Indiana, is the guest of his brother-in-law, J. Osborn and family.

C. H. Ruddock and party arrived from Chicago, on Tuesday, for the winter.

Prof. Eckert and wife of Santa Monica spent Thanksgiving with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Adams.

San Bernardino:

MIS MABEL MEREDITH entertained a company of friends Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Caryl Sippy of Los Angeles.

Miss Carrie Meacham was given a surprise party Wednesday evening at her home on B street, on the occasion of her birthday.

C. R. Lloyd is back from New York. Mrs. Frank Donnatin and son have returned from a visit at Santa Barbara.

E. E. Freeman of Riley, Kan., is visiting at the home of J. W. Stephens.

Miss Bessie May West and Arthur J. Eddy were married at 8 o'clock Thanksgiving evening at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. G. Kendall. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fred Johnston of Elsinore, assisted by Rev. R. B. Taylor. The house was handsomely decorated. A wedding supper was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Eddy went to their new home on North E street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Whiffen have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Leslie S. Smith.

B. F. Butler, a former resident here, visited Ontario friends last week.

Mrs. H. A. Newton of Los Angeles is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. White of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Giddings left Friday for several weeks' visit in Arizona.

Ontario:

M. AND MRS. J. F. WHIFFEN of Los Angeles have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. Leslie S. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Whiffen have turned to Redlands.

A. H. Lord, after having spent the summer in Chicago, is back to Redlands for the winter.

Mrs. K. F. Tirrell has returned from Los Angeles, where she visited for a fortnight.

Thomas G. Barnard and wife are visiting in Los Angeles.

Mrs. S. P. Putnam of Petaluma has brought his family here, and will make his home in this city.

A. J. Libbey of Gardiner, Me., is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart of Cleveland, O., are spending the winter here.

Redlands:

M. AND MRS. SHAW have turned to Redlands.

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Santa Barbara:

M. AND MRS. E. E. DANA entered

Wednesday evening in honor of their wooden wedding anniversary.

Mr. Dana is teacher in the public schools, and many teachers attended the reception. Many ingenious presents were given to the host and hostess.

SAMPLES OF BOER WIT.

OMM PAUL AND SOME OF HIS ODD SAYINGS.

[Allen Sangree, in Almoe's Magazines] Kruger sprinkles shrewd illustrations through his discourse as canary-papers gifted with natural excretion.

He is a man of great wit.

"I'll tell you, the gold fields are like

a beautiful, rich young lady whom everybody wants, and when they can't

29 BARGAIN

We will positively quit January 1st, and are making extraordinary and sensational reductions on every garment in the store.

Goods at cost—yes, and less than cost. Buy now, buy now, and save two-thirds your money.

Farewell Sale Ladies' Suits.



\$8.75

Farewell Price

\$16.50

Farewell Price

\$11.00

Farewell Price

\$6.35

Farewell Price

\$4.50

Farewell Price

\$16.50

Farewell Price

Farewell Sale Fine Furs.

Ladies' Golf Cape of the genuine Scotch rug, plaid or plain outside as you prefer; hood trimmed all around with fringe; large buttons fastened with loop in front; in black or blue, our regular

\$4.00

Farewell Price

\$3.85

Ladies' black Astrakhan Collarette, with storm collar of same material; full size and a rich elegant quality of fur; made of full skins, lined with black satin; our regular \$5.00 garment.

Farewell Price

Ladies' Collarette, yoke and under collar made of the finest grade astrakhan fur with a black border; light gray mohair; a large storm collar of the same, lined with Skinner's satin in fancy shade; this garment must be seen to be appreciated; a high grade garment worth \$15.00 at

\$12.00

Farewell Price

\$8.75

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager.
L. E. MOSHER, Managing Editor.
MARIAN OTIS CHANDLER, Secretary.
ALBERT McFARLAND, Treasurer.
PUBLISHERS OF

The Los Angeles Times

Daily, Weekly, Sunday, Every Morning in the Year. Founded Dec. 4, 1881. Eighteenth Year.

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TERMS—Daily and Sunday, 75 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year. Daily without Sunday, 27.50 a year; Sunday, \$2.50; Magazine Section only, \$2.50; Weekly, \$1.50.
SWANSON CIRCULATION—Daily average for 1898, 18,000; Daily net average for 1897, 20,131.

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TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

The Times offers a reward of \$10 in cash for the apprehension, arrest and evidence which leads to conviction of any person caught stealing copies of The Times from the premises of subscribers.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

LAST WEEK, 183,415.

The circulation of the Los Angeles Times during the week ended Saturday, December 2, 1899, was 183,415 copies, as follows:

Sunday, November 26	37,000
Monday, November 27	24,265
Tuesday, November 28	24,220
Wednesday, November 29	24,230
Thursday, November 30	24,550
Friday, December 1	24,570
Saturday, December 2	24,580
Total for week	183,415
Daily average	26,202

OUR PHILIPPINE POLICY.

A writer in a recent issue of The Outlook, referring to the rebellion in the Philippines and the course of our government in connection therewith, declares that "the whole of the present difficulties are due to the irresolution of the government at Washington," and that "in the Philippines a declaration of policy would have prevented misundertandings with the natives, who were at first willing to do anything they were asked to do." Another would-be critic of the administration, David Starr Jordan, has said that "we should have given the Filipinos a constitution to pursue instead of vague promises."

These two expressions are fair samples of the comments passed upon the government's course in the Philippines by a small group of persons who, being wise in their own conceit, imagine that they knew more about the matter than the President, the Congress, and the entire American people. As a matter of fact, these petty critics know very little of the matter about which they assume to know everything. Their view is at best a narrow and ex parte one, for the reason that it is based upon an imperfect knowledge of the facts and circumstances of the situation.

The President, on the other hand, has constantly been kept advised of all the facts of the case, as they developed; consequently, he is, and has all along been, better qualified than any other man in the country to determine what course it was wisest and best to pursue. The course which has been pursued, under the President's direction, is unquestionably the wisest course that could have been pursued under the circumstances, and the President may safely trust to the future to vindicate his action in all important respects.

It is both unfair and silly to talk about "the irresolution of the government" in this connection. The situation at the beginning was wholly anomalous. A supreme responsibility was suddenly thrust upon our government. There were practically no precedents by which we could be guided, and it was impossible for the President, or for Congress, to formulate definite and iron-clad "policy." Furthermore, while the treaty of peace with Spain was still pending, the Tagalo insurgents fired upon our soldiers and our flag, compelling us to act upon the defensive or to play the part of cowards. The latter role being out of the question, there was no alternative but to enact the former; and to make the defense as effective as possible, it became expedient to take the aggressive. The impartial verdict of history will fully justify this course, and the inhabitants of the Philippines will, in course of time, come to know that what we have done was for the best, even from the standpoint of their own future.

As to the issuance of proclamations defining our policy, there has been quite as much of that sort of business as the situation warranted. In the first place, our policy has been developed and determined, in large part, by the progress of events. Neither the President nor Congress was in a position, at the outbreak of the insurrection, to declare with absolute definiteness what our policy was to be. The President, in point of fact, has no power to determine this matter without the aid and consent of Congress. And the course to be pursued depended so much upon future developments that it would have been utterly impracticable and unwise for Congress to have attempted to formulate a complete and iron-clad policy at the time. But in the proclamation issued by the President, and in that issued later by the Philippine Commission, assurances of good will, and of a determination to treat the Filipinos with justice, were given with such definiteness as should have been sufficient to satisfy them of our good and humane intentions.

The delay in the ratification of the peace treaty with Spain had much to do, no doubt, in bringing on the insurrection. But that delay was caused by the very class of men, in and out of Congress, who are now inveigling against the government's policy and

GRASS OR TARES?

The demand of the law-abiding citizens of Los Angeles, voiced by The Times, for the strict enforcement of ordinances regulating the sale of liquor and prohibiting gambling, and for the faithful and honest discharge of duty by public officials, is viewed with alarm and extreme disfavor by certain elements in the community. The gambler and the saloon-keeper wag their heads dolorously and vow that Los Angeles is on the toboggan slide of hard times; that the closing of saloons at 1 a.m. and the banishment of the slot machine are keeping money out of circulation and promoting the growth of grass in the streets; that the only prosperous city is the "wide-open" city, in which vice is unchecked and sobriety unknown; that any man who urges respect for the law is a "long-hair," a fanatic, a sniveling nuisance, a cumberer of the earth, and an impediment to progress and prosperity.

"Close up the saloons at midnight and on Sunday," say these wise publicists, "and the tourist and traveling man will shun Los Angeles because they cannot have a good time here, and if they do not spend their money here, the merchants can do no business. The Arizona man will no longer come here to scatter his wealth, unless he can get drunk and gamble at all hours."

And then the proponents of lawlessness inquire complainingly what The Times is trying to do, and ask sneeringly if it is "catering to the long-hair element."

The inquiry is easily answered. The Times is trying to make it clear that the criminal elements shall not be encouraged in their hope that the Police Commissioners and other officials chosen to enforce the law will attempt to fool the people by pretending in public that they are doing their duty without fear or favor, and secretly assuring the liquor-sellers and gamblers that their sympathy is with them, and that evasions of the law will be winked at. This business of publicly bidding for the votes of the so-called "long-hairs" and secretly trading official "protection" for the votes and political influence of the dramshop-keepers and tin-horn gamblers has been going on too long, and The Times proposes to assist in putting an end to it by exposing the double-dealing and hypocritical shuffling of the small-bore politicians who are playing the game, and by supporting every honest and courageous city official, from the Mayor down, who is seeking to do his duty, to obey and enforce the law, and to support vice and crime, according to his oath of office. To the extent that they are aiming to do this—and no further—the Mayor, the Police Commission de facto, and the Chief of Police have the sympathy and support of this journal, and will continue to have it; and the attempt to oust them from office has, and will continue to receive, our condemnation.

When the citizens of Los Angeles deliberately determine to invite all the gamblers, roisters, prostitutes, buncos, sharks, rakes and inebriates in the United States to make this city their Mecca, in the belief that the presence of such persons will "put money in circulation" and promote the public weal, let them repeat all laws against vice; throw the saloons and poker joints wide open; substitute slot machines for letter-boxes at street corners; establish bagnios in every block; renovate the Alameda-street cribs and pension the inmates; elect Poker Davis as Mayor and "Col." Black as Chief of Police; select the Council from "Little Paree," and the Police Commission from the membership roll of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and advertise to the world that this is the City of Lost Angels, and that the sober, decent, self-respecting, law-abiding and thrifty population of the frapped East is not to be permitted to come here to build houses, invest capital in legitimate business, establish schools, churches and colleges, rear children and make this a community of civilized homes.

Until the citizens of Los Angeles so decree, The Times will insist upon honest service from public servants, enforcement of law and repression of vice, and will neither abet nor condone by silence the barters of the city's honor and good name for the nickels of the gambling machine, the dollars of the drummer on a spree, or the wind-strewn thousands of the Prodigal Son.

If this shall make grass grow on Spring street, let it grow; it is a sweeter crop than tares.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECH.

It is not given to every man to set the whole world talking by the utterance of a single speech, but Joseph Chamberlain, the distinguished English statesman, has accomplished this achievement with entire success. Our Teutonic brethren are having the most to say at this juncture, and they are saying it in a somewhat excited tone of voice, and even in his own country Mr. Chamberlain has stirred up the animals in a right lively fashion. Undoubtedly, Mr. Chamberlain's reference to a tripartite alliance between the United States, Great Britain and Germany is more or less Pickwickian in its character. It is not to be presumed that Mr. Chamberlain contemplates a hard-and-fast agreement, set down in black and white, and signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of witnesses, but we take it rather to be his notion that these three great civilizations—whose aim ought to be, if it is not, essentially the same in respect to the great world questions of humanity and civilization—shall so conduct themselves as to advance the cause of humanity and good government, looking to the United States, Great Britain and Germany to be the champion bluffer of the United States army, and that is saying a good deal, for it is known of a great many men that the army has had some mighty capable bluffers in it ever since the game of poker was first invented.

It begins to look as if Mr. Roberts of Ulster would be called upon to take his wives and go—he need not mind about the clothes of himself and his harem; they will be sent after him by freight, in twenty barrels, all same Aguilardo's wife.

A Los Angeles man has been arrested for prowling in Pasadena. No punishment can be too great for a man who has no better business than to get in the midst of our charming neighbor and prove it.

The trusts are abandoning Illinois, and will probably set up shop in New Jersey, where the trust flourishes in its native lair like a green bay horse.

The gentle spirit of peace is also brooding over the Island of Mindanao, where the American soldier has recently been exerting his potential influence. The gentlemen in brown and blue are not missing a trick.

The trusts are abandoning Illinois, and will probably set up shop in New Jersey, where the trust flourishes in its native lair like a green bay horse.

The inhabitants are warned that mines are being laid at various points outside the town in connection with the defenses.

Their position will be marked, in order to avoid accidents, and by signs. They are hereby warned to leave before 12 noon tomorrow, or they will be apprehended. By order

E. H. CECIL, Major, C.S.O.
"Mafeking," Oct. 7, 1899.

When the proclamation concerning spires was first issued, it was curious

THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

REJOICING IN MAFEKING WHEN IT WAS ANNOUNCED.

Great Confidence in Baden-Powell. A Story of the Commander During the Matabele War—Great Advantages of the British—Underground Refuges Being Prepared.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

MAFEKING (British Bechuanaland), Oct. 12.—All was quiet at the club last evening. About half a dozen of us were lazily discussing the merits of our respective nags.

It is very doubtful, however, if flight in the direction of Kimberley is still possible, for I learn that the uptrain, which arrived here on Sunday, was fired upon at the Boer's Sliding, and the drivers have already torn up the railroad tracks.

Two men who were passengers by

this train told me the circumstances

of what was probably the first shots

fired in the great South African war.

Looking from the windows of the

train, they saw Boer patrols

and one remarked to the others that

it was a strange place for a solitary

man to be in. Immediately afterward

another dopper approached the

breast-work, and, resting his gun, fired two

shots. Then he joined his friend on

the parapet to peer after the flying train.

They had been watching the Boer

train all this morning, and to them

repeated their story, which was afterward

converted into a sworn statement. Thus

the first act of the war is officially recorded.

Two days ago, I saw a friend with a

friend, the younger son of a well-known

baron of the Church of England,

who is out hunting in search of

adventure and partly because his

escapades in the old country have

provoked parental displeasure, rode out

toward the dep., about nine miles off,

where a commando from Leerst,

Lichtenburg, Klerksdorp and other places

had been sent to

the Boer's

camp. The Boer's

camp is in a

thick wood.

There is a

small stream

near the

camp.

</div

THE GREAT FAIR.

FREDERIC MAYER'S FIFTH LETTER ON THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION.

Special Correspondence of The Times.

PARIS, Nov. 23.—The idea of erecting a vast and attractive architectural construction on the spot where a universal exposition opens, appears so natural that one wonders at its not having been adopted before. Nothing could have been more unorthodox than the admittance gates of the World's Columbian Exposition, and consequently the first impression gained by visitors to Chicago was anything but favorable to the undertaking. It will not be so next year in Paris. The monumental entrance to the 1900 exposition is an alluring and beautiful structure, visible. It is true, to passers-by who do not pay the admittance fee, but at the same time, it



'OLD PARIS' AT THE EXPOSITION.

will be conceded, sufficiently tempting to arouse a strong desire on the part of its contemplators to enter beneath its triumphal arches. The show within must be grandioses; indeed, that can afford to offer to the popular gaze so remarkable a monument.

Situated on the Place de la Concorde, this grand entrance is composed of one large triumphal arch and two small ones forming a triangle with the first arch, which is flanked by two gaily-colored minarets, 125 feet high. The word minaret comes from the Arabic; it is derived from a verb which corresponds to the idea of stretching and spreading a light. Its derivation will be perfectly justified in 1900, since the minarets will be studied from top to bottom with multi-colored electric lights. In the daytime, thanks to a novel arrangement of enamelled tiles and ceramics, the general and monumental entrance will be white. But at night onlookers will gaze upon myriads of sapphires, emeralds, rubies and topazes, which M. Binet, a passionate lover of colors and oriental

above, visitors will disperse in two directions, both of which lead to the indispensable refreshments. There will be fifty-eight, twenty-nine being at the summit of a very slight elevated grade, and twenty-nine at the bottom of a short incline. Those who pass in through the upper turnstiles will descend after having handed over their tickets, and those who pass in through the lower turnstiles, while those who descend toward the turnstiles will follow a slight elevated path.

It has been computed that eighteen persons can easily be admitted through each turnstile per minute, so that over 60,000 visitors will be able to enter the grounds of the exposition through the monumental entrance within the space of one hour.

On the right and left of the central arch are two large friezes symbolizing the different branches of work. They were executed by the well-known sculptor M. Guille, who has entitled his carvings: "Workers of the Exposition." It was deemed appropriate that at the threshold of this vast agglomeration of all the products of human

endeavor, for the benefit of

architects and engineers, there will be a large scientific and industrial encyclopedia.

Paris intends to terminate the old and inaugurate the new century joyfully. On the grounds of the exposition amusements and attractions of all kinds will be provided; the most diversified tastes will be satisfied. There will be no street of Cairo, that has been voted stale and profane.

Foremost among the attractions will be "Old Paris." To the success obtained at previous expositions by picturesque reconstructions of cities in olden times, by the reproductions of historical and architectural monuments, and also of characteristic shops, and characteristic shops, by the re-enactment of medieval processions and fêtes of a few centuries ago, visitors to Paris next year will be indebted for the prominent exhibition feature of "Old Paris." Parisian women themselves are looking forward to this "attraction" as a fresh source of amusement, and if one considers the elaborate scale on which it is being planned

undertaken solely for the benefit of

architects and engineers, there will be

three centuries—the sixteenth, the

seventeenth and the eighteenth.

DESCRIBED BY THE DESIGNER.

"The three distinct sections of 'Old Paris' are," said M. Robida, in an interview with the writer, "first, the entrance section, which comprises the quarter of the schools, and the narrow streets running from the Porte Saint-Michel to the Louvre, the Madeleine, the Church Saint-Jean-des-Mercedaires; second, the central station, on which we have erected the most celebrated buildings of the Renaissance, in the midst of which various theaters, concert halls, music stands and restaurants are situated; third, the houses that used to exist in the famous quarter of yore, as they do to the Paris of M. Robida; with his refined taste and knowledge of the history of the epoch he will doubtless make it very attractive and exceedingly amusing.

"The twentieth century will be called the century of light," said the famous stained-glass decorator J. A. Robida. "For this reason that the duty of the Paris Exposition is to display the most extraordinary scientific and artistic attainments of the century, he remarked that light, glass and

and built, it is safe to say that he is not likely to suffer from disillusion without doubt. "Old Paris," as designed by Robida, a Parisian artist, who has acquired fame by his pen-and-ink illustrations of French classical authors, will be a great success. It has a facade of nearly three hundred yards along the River Seine, and is located in the very heart of the exposition, in the midst of a fairy-like scene that stretches from the Place de la Concorde to the gardens of the Tuileries. This little town of "Old Paris" is divided into three irregular streets, which are lined by tall public buildings, churches and towers. The total area covered is 66,000 square feet. Fortunately, the designers have not fallen into the trap of trying to make the historical and archaeological side of their attraction; they have refrained from being scrupulously exact and precise. In a word, they have taken many liberties with Parisian history and topography. But what they have achieved suffices to give one a good idea of what Paris was like dur-

ing the three centuries that are the richest in decorative art, had tempted him to produce something entirely new. "Commissioner-General Picard said in one of his speeches: 'The universal exposition of 1900 will be the epitome and the synthesis of the century. It will have grandeur, grace and beauty; it will reflect the luminous genius of France; it will prove that the French are in the vanguard of progress; it will be an honor to the country and to the republic.' M. Poncins bore the words in mind, and set to work to solve the problem how to convey to the public an 'epitome and synthesis' of the progress of a century of French art in the special fields of glass and stained glass—that is, how to introduce the 'Luminous Palace.' His recent death will not permit of his witnessing the brilliant fashion in which his plans have been executed.

In medieval fashion, the bridge was famous in

its virtuous qualities given to the art of stained glass.

The art was flourishing in the south of France in the thirteenth century, but it was not until the fifteenth century that it shone in all its radiance in the cathedrals of Evreux, Bourges and Notre Dame de Paris, where splendid specimens are still to be seen. Its

position.—The Elevated Electric Platform.—The Palace of Education.

ILLUSTRATIONS—Palace of Electricity and Grand Waterfall (by L. L. Silva); The Elevated Electric Platform (by E. Horsfall); Palace of Education (by M. Peronne).

PRUSSIA'S PATRIOTIC PIGS.

DON'T LIKE YANKEES NOR AMERICANS DOOD.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] A correspondent of a German paper who writes from a town in Schleswig-Holstein says that the Prussian pigs are patriotic and will not eat Yankee bacon or American bacon. He bases his patriotic pigs in a ferment and presumably garlicky indorsement, and hopes that the time is close at hand when all American products, from hams to barley, will be prohibited from entering Germany.

Of course the correspondent is at liberty to express his own views of this important subject to the full extent of his befuddled powers, but she shouldn't slander the pigs. People who are acquainted with pigs are quite certain that they have never been known to refuse food, and Prussian pigs are supposed to differ from the other porcine varieties. Certainly the two-legged

THE "MIDWAY" OF PARIS.

But the exposition of 1900 is not un-

rambling Paris of years gone by, with

all the movement and charm of life.

No dullness will arise from any excess of archaeological precision. The tenants of the various shops will be garbed in costumes of the epoch; our processions will be faithful reproductions, picturesque in the extreme. True gayety will pervade our entire city."

On the old bridge, Pont au Change, the trades of years gone by will be revived. This bridge was famous in

the seventeenth century. It was then the residence of the wealthy classes, and had all the appearance of a street on the water, for tall houses were built on both sides of the bridge. It was, perhaps, the most curious street in all Paris. The shops and stores were in the hands of the richest tradesmen, in the hands of the nobility, but comprised Lombards, Florentines, Orientals and Flemish; men who had come from all parts of Europe to trade in gold, jewels, curios, finery, and even furs, which they imported from Russia. The bridge had a cosmopolitan aspect, for the merchants exhibited their national flags, their civic ban-

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the residence of the wealthy classes, and had all the appearance of a street on the water, for tall houses were

built on both sides of the bridge. It was, perhaps, the most curious street in all Paris. The shops and stores were

in the hands of the richest tradesmen, in the hands of the nobility, but comprised

Lombards, Florentines, Orientals and Flemish; men who had come from all parts of Europe to trade in

gold, jewels, curios, finery, and even furs, which they imported from

Russia. The bridge had a cosmopolitan aspect, for the

PEKING AND ITS WALLS.

OBSERVATIONS BY A TIMES CORRESPONDENT.

Wall About the City Pronounced the Finest About Any City—Chinese Etiquette a Barrier to Intercourse With Foreign Nations—The Young Emperor.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]

PEKING, Oct. 6.—The Chinese are like Europeans in one respect, they concede to foreign women privileges they deny their own. It is unlawful for a Chinese woman to walk on the city walls of Peking, but it is an exercise in which the American and Europeans indulge, without objection, upon days when they are open to the public. The walls around the Tartar city, which are forty feet in height and about forty feet wide, are built of gray kiln-dried brick, like those used in the outer and inner walls. They resemble stone, both in color and in their composition. They are really double walls—the space between being solidly filled with earth and paved on top. This is covered with a thick growth of coarse grass and shrubs—among the latter a small peach bearing a yellow berry with a pleasant acid flavor, something like our scarlet have. It is assumed that date, and is much relished by Chinese, especially by children. All this growth of vegetation has rooted itself between the blocks of pavement, and every autumn it is cut, cut and carried away. The walls are stoutly buttressed, and the parapets are crenelated or cleft at regular intervals for the convenience of arches of the old régime. The bricks of the pavement on the top are said to weigh sixty pounds each. S. Wells Williams, the author of "The Middle Kingdom," and professor of Chinese at Yale, an authority upon all matters Chinese, pronounces it "undoubtedly the finest wall surrounding any city now extant." There are sixteen gates, each surrounded by a brick tower of several stories, 100 feet in height, and of the accepted style of Chinese architecture. The modification of the plan at the corners lifted slightly, each story narrowing to the top, and the roof being surmounted at either end by huge, rampant dragons.

At one point upon the wall is the obelisk known as the "Instrument" that was made by the Chinese under the supervision of the Jesuits more than 200 years ago. Although they have been exposed to the rain, sun and dust of more than two centuries they might have been put in place yesterday. There is a globe showing the constellations, which have not had a distressing spell less enduring works of art. They are of huge proportions, of bronze, polished by the elements until it has a gloss like burnished marble, and each frame is supported by rampant dragons of the exact workmanship; one part of the apparatus of French manufacture, presented to the Chinese government by Louis XIV, is common place and insignificant compared to the splendid handiwork of the Chinese. In a court below in another still older apartment which dates back to 1279, this, too, is supported by ponderous dragons: a chain attached to a rough conical block of bronze that represents the earth, to which the dragons were chained to keep them from flying away. In a shed near by is an ancient water clock—a series of weights arranged, one above the other into which water dripped, its passage marking the hours.

From the observatory, the visitor can look down and see the roofs of the Hall for Literary Examinations, which are held every three years. The candlesticks are housed in small brick cells, which are arranged in a table, and in which there is just room to sit. Here they must remain, for the two days or more that the examination—which is written, of course—is in progress. The fact that appointments for the civil service are the result of competition in examinations of this sort, has given the Chinese the reputation of being the most literary nation on the earth. But the literature in which they are so proficient is their own, which consists largely of the Chinese, the works of their philosophers, and Chinese composition. It does not include mathematics, as Europeans understand it; history, literature, and all the sciences. It is a remarkable fact that the teachers for the new Imperial University, which has been opened in Peking within the past year, have been selected, not from the native schools, but largely from the colleges founded and controlled by Chinese missionaries. Eight were selected from Dr. Martin's College at Shang Tung along the school in the interior. The same is true of appointments in the customs, the postal and railway service; the young men who graduate from the mission schools generally receive higher salaries than the Chinese, and are given their training under native instructors. This of itself is a sufficient guarantee of the manner in which the missionary schools and colleges are being conducted. Looking east from the observatory, beyond a level stretch of plain, several miles in width, we may see the old walls of the city as they stood at the time of Marco Polo's visit. The present walls have been moved farther to the west, but the old walls still stand in fairly good state of preservation. Not far away are the old granaries, covering several acres, which are the rice which supplied the Emperor's army—low, tiled buildings of gray brick, conforming to the general architecture of the city. To the north are the walls of the imperial city, in which enclosure are the imperial palace, and the city, the inmost imperial sanctuary, in which the offices of the ministers are situated and in which the affairs of the government are administered. Formerly foreigners were jealous of exclusion from the war, but it was a Chinese, like other nations, who has been forced from the policy of exclusion and has been brought into closer contact with those whom she has always contemptuously termed "barbarians." There was an unmistakable tendency in this direction to war with Japan, and in this direction with the continental monarchs of other powers, she has had to take counsel with those for whom she is beginning to realize that she must look for protection.

One great barrier to the free intercourse between the European Americans and China has been the interminable etiquette and ceremonial which has existed from time immemorial and which is interwoven with their law and religion. To this was added a deep-seated contempt for outside nations, a profound indifference for their customs and a prejudice that the reverses of the past ten years and the need of "foreign" countenance has only partially abated.

Dr. W. A. P. Martin, a Presbyterian missionary, a man of profound learning, and for years president of the Tung-ting College, had always been a French and an English man in the treaty negotiated after the capture of Peking in 1860. It was not expressly stipulated that foreign ministers should be entitled to "their right of audience." The excuse offered at that time by wily Chinese who were extremely averse to offend their opponents in diplomacy, an excuse that sufficiently served their own ends, was that the young Emperor

Plain Tales from Plain People



THE four testimonials given here simply illustrate in a small measure the scope of the curative power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine is primarily designed to cure diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Its far-reaching effects on organs locally remote from the stomach are due to the fact, that diseases of blood, nerves, liver, heart and kidneys often have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, and when the diseased condition is removed, the contributing cause of the disease of other organs is taken away also. Human life depends on food. If we don't eat we die. But it is not the fact of eating which makes us live, it is the assimilation by the body of the nutrition that is contained in the food, which sustains life. But this general nutrition is made up of specific elements for the several parts and organs of the body, and unless these specific elements of nutrition are extracted and assimilated in due proportion, there is some part of the body un nourished. For example, the blood contains about one-tenth of an ounce of iron. Take that iron out of his blood and the man would drop dead. But it is evident that if the loss of all the iron from the blood means death, that, so far as the supply drops below the normal one-tenth of an ounce, it means loss of vital force and physical decay, because the blood



"Away back in 1865 I was greatly troubled with catarrh, which I was unable to get rid of for over six years," writes Mrs. Warren E. Parker, of Orange St., Nantucket, Mass. "Three years ago I was taken sick with what the doctor called nervousness and indigestion. He gave me medicine for the trouble, but I could not eat a little toast or oatmeal without suffering severely. I felt hungry but hardy and eat nothing. In a few days I began to have distressing spells right in the pit of my stomach. After the distress passed away it would leave my stomach so sore that I was obliged to lie in bed several days. I called the doctor again and he said I had catarrh of the stomach; gave me medicine but it did not do any good. I lost 28 pounds in three months. At last I was so bad that I thought I was beyond help. One of my friends loaned me Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser and, when I read that many people had been cured by his medicines I made up my mind to write to him, although I was so bad.

I THOUGHT THERE WAS NO HELP for me. I wrote and received a prompt reply. He told me I had indigestion, associated with a torpid liver, and he advised me to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and also his 'Pellets,' if constipated. I commenced taking his medicines immediately, and soon began to feel better. I have taken six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and six vials of 'Favorite Prescription' and six vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I have gained ten pounds. Am able to do all the exercises I have not had a distressing spell for five months. Can eat everything. I cannot express thanks enough for the good the medicines have done me. If anyone who is suffering, no matter what the case may be, would only write to Dr. Pierce for advice, I know he could help them."

"For over a year I was troubled with such a cough and pain in my chest that I could not rest at night," writes Omer J. Sennet, Esq., of Franklin, St. Mary's Par., La., care of Mr. J. W. Foster. "I tried cough mixtures and other medicines, but they did me no good and I was failing away all the time until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' The first bottle made me feel better, so I took eight bottles, and now I feel like another man."

"Many thanks for your valuable medicines. I would advise those who are suffering with a cough to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and the 'Pellets.'"

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When the young Emperor Yungchih was proclaimed the representatives of foreign governments of Peking again insisted upon the Emperor's arrival, which was granted after many objections and postponements. It was not held within the palace, but in a summer house in the park without. One point was gained, however, the emperor was excluded from the humiliating "kowtow" or "nine prostrations" required of all who came into the imperial presence. This was an important concession. They saluted the Emperor instead "with three low bows." The advantage thus gained was not lost, for the Emperor and the two Empresses—the mother of the heir and the Empress Dowager again acting as regents, the diplomatic corps were excluded from the palace for a period of fifteen years.

The young Emperor, the unfortunate Yungchih, had been liberally educated, and he had one accomplishment greatly—he could speak English. He had had English instructors, from



depends on iron to enable it to carry oxygen from the lungs to each part of the body. As the iron decreases there will be a deficiency in the oxygenizing of the blood. Instead of being bright scarlet, it will be dark purple—as it is in forms of lung disease terminating in consumption. If the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition fail in their work, the health of the body at once suffers. Whether you are weak or strong depends upon the ability of the blood to select and distribute the nutritive elements for the several organs. The blood is made chiefly in the stomach, and "weak" stomach means "weak" blood, blood deficient in vital energy.

The great curative power of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery lies in its power to heal diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, so that the processes by which nature sustains life may be unhampered and unhindered. "Golden Medical Discovery" can't make a drop of blood, can't weave a strand of tissue. It can and does take away the diseased conditions which obstruct these processes of nature, and hence, "weak lungs," "weak nerves," "weak heart," etc., are perfectly and permanently cured by this great remedy.

Persons suffering from chronic forms of disease are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, by letter absolutely without charge. All correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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was a minor and that men could not be received by the two widowed Empresses. That was the opportunity which the foreigners had secured by right of conquest, and which, failing to follow up, stood to the way of closer relations. Had this privilege been insisted upon, in the thirty years that might have elapsed, it might have led to innumerable improvements in the government. "Not the least mischievous of their many blunders," says Dr. Martin, "this decision has had the effect of keeping the (Europeans and Americans) out of the Grand Palace for over thirty years." And he adds, "Had those ambassadors insisted on carrying on the usages of Europe into the most august palace of the eastern world, it might have done more than many battles to impress the native mind."

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whom he imbibed more than the language, as subsequent events proved. The foreign ministers desired to congratulate him upon his accession and were received, but again a pavilion outside the palace. Thereupon they resolved to forego the pleasure of the Empress Dowager, and they could count upon such respect being shown them as they could and would command in other countries. A man easily impressed by the progressive ideas of his ministers, the Emperor really wished to meet and know the foreign representatives and named a brilliant reception as a part of the New Year festivities. But not even yet were the palace doors to be opened; the audience was again to be held in a pavilion outside. Learning this, the envoys, with very proper pride, declined the invitation, and most reluctantly withdrew. The representatives of France and Russia were especially firm in refusing to consider any of the proposed expedients which would serve to still exclude them from the palace, and their determination was not easily overcome.

The foreign ministers had greater weight than any other cause in uncluding the jealousy-guarded palace doors. Of this audience an account was given in the Peking Times of Nov. 18, 1894, which Dr. Martin found in a newspaper in the winter of 1894, in which the version that appeared in the Court Gazette. The authentic report is as follows:

"The audience took place on Monday last at the imperial palace. The ministers entered by the eastern door or Tung-ting-mien, where two serenades were given. The Tung-ting Yamen received them and conducted them to a large hall in the center of two pavilions where the principal ministers of state were assembled. Thence they were taken along a raised causeway, each minister conducted by a eunuch, to the retirement of the Emperor and the abandonment of the liberal policy which he supported. His political progress in China has been brought to a standstill. The men whose heads were demanded and K'ang Yu Wei, a scholar and diplomat of the first rank, was one of the most prominent of a large and noble type. The influence that has succeeded their downfall is a rehabilitation of Chinese ultra-conservatism, ceremony, and worse than all, corruption, which prevails in every department of the gov-

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LOCAL ART
AND ARTISTS.

I very often wonder how many in our cultured and intelligent public appreciate the grandeur of true art. How many are able to recognize its deep meaning and its kinship with the beautiful and sublime in nature, and to feel on the canvas of the genuine artist the heart of the great outer world of sky and mountain, of hill and vale, of running river, and unresting sea, a-throb with that life that makes the world beautiful, and kindred with the human soul.

True art is but another form of poetry, a wordless epic written in color, and divine in its intensity of meaning and fullness of expression. In all ages art has been the measure of civilization. The crude attempts of the savage to express himself through the medium of art are like the discordant notes of the untaught singer, meaningless and without value. But with the highest civilization the genuine artist is born, and nature finds a new interpreter in him, who studies her in all her moods, and who is able to unveil her to her world.

We may well be glad that Los Angeles has at last a temple dedicated to art, and that our artists may now be housed where the public may easily reach them. Our art atmosphere is not broad one as yet, but it is growing, as well as our sense of appreciation of genuine art. I dropped in one day last week to the charming studio of

MR. BOND FRANCISCO,

and there it seemed as if Nature had stolen in before me, and left bits of herself upon the walls. Her forests in miniature were there; her great towering mountain heights, her bending skies and sunny fields, where it seemed as if her soft winds might blow and the fragrance of her wide fields be exhaled. First, I noted a little land scene, a new horizon, and to the westward of the city. The brown earth looked as if it were waiting for the rains that have since fallen. The beautiful grove of trees looks as if ready to be stirred by the whispering breezes. A little house on the gentle slope is a pool of water which holds the shadows of the bordering trees. The blue sky is slightly clouded, yet withal it holds the hint of glorious sunshine within its depths and suggestions of immensity of space. The soft brown and yellow tones upon the ground are harmoniously intermingled, the details are carefully wrought out, and the whole is Nature's self as we find her in quiet haunts.

Mr. Francisco has two beautiful sunset landscapes, so rich in glowing sunsets, and so true in atmospheric effect, that it would seem as if Nature had stood with her palate at the artist's side and dipped his brush for him in the glowing colors which she had mixed.

In the one, below the rolling hills, stands a little home against its background of sky, and a pool of water which holds the shadows of the bordering trees.

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In the one, below the rolling hills, stands a little home against its background of sky, and a pool of water which holds the shadows of the bordering trees.

The blue sky is slightly clouded, yet withal it holds the hint of glorious

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THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Peruna.



MR. ISAAC BROCK, BORN IN BUNCOMBE CO., N. C., MARCH 1, 1788.

Says: "I attribute my extreme old age to the use of Pe-ru-na."

Born before United States was formed.

Saw 22 Presidents elected.

Pe-ru-na has protected him from all sudden changes.

Veteran of four wars.

Shot a horse when 99 years old.

Always conquered the gripe with Pe-ru-na.

Witness in a land suit at age of 110 years.

Believes Pe-ru-na the greatest remedy of the age for catarrhal diseases.

Isaac Brock, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived for 111 years. For many years he resided at Bosque Falls, eighteen miles west of Waco, but now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

At sunset we see him in Santa Ana Cañon, where the crags of the mountains have caught the glowing, rosy kiss of the sun, while their bases in shadow, and a soft blue tide of mist is overflowing from the purple horizon. He sits on a rock, and in his sunset clouds, and one is looking at the picture dreams of the glory of the Delectable Mountains seen by Buntan's Pilgrim. There is no hardness in the atmospheric effects which Mr. Francisco paints for us; but they are as soft as his atmosphere, and a soul seems hidden wherever his brush has touched the canvas.

This artist depicts for us also with great fidelity the human face and figure. Two Algerian faces look down on us from the walls of his studio. One is sitting cross-legged upon a cushion with a musical instrument in his hands; the other sits at a table wherein are various kinds of trinkets for sale. The atmosphere of the oriental bazaar is all about one here. The figures are informed with life, and suggest readiness for action, so one might pass delightful hours in this studio, for the pictures of this artist hold volumes of truth, which the lover of nature may read and admire. Success to his brush.

We are from the San Francisco papers that

MONSIEUR DE LONGPRE

is meeting with a goodly measure of appreciation in the city. We quote a few lines from extended notices given him by the Chronicle and other papers. The Chronicle says:

"Paul de Longpre, one of the most noted painters of flowers in the world, will open an exhibition today at Kenney's art gallery, Post street. The exhibition will show what splendid work the French artist has done since he came to California, and will also show some of his work done abroad and in the East. But in the main the exhibition will tell the story of the flowers of Southern California, for the painter of flowers, who has long had his home in Los Angeles for some time, and has also made visits to San Rafael and other more northerly cities, where he painted the wonderful beauty of Glazengood and other roses of Central California in their prime."

"This exhibition will certainly rival those famous ones which De Longpre has given in New York and in the other large cities of the world. Wherever he has exhibited he has received the highest praise, which has yet not been extravagant, for his productions are exquisite, and wherever they hang all a-bloom."

The Examiner, in the course of an extended article, says:

"The exhibition of water colors by Paul de Longpre, which opened yesterday in the Kennedy Art Gallery on Post street, is one of the best ever shown in San Francisco. The collection includes the gems of his paintings, and among them the artist himself, who is showing the critics to make the best showing to the critics of the Coast, that he sent east for some of his works. The exhibition surpasses therefore the one he gave in New York, which attracted so much attention from critics and art connoisseurs. Mr. de Longpre is enthusiastic over the flora of California, and has evidently felt the inspiration, judging from the work he has accomplished."

Nature has certainly been most generous in the inspirations which she offers the artist in this section, and Southern California should certainly become in the not distant future, the home of modern art in the world's new Italy.

E. A. O.

A SPECIFIC FOR COLD.

S & R Special Prescription No. 120, all drugists. Descriptive book free.

HANDSOME, INEXPENSIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Before buying expensive Christmas presents for your friends, see the medallions which The Times is offering to its subscribers for from 45 to 80 cents (according to style of medallion). Any photograph furnished us will be reproduced in medallion style.

\$20.90. PHOENIX AND RETURN.

Via Santa Fe route. Tickets on sale December 2 and 3. Good returning fifteen days.

F. & R. FURNACE MAN.

Has moved to 410 S. Spring street. Tel. M. 120.

WATCHES cleaned, 75c; mainsprings 50c; crystals, 10c. Payton, 220 North Spring street.

BEKINS ships household goods to all points at cut rates, 45c South Spring.

Black Crepons.

Silk and mohair goods; wave, crinkle, and honeycomb pieces of silk; 42 inches wide and a regular \$2.50 quality; going out of business price

\$1.68

Black Crepons.

French goods; pure silk and mohair; high finish; the very newest; blotted; these are the \$2.75 quality; going out of business price

\$1.98

Black Crepons.

High silk luster finish; 40 inches wide; 8 different designs; the regular \$1.25 quality; going out of business price

98c

Read the "Power of Price" announcement in Part IV, Page 3.



Silver Novelties
There are literally hundreds of articles and plenty of each kind. All are made of 925-1000 fine sterling silver and are warranted. All silver articles will be engraved free. Two-bladed pocket knives, 25c. Thimbles, 25c to 50c. Folding manicure knives and button hooks, 25c to 50c. Hair picks, 25c. List money, 25c and 50c. Stamp boxes, 50c to \$1.00. Garter buckles, 50c. Men's pocket knives, 15c to 25c. Talcum cars, 50c to 50c. Lorgnette chains, \$1.25 to \$2.50. Manicure scissors, 75c to \$1.50. Men's pocket knives, 75c to \$1.50. Nail brushes, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Vinaigrettes, \$1.00 to \$1.50. Pin trays, 25c to \$1.50. Men's pocket knives, 25c to \$1.50. Curling irons, 25c to \$1.50. Roller blotters, 25c to \$1.50. Handbags, 25c to \$1.50. Shoe bags, 25c to \$1.25. Button hooks, 25c to \$1.50. Letter openers, 25c to \$1.50. Men's pocket knives, 25c to \$1.50. Erasers, 25c to \$1.50. Stamp moisteners, 25c to \$1.00. Nail brushes, 25c to \$1.50. Bonnet brushes, \$1.00 to \$2.00.

Jewelry Novelties
All sorts of pretty pieces of jewelry for Christmas gifts. You can buy with the utmost safety. There is no misrepresentation either in the selling or the advertising. Solid gold is solid gold, and gold plated is sold for what it is. We simply hint at the variety. Gold-plated brooches, stone settings, 50c. Gold cuff pins, 25c to \$1.00. Dumb-bell cuff buttons, 25c to \$1.00. Gold-plated and gold-filled lorgnette chains, 25c to \$1.00. Solid gold rings, 75c to \$1.50. Ladies' solid gold rings, set with turquoise, garnet, sapphire, pearl, etc. \$1.50 to \$8.00. Men's gold rings, 25c to \$1.50. Men's and carbuncles, etc. \$2.50 to \$6.00. Men's solid gold dumb-bell cuff links, plain or chased, \$1.50. Sterling silver pins, 10c. Sterling silver hat pins, 10c. Sterling silver Nethercole bracelets, 75c to \$5.00. Sterling silver chain bracelets, \$1.00 to \$2.50. Sterling silver bangle bracelets, \$1.50.

Ebony Novelties
The most popular fad in the East and here. Ebony handled useful articles with sterling silver mountings, rich pretty, and most acceptable, we quote as follows:

Musical boxes, 50c. Cutlery knives, 25c. Letter seals, 50c. Tooth brushes, 75c. Nail brushes, 25c. Hair brushes, 25c. Hair blower, 60c. Hat brushes, 15c. Hair brushes, 15c. Cloth brushes, \$1.50. Shaving brushes, \$2.00. Military hair brushes, \$1.25.

Watches and Clocks

We can simply hint at the vast variety. There are all sorts of pretty little mantel clocks not 4 inches high and every size and style of clock from them up to the large cathedral mantel clock. Among the watches are the well known American makes which need no recommendation other than their name. There are plenty to select from. Styles for girls, boys, men and women. To illustrate, we quote:

Dolled gold chin clocks, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Gold chin clocks, 25c to \$1.00. Eight day porcelain clocks, cathedral gong, \$12.50. Eight day black enameled wood and iron clocks, cathedral gong and half hour strike; great variety, \$5.75 to \$10.

Watches for Women.

Solid silver case, good movement, \$3.50. Goldized steel case, good movement, fine in its character, \$1.50. Joseph Boss, 20 year guaranteed, gold filled case, with Waltham movement, \$15. Open face 14-karat gold case, engraved, repousse, \$15. 14-karat solid gold, open face, decorated kite-shaped track, depot, signals, switch, tunnels, bridges, etc.; prices from \$25 down to...

Watches for men.
Open face nickel watch, with good movement, steel wind and set, \$1.25. Oxidized steel case, good movement, \$3.50. Solid silver hunting-case, Waltham movement, \$10. Open face, Joseph Boss, 20 year, gold filled case, Waltham movement, \$10.50.

Dressed Dolls

Thousands and thousands of them 10c to \$125.00. Those above \$45.00 are exquisite. You have seen them all at the Doll Fete. They are for sale. Among the cheaper dolls there are some very prettily dressed 13-inch jointed dolls, with bisque head, for 25c, and some 9-inch dolls for 15c and an 8-inch dressed outfit of type, etc., from \$10.00 down to...

Alcohol Ranges
10c
45c
75c

16-inch dressed dolls with stuffed bodies, bisque heads, well made, and prettily dressed, for.....
An endless assortment of very neatly and richly dressed jointed dolls with black heads, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Beautiful dolls dressed in silk, satins, velvets, ribbons, etc., very pretty faces, \$2.00 and.....
Undressed Dolls Every price

Dolls from 2 for a cent to \$18.00 each. Largest ones stand 42 inches high. The most notable feature of these dolls is the beauty of their faces. They look more like real children than ordinary dolls. Made with sleeping eyes, hair, real-hair eyelashes, shoes and stockings, kid bodies, stuffed with cork; there are some exceptional good values \$25c at \$1.00, 75c and...

Character Dolls Hundreds of dolls dressed to represent soldiers, marines, naval officers, Red Cross nurses, nuns, Uncle Sams, brownies, Filipinos, negroes, Chinamen, Indians, etc.; each character is 25c faithfully portrayed; price

Rag Dolls The characteristic Dolls Vardens, the one children can throw at each other without fear of breaking. Strongly made and dressed; pretty life-like faces; \$1.50 down to...

Doll Heads A German inventor conceived the idea of pressing sheet brass into the shape of a doll's head and enameling it. The idea is a good one too. They are light and unbreakable, while in appearance they are superior to most bisque heads. They cost a little more than bisque, but they are worth it. In addition to these, we have every size and style of doll head, bisque heads with human hair, ranging from \$1.25 to \$6.00; bisque heads with ordinary curly ringlets at prices from \$25.00 down to...

Locomotives and Trains The locomotives and Trains use steam as a propelling force and there are trains and tracks with each; you can buy the locomotives separate or with complete outfit; Prices of outfit range from \$25.00 down to...

Mechanical Trains Complete railroading outfit; a mechanical train with circular and kite-shaped track, depot, signals, switch, tunnels, bridges, etc.; prices from \$25 down to...

Doll Parts If the last year's doll is minus a head, arm or foot, we can supply it. The charge for repairs is moderate. If you wish to buy a head and body separately you can do so. Every part of a doll, even to a wig, can be had at moderate prices.

Supplies By this we mean everything a doll has or uses. There are gloves, corsets, umberellas, parasols, fans, hair brushes, tooth brushes, crumb trays, shoes, stockings, fur capes, boas, hat, etc. There are some elegant dresses for all sizes of dolls. And some wardrobes including the doll, trunk, and complete wearing apparel. Every kind and quality at our usual low prices.

A. Hamburger & Sons

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES, DOLLS AND TOYS.

Dress Goods and Wrapper Stuffs in Part IV, Page 3.

The Toy Fair and Wonderland.

Only eighteen shopping days before Christmas morning. The great crush and rush is almost upon us, it has already begun.

The new warehouse and shipping department has allowed us to enlarge and refit the basement salesroom and stock it with greater assortments than in previous years. It is supplied with everything from a marble to the most intricate and instructive mechanical toy. This page will hint at the abundance there displayed.

The dolls and everything to go with them are on the third floor where thousands upon thousands are to be seen and selected from. Everything is spic-span new, brought direct from the toy and doll centers of Europe. We buy toys just as we do everything else, for spot cash.

Our prices are fully one-fourth lower than most stores ask. Echoes of this grand Toy and Doll Sale will be heard from stores which buy a few toys in New York or from traveling men just for Christmas time, but our toy store is different. It is an all-the-year-round toy store, and our constant foreign buying, makes it possible for us to undersell these who buy in limited quantity.

For eighteen years this has been Santa Claus' headquarters and always will be. The "Power of Prices" as exemplified in our other announcement is reflected from every article here with a vividness that dazzles and bewilders. Our buying organization makes it possible—the benefit is yours.

Print-ing Presses

As instructive a toy as can be given a child and it teaches spelling, composition and gives a good idea of machinery. All sizes of presses with complete outfit of type, etc., \$1.25 from \$10.00 down to...

Alcohol Ranges
10c
45c
75c

16-inch dressed dolls with stuffed bodies, bisque heads, well made, and prettily dressed, for.....
An endless assortment of very neatly and richly dressed jointed dolls with black heads, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Beautiful dolls dressed in silk, satins, velvets, ribbons, etc., very pretty faces, \$2.00 and.....
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Lead Soldiers Companies of Artillery, Infantry, Cavalry and Marines, properly uniformed and neatly boxed; some are mounted on adjustable stands; prices range from \$10.00 down to...

Iron Trains Passenger and freight trains, locomotive, tender, and cars. The price determines the length of train and size of cars. All handsomely painted and with good durable couplings; prices range from \$7.50 down to...

Laundry Sets Every thing needed to launder a doll's clothing.

Iron Toys A great collection of iron toys; the kind that stands all sorts of hard knocks; each one is painted to represent the real thing; a variety of sizes.

Fire engines from 10c to \$1.00. Hook and Ladder Truck, \$10 to \$4.00. Hose Reel, 75c to \$1.50. Fire Chief's Wagon, 75c to \$1.25. Police Patrol, 75c to \$1.50. Iron Banks, 10c to \$1.50. Sleds, 25c to \$1.50. Fire Wagons, 75c to \$1.50. U. S. Mail Covered Wagon, 25c.

Stationary Engines Perfect working engines modeled after the engines in general use; each with safety valve to prevent explosions; all parts made of hardened steel and brass; kinds which use steam and hot air; prices from \$20.00 down to...

Locomotives and Trains The locomotives and Trains use steam as a propelling force and there are trains and tracks with each; you can buy the locomotives separate or with complete outfit; Prices of outfit range from \$25.00 down to...

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Doll By

Paper not
seen from
library. ****

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE
IN 32 PAGES

DECEMBER 3, 1899.

PRICE PER YEAR.... \$2.50
SINGLE COPY.... 5 CENTS

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"His jig is almost up."

OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though less than two years old, is an established success. It is complete in itself, being served to the public separate from the news sheets, which required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; *Sou' by Sou'west: the Development of the Slope*; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdotes and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Fighting Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.
THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

THE indications for the immediate future of agriculture and horticulture in Southern California are most hopeful and encouraging. Liberal showers have already come, and conditions are such as to give every reason to expect that the rain supply will be plentiful during the coming winter. Given a sufficient amount of water and the problem of production in abundance from the fertile soil of this section is almost surely solved.

But in this very fact of present assuring conditions may lie a serious danger. The last two years of scarcity in our water supply aroused a degree of interest in the preservation of our forests which had never been felt before. A few energetic, self-sacrificing men, seeing the great danger which threatened us through the destruction of the timber on the mountains, took the lead in the matter and did missionary work that was effectual in enlisting public interest. A considerable number of Southern Californians were led to see that it was a matter of immediate personal concern to them. They came to appreciate the fact that the denudation of the mountains threatened an alarming effect upon the water supply of the arable lands. The danger now is that confidence in an abundance of water for the immediate future will lull even those directly interested into indifference about the preservation of the forests. A good start in the right direction was made last year at the University of Southern California in the establishment of a school of forestry. A number of public-spirited men, feeling an especial interest in the subject, gave a series of excellent lectures on forestry topics, and more than a dozen students enrolled themselves in this department. The course, as laid out by the university authorities, provided for three lectures a week for one year, the subjects to be presented being:

(1.) Silviculture—Principles of Arboriculture, Crop Production, Nursery Propagation and Forest Planting.

(2.) Forest Protection—Methods of Guarding Against Fires, Insects, Erosion and Trespass.

(3.) Forest Administration—Principles of Systems of Management by States and Nations. (Historical.)

(4.) Forest Management—Plans of Forestry Service, Both as to Superintendence and Labor in Care of Reserves.

(5.) Timber and Soil Physics—Properties and Adaptations of Soils and Tree Varieties.

(6.) Wood Technology and Forest Botany—Properties of Woods, By-products, Tree Physiology, Local Flora, etc.

(7.) Relations of Forests to Game and Fish.

(8.) Forest Hydrography—Relation of Forest Covering to Rainfall, Irrigation Systems, Storage Reservoirs, etc.

The plan of work thus proposed was an excellent one, and the good, practical lectures given at the outset gave reason for hope that the school would serve a very useful purpose. But so far during the present semester, little or nothing has been heard of the school, by the general public, at least. It is to be hoped, however, that the idea has not been abandoned.

In Germany, where the value of the forests is appreciated, every acre of timbered land is looked after with the utmost care. When the noblemen wished to raise money for their pilgrimages, at the time of the crusades, their woodlands were bought to a large extent by the towns. As a consequence, a large portion of the towns of Germany own fine forest tracts. When there was a movement among private owners in the sixteenth century to realize on the value of the forests by cutting them down, the government interfered, and took the forests under its immediate protection, and officials were appointed to care for them. Forestry schools calculated to prepare men for these offices were established, and have since been maintained. The thoroughness required in this preparation is indicated by the course through which candidates for the offices must pass. In order to enter a forestry school, one must have graduated from a public school; then to have spent a year in the forests as assistant. Another six

months must have been devoted to the study of forest booking, in order to be able to superintend the cutting and selling of wood. At the end of this time, the student is ready to enter the school, where a year and a half must be devoted to the science and theory of forestry. The course of study, we are told, "covers the greater part of the physical sciences, botany, geology, chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, arboriculture and agriculture." While at the school, the students are called "forest practitioners," and affect the airs of university students, wearing a costume comprising a short green cloak, a hat with a wing of a forest bird on one side and high hunting boots.

After graduating, the students serve as assistants in the forests for five years. At the end of that time they become foresters. After another five years as foresters they may be promoted to the position of forest inspector, each inspector having four districts in his charge.

It is not probable that it will be necessary for California, at least not for many years to come, to go to the extent Germany has gone in preparing men for positions in the forestry service; but the necessity for protection is so imperative that we cannot afford to neglect the matter entirely. A fairly good beginning has been made; the men whom the government has appointed seem to have done fairly effective work, considering the large area each has to look after, and a considerable public interest has been aroused. The campaign must be maintained, however; the battle is not yet won, by any means, and the people of Southern California cannot afford to be indifferent simply because there is no immediate prospects of drought.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

IN HIS annual report, First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath calls especial attention to the experiments that have been made with free delivery of mails in the rural districts. It will doubtless surprise many readers to learn to what an extent the system has been in successful operation. The report shows that on November 1, 1899, mail was being delivered to residents of rural districts from 383 distributing points in forty States and one Territory. The greatest number of such distributing points in any one State was in Ohio, the number in that State being 49. Indiana coming next with 44. Fourteen were in this State.

For facility of reference the operations of rural free delivery for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, have been put into tabular form by Mr. Heath. The footings of the table show that a population of 273,604, covering an area of 7567 square miles, was served by 391 carriers, and that the total number of pieces of mail delivered and collected during the year was 9,212,927. Mr. Heath summarizes the beneficial results which have invariably followed the judicious inauguration of the system, with a sincere purpose to make it a success, as follows:

"(1.) Increased postal receipts. More letters are written and received. More newspapers and magazines are subscribed for. So marked is this advancement that quite a number of rural routes already pay for themselves by the additional business they bring.

"(2.) Enhancement of the value of farm lands reached by rural free delivery. This increase of value has been estimated at as high as \$5 per acre in some States. A moderate estimate is from \$2 to \$3 per acre.

"(3.) A general improvement of the condition of the roads traversed by the rural carrier. In the western States especially the construction of good roads has been a prerequisite to the establishment of rural free delivery service. In one county in Indiana a special agent reports that the farmers incurred an expense of over \$2600 to grade and gravel a road in order to obtain rural free delivery.

"(4.) Better prices obtained for farm products, the producers being brought into daily touch with the state of the markets and thus being enabled to take advantage of information heretofore unattainable.

"(5.) To these material advantages may be added the educational benefits conferred by relieving the monotony of farm life through ready access to wholesome literature, and the keeping of all rural residents, the young people, as well as their elders, fully informed as to the stirring events of the day. The moral value of these civilizing influences cannot be too highly rated."

Very naturally, there has been some objection to the promotion of this service on account of the cost. It could scarcely be expected that it could be made self-supporting immediately upon its inauguration. However, the figures, as the report states, make a most favorable showing when compared with the cost of free-delivery service in the smaller cities, and it is too early for any one to state that it will not create values in the regions served that will be more than equivalent to the expenses incurred in establishing the service. The First Assistant Postmaster-General says he believes the service has now reached a critical stage in its existence. Its permanent establishment is, in his judgment, only a question of "discreet and careful postal administration." His statement regarding the expense of the system is encouraging. "I have," he says, "given to this service more thought and attention than to any other subject coming under the control of my bureau, and I verily believe that in nine instances out of ten, where rural free delivery is put in operation, the growth of the revenues from the increase of the mails, resulting from increased postal facilities and the economies made possible by the discontinuance of other service which can be dispensed with, will render rural free-delivery service in no sense a burden upon the government within six months after its establishment. In many instances it has been shown that within sixty days the increase of re-

ceipts and the saving in the cost of service discontinued more than equal the increased expenditures."

In view of the encouraging outlook for this service, and of all the benefits it promises to bestow when it shall have become well established, it is to be hoped that Congress will be liberal in its attitude toward this movement, and give it the assistance in the way of an appropriation which its importance demands.

CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Indianapolis News:] More voting machines and fewer political machines are what this country needs.

[Boston Herald:] Now they have been putting out a fire in New York with champagne. Oh, yes, these are flush times!

[Baltimore American:] The New York paper which is running the United States has added a Duke to its staff, and will soon take charge of European affairs.

[Washington Post:] It may be that an arrangement can be effected by which Mr. Thurston may be placed in charge of the poetry column of the Congressional Record.

[Dallas News:] It would look at this distance that the Texas Thirty-third Regiment had almost broken the back of Aguinaldoism in the Philippines. The marksmanship shown by the regiment is Texan, and the charge with the bayonet is purely Texan. The boys act like they were trained under Hood's old brigade.

[New York Tribune:] California pears and pugilists, among the chief productions of the State, appear to be about the best of their kind; but only the former is a fit commodity for export. She should keep the latter at home, even if she has to hire a hall in which they may hammer the conceit and "stuffing" out of each other without bothering the rest of the world with their swaggering pretensions.

[Laredo News:] Texas is steadily marching ahead. Estimates of the Postoffice Department place our population at 3,400,000, which makes this the fifth State in population. When the census is taken in 1900 it will be the first State, and will have more Congressmen than New York. Under the new apportionment, if the above figures are correct, we will have fifteen instead of thirteen representatives in the national council.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press:] The Ornithologists' Union has discovered that in spite of the movement of the humane societies more birds' wings and breasts were used for decorating hats last year than in any previous year. Unless the milliners' windows are deceptive, the present year will break the record. The Ornithologists' Union might as well understand that when lovely woman sets out to trim her hat, it is a condition and not a theory that confronts her.

HOW PEOPLE SETTLED.

SUCCESSIVE WAVES OF MIGRATION DETERMINED BY TOPOGRAPHY.

"Above the south and east of the Appalachian chain, the geography of the population of the United States falls into divisions as clear and as readily apprehended as they might have been predicted had the students of earth's surface proceeded for enough ahead of its occupants to take the bearings." This statement is made in Ainslee's Magazine, and the writer thus supports it: "The original Ohio immigration spread over the topographical plain until it was checked at the Mississippi. It went toward the Canadian boundary until it was baffled by the down-pouring cold from the lakes of Winnipeg and from Rat Portage. A second movement crossed the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers, settling Iowa and Missouri and overflowing into the higher termini of Kansas and Nebraska. When the navigation fever grew strong, and the public lands became as numerous as are the passions of men to obtain things free of cost, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota were inhabited, with a scattered surplus crowding over into the then forbidding prairies of Dakota. The settlement of Texas was a movement by itself, as Texas has always been a State alone and unique in its place in the galaxy of the nation.

"Gold allurements on the Pacific Coast put the procession of the census out of its order, and left a big blank between the Sierra Nevada, Wasatch and Cascade ranges, and the western portions of Kansas and Nebraska, until similar allurements in Colorado at the time of discovery of the Leadville carbonates reversed the order again and created the constituency of a State in the vicinity of Pike's Peak. Kansas and Nebraska filled up with the extension of the railroads toward the coast. The Dakotas thickened their population after the northern railways were completed. Washington State constituted almost a movement by itself, ensuing upon the arrival of the Villard railroad experiment at Puget Sound and the discovery of the water possibilities in the eastern section, which is now known as the Palouse country. A last, and probably final, movement set in when the Territories of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming received their Statehood.

"Population halted, and halts now, at the rocky shore of the Pacific. The next great division will be in pursuit of the constellation of fame, which Admiral Dewey lit in the Bay of Manila."

SENDING EIGHTY THOUSAND WORDS AN HOUR.

A successful test of the Pollak and Virág system of telegraphy has been made at Budapest, in the presence of representatives of several electrical companies, and of the French, Hungarian and German governments. In this system, by which it is said 80,000 words an hour can be sent on one wire, by the aid of a magnet, a tiny mirror attached to a telephone membrane, moves with each making and breaking of the circuit. By this mirror a powerful electric light is reflected upon an opening in a drum, behind which a roll of sensitized photographic paper passes as the light plays. The record of telegraphic signals which is possible upon this paper is not less than 400,000 per hour, which would give an average of 80,000 words of complete telegraphic messages. The signals from which the telegrams are written out are made decipherable by the operator through the development of the sensitive paper, which occupies but a few moments.

An Autumn Day with Riley. By R. J. Burdette.

"Afterwhiles."

"Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler with his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand;
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for some one's sake,
And wear them the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile."

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

Men do not always travel for business. Even the commercial traveler, weary of rushing trains and jarring wheels as he is, sometimes makes the longest journey of the year back to—

"Where the old home is, and where
The old mother waits us there,
Peering, as the time grows late,
Down the old path to the gate.

How we'll greet the dear old smile,
And the warm tears—afterwhile!"

Why did we go to Indianapolis? Partly to beard a publisher in his own lair—think of that, man or woman with ink on your thumb! To walk right into the Boot Mint of the Bowen-Merrill Company, and sit in President Blobb's private office, and wonder if all publishers were so young, and sunny tempered, and genial, and if all publishing houses flourished in the pleasant, Indian summer atmosphere which pervades our own. Partly to find out by observation just how a publisher, by thinking deeply, could put a book on the market which sells 500,000 the first week, and in the next minute slide another one out on top of the first which—well, which doesn't. My observing thing had slipped an eccentric, I think, and was only working one side, for we found out only one-half of it. That was the other half. And the other reason for going to Indianapolis? Well, that was to run out on "Lockerie street." Never heard of Lockerie street, Indianapolis? Don't know what there is out there? Right at No. 528? Oh, yes, but you surely have, and you certainly do: I'd rather go out there than anywhere else in Indiana.

"Lockerie Street."

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerie street!"

Years ago I read the poem, by James Whitcomb Riley, of which this is the opening stanza. It has the natural, child-dancing step of his heart poems, and the name fitted in so well with the rhythm, that I thought it was merely one of Fancy's songs, with an airy habitation and a dream name. Because in those days Jamesie didn't live on Lockerie street, and never expected to pitch his tent on that pleasant city lane, which didn't belong in town at all, but which loitered too long at the edge of the meadow, and was overtaken and hemmed in by the growing city, always hungry for the pastures and the fringing woods that lie without the walls. But in course of time the poet drifted into this bit of country that lay under the noisy pavement-waves of the restless city, like another Atlantis, and there, in the home of Major and Mrs. Holstein, found himself a dweller on the Lockerie street he had sung, years ago. This is his home, a handful of boys' miles away from his boyhood's home, his birthplace—Greenfield, the focus of "Poems There at Home;" the starting point for "Old Aunt Mary's;" the place where the "Old Fashioned Roses" still grow; a pleasant land of sunny memories—Greenfield, where "The Old Band" used to play.

"Sich tunes as 'John Brown's Body' and 'Sweet Alice,' don't you know;

And 'The Camels A-comin'' and 'John Anderson, My Jo;'

And a dozen others of 'em—'Number Nine' and 'Number

'Leven'

Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream of heaven. And when the boys 'ud saranade, I've laid so still in bed, I've even heerd the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed, When 'Lily Dale' er 'Hazel Dell' had sobbed and died away—

... I want to hear the old band play."

More than a score of years ago I spoke my piece one winter night in Spencer, Ind. While not many miles away, Mr. Riley was charming an audience in Bloomington, where is the State university and a live chapter of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. It was a stormy night. A glare of ice covered the ground, and on this ice a rain was falling to make the slippiness slicker. It was all that the attraction of gravitation could do to keep from sliding off and joining the leonids and other loose and wandering things. The Bloomington hall was an oddly-constructed affair. The stairway opened right in the middle of the hall, abruptly as a trap door. So, if any one came in late, he loomed up before the astonished lecturer and in the midst of the audience, like an apparition from the nether world. The poet-lecturer was getting along splendidly, and he was in the midst of some very pathetic little sketch in rhyme, about mid-evening. Suddenly the hasty steps of a belated season-ticket holder smote the stairway with emphatic impatience, leaping up the long flight two steps at a time. The patron shot up into view, panting and breathless, his ticket held out in his extended hand, his eager eyes divided between the poet and a rolling search for the place where his seat ought to be. In his haste he climbed the extra step—the one that wasn't there. It threw him off his balance; he tripped, stumbled, fell, and went rolling, thumping, thumping down the long stairway, clear to the bottom. A chorus of shrieks arose from the women-folk; three or four

young men sprang to their feet and hurried downstairs in straggling order, to help the fallen ticket-holder, the poet paused in his lecture, and the house was silent as sepulcher. Then, half-way down the stairs, a voice, tremulous with anxious fear, called out,

"Is he alive?"

A second of silence, intense, full of strained apprehension and fear, then the answering voice came up like a rocket, thrilled with amazement—

"By George, he isn't here!"

Murmurs of surprise floated up the stairway as the rescue party hurried on down, and there was that agitated, nervous rustle in the hall, which is the way a crowd speaks without moving the lips. Presently, from out of doors, came again, in emphasized amazement, a voice from the relief expedition—

"I can't find him!"

Then the murmurs ran farther away. By and by a distant shout, mingled with laughter, came back into the hall, "Caesar's ghost! Here he is!"

And theré he was, sure enough. He had rolled downstairs, out of the open doors; there he struck the ice at the foot of the doorstep, went sliding down the long walk on the water-smooth glare like a human toboggan, clear out to the edge of the square, "and if it hadn't been for the courthouse fence," said Riley, "he would have slid clear out into the street and half-way to Spencer!"

Was he hurt? Nobody ever knew. He never would tell. When the relief expedition found him, he was floundering about in a little pool with an icy bottom; struggling to get on his feet, falling down with a sprawling splash twice as often as he got half-way up, the maddest man that ever fought against the icy ruler of the inverted year, while he pealed the night with language hot enough to thaw the North Pole.

In the Smoker.

"Well," says he,

"Now, what's yourn?" he says to me:
I chawed on—fer—quite a spell—
Then I speaks up, slow and dry,
'Jes' tobacker!' I—says—I—
And you'd orta heerd 'em yell!"

That night Mr. Riley drove over to Spencer to catch a train. I came down from my room about 4 a.m., and found him at a table drawn up before a roaring grate fire, writing poetry, drying, and steaming, and solacing himself with a cigar, which was evidently comforting him for all hardships past and troubles to come. We rode into Indianapolis together. "What kind of a time did you have in Spencer?" he asked. I told him that the committee and the newspaper men kindly braved the storm rather than have the hall closed on me. "How did you get along, Jamesie?" "Oh," he said, cheerfully, "I held the janitor spellbound for an hour and a half!"

A Riley Reception.

"The orchard lands of Long Ago!
O drowsy winds, awake, and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me
And all the buds that used to be!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.

*Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the twitter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,
In orchard lands of Long Ago!"

Once upon a time, a-many years ago, Indianapolis, which worships Riley even as it loves him, was bent upon giving him a reception. They sent for Eugene Field and Edgar Wilson Nye to come and assist. The Grand Operahouse was packed until people began to fall out of the windows.

Purt' nigh. The programme arrangement was Nye, Field, Riley. But when the curtain rang up, Mr. Riley appeared. He explained that he was out of his place on the programme merely to make a little announcement concerning Mr. Nye. The humorist was a victim to a hereditary affliction in regard to which he was morbidly sensitive. It was quite noticeable, and sometimes, when people laughed at the bright humor of the lecture, Mr. Nye, with his peculiar sensitiveness, thought they were laughing at this physical defect, and it humiliated and embarrassed him, even to the extent, at times, of making him forget his lines. Mr. Riley asked the audience, therefore, out of consideration for Mr. Nye's feelings, to remain perfectly quiet during his reading, and especially to refrain from any laughter. He would add, that the affliction was merely a slight tendency to premature baldness.

Well, the audience put on a decorous, sympathetic look, when Nye came on, making his first bow to an Indianapolis congregation, bending that hairless, glistening billiard ball of a head before them. The house gasped and then most incontinently roared. When he could command silence, Nye said that he had been summoned there by telegraph—a compliment indeed, which he highly appreciated. He was glad to come. But the audience would observe as the entertainment proceeded, that while he and Mr. Field would appear together, and Mr. Riley and Mr. Field would be on the platform at the same time, he and Mr. Riley would not come on together. To explain these separate appearances of himself and "the star," he would read Mr. Riley's telegram of invitation:

"Edgar Wilson Nye—Come to Indianapolis and appear at my reception. Be sure to bring a dress suit."

"P. S.—Don't forget the trousers. I have a pair of suspenders."

For a moment the jest hung fire. Then somebody tit-

tered, the fuse sizzled down the aisle to the boxes, and then the gallery fell.

Riley and Nye and Field. What a trio. And today Riley stands alone, recalling in his memories of yesterday, the friends who laughed and sang with him that night.

"O, the days gone by! O, the days gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye; The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin's magic ring.

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything; When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh.

In the golden, olden glory of the days gone by."

Happy days they were. How they bubbled over with laughter. How many times I have turned one or two hundred miles out of my way, just to get to Indianapolis for a day and a night with Riley. I met him at the door of the Journal office one night. "Where are you going?" he demanded. "Nowhere," I said. "Anywhere." I've just come down from La Porte to put in our campfire with you." He said he had an assignment to report a "wind fight," but he would sub-let it, which he did. The "wind fight" was an oratorical contest. And we prowled about Indianapolis, and climbed up into newspaper offices, and invaded the rooms of fellows whom we knew, or loitered here and there by ourselves, under no pretext of hunting material, or making "character studies," or of doing anything else useful—merely filling the night with our talk, and the delight of being with each other.

"Our Kind of a Man."

"The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly,
And smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force like fists.
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where most is the need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's fears;

He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of a man for you and me!"

And James Whitcomb Riley unconsciously describes himself. A brave, strong, patient life has been his, the inner sanctuaries of it known only to his most intimate friends. A year or two ago I read through a packet of letters written by him when he was a care-free youth of 19 or 20, maybe. They were written in his wandering days, penciled on soft tablet paper; written here and there in the resting times at this town or that, and sometimes by the roadside. They were written to a comrade of his own age. There was no reason why the writer should not have dropped into the easy, slip-shod—sometimes slovenly manner into which so many men—about everybody except you and me—are so apt to slide when they write to each other. The English of those letters is correct, the phraseology is refined; only once or twice in the dozen letters does he use any dialect, and then it is "quoted." And for the tone and matter of the letters, they are clean and pure as a girl's. Any one of them might have been written to his mother or his sisters. That was the boy Riley, and that has been the life of the man. How gentle he is, all the world of his readers knows. How loving and loyal-hearted he is, his friends of the inner circle know. And if you want to know how a singer can be loved and honored in his own city and country, go to Indianapolis and hear them talk about Jamesie.

"Peared-like, he was more satisfied

Jes' lookin' at Jim,

And likin' him all to hisself-like, see?—

'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!

And over and over I mind the day

The old man came and stood round in the way

While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—

And down at the deepest a-hearin' him say,

'Well, good by, Jim;

Take keer of yourse'f!"

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

MUNIFICENCE OF A MISER.

[New York Tribune:] They were telling a story in Wall street last week about a speculator who is notoriously parsimonious, even miserly, with his money. He had a religious upbringing in his youth, however, and though he has departed pretty far from the precepts he learned at his mother's knee, he yet has spasms of conscience once in a while. One of these occurred recently, and while the conscience-stricken broker was under the spell, a consummate-looking beggar asked him for a nickel to get something to eat. Instead of ignoring the mediant, as usual, the broker stopped and interrogated him. Evidently convinced that the man was genuinely in need of food, the broker told him to wait a minute. Then, turning into a nearby saloon, the broker bought a drink and swallowed it. Taking a handful of crackers from the free lunch counter he walked out and gave them to the beggar.

Dr. O'Meara, author of the famous volumes, "Napoleon at St. Helena," left a journal of his daily intercourse with Napoleon in exile, less than half of which was drawn upon in his published work. The original journal, containing upward of 160,000 words, was bequeathed by Dr. O'Meara to a friend, by whose heirs it has been placed in the hands of the editors of the Century. It abounds in passages of the greatest interest, as bearing on the character and opinions of Napoleon, matter which was suppressed by Dr. O'Meara at the time of the publication of his book in 1822. This journal, which is distinct from the book manuscript, though the latter is in large measure founded upon it, is in a fuller and more intimate style, and details the life and conversation at Longwood without reserve. The Century Magazine will soon begin to publish copious extracts from this journal.

now I'd be a fool to tell you

as old

BRITAIN'S WAR MONEY.

THE OLD-TIME "WAR CHEST" NOW A THING OF THE PAST.

From a Special Correspondent.

London, Nov. 20.—It is an interesting fact that the English people will not know until 1901 how much of their money it cost to soak the tip of Africa in blood. The \$50,000,000 that Parliament voted off-hand at the beginning of the Transvaal war was thought in a general sort of way to be enough to last until March in the ordinary course of events, and if it wasn't—why then there was plenty more coming from somewhere or other, and if the Boers were not wiped out by March it was all the same, so far as money was concerned.

The other night, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, was giving an address. He observed that the accumulation of arms and ammunition by the Boers before war was declared had made it "necessary to increase the British garrison in South Africa at an extra expense of \$2,000,000, and—"

Just then the speech was interrupted by a voice from the audience shouting, "What does it matter?"

And that interjection tells the story. The man who made it spoke for the great middle class of the English people—usually so careful with their pennies. Where does all the money come from? And how is it spent? Although the general public doesn't know and merely says, "What does it matter?" I supposed government officials could answer the question for me in detail. Oddly enough they couldn't. Nobody knows yet just where the actual cost is to come from, or how the whole of it is being spent. It isn't as if the old war chest were in business yet.

The Ancient War Chest.

Once upon a time there really was a war chest—an actual, literal war chest. Kings of England respected the demands of that chest to a greater extent than they were wont to respect the requirements of a good many other deserving institutions, and all the gold pieces that they felt they could spare from their own pet enterprises they dropped into it as a child puts pennies in his little tin bank.

Government officials say, when I ask them half seriously if the war chest is today hidden away in some burglar-proof vault, that no such thing now exists, that in these days of blue books and public reports that any one can buy for a cent, there is no chance for any such secret fund. Germany, however, is popularly supposed to have a strongly-guarded war chest, and so, it is believed, has Italy and Austria. Indeed, Robert Barr grouped a deal of the plot of his novel "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," about the supposed looting of the Austrian war chest.

Of course, England's war chest had, for a long time after its retirement, an antetype in the shape of an imposing war fund, but that was in its turn demolished in 1832 by Pitt in his scheme for the consolidated fund, and it is upon this consolidated fund that England is drawing for her present occupation of conducting a campaign in the Transvaal. As for the consolidated fund, it is nothing more or less than the receipts of the government, minus its expenses, and it was William Pitt who decided, instead of keeping track of a score of separate funds, to lump the whole lot of them together and to allow expenditures to be made only by act of Parliament.

The Treasury Chest Fund.

So today there is only one reminder of the ancient war chest, so coddled by Britain's rulers, and that is an entry on the books of the Bank of England, crediting Her Majesty's government with \$3,750,000, to be used for foreign expenses, and known as the treasury-chest fund. This name is an echo of the olden days when every war expedition that left England carried with it a veritable "chest" packed with gold pieces for the payment of the army, and it is used simply for the carrying on of enterprises, usually of a peaceful nature, in distant portions of Great Britain's domains. This treasury-chest fund is always kept at the same figure. For instance, upon the representative of Her Majesty's government being advised of any needed improvement coming within his administration and involving heavy expenditures, he invites tenders of capital, accepting the most favorable and issuing bills on the treasury-chest fund. Upon their presentation at the Bank of England they are audited and promptly paid, when the treasury-chest fund's accountants straightway make requisition for the amount of the expenditure upon either the War Office or the Admiralty, accordingly as the expenses incurred have been on account of the army or navy. To each of these two great government services a sum in the neighborhood of \$125,000,000 is allotted annually, that is, for ordinary maintenance, but the coming of war with the Boers was of course immediately followed by a Parliamentary grant of \$50,000,000 to be spent in crushing the rebellion, exactly what the United States Congress voted to fight Spain.

I was informed by a high government official that the present sum voted by Parliament was regarded as little more than a flea bite, and is expected to last until the 31st of March, by which time they hope that the war will have been fought and won by Great Britain. He stated that the last Boer war cost England just \$25,000,000. "This one will cost more," he said, "because we are trusting to do the work a little better."

The Cost of the Present War.

"Of course you know," he went on, "how the present appropriation from the consolidated fund is to be reclaimed. According to a statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the excess in the receipts of the government over the anticipated expenses as shown in the last budget will supply \$15,000,000 out of the \$55,000,000 which have been appropriated, and the other \$40,000,000 will be accumulated by the negotiations of small loans. However, this war is only a petty affair. In the event of a great war, the \$30,000,000 which England devotes annually to the payment of the interest on her national debt would be left unpaid, and

a new debt contracted, the amount of which would be equal to that upon which \$30,000,000 would pay the annual interest."

"What, then, has been the cost of the present war up to date?"

"Nobody knows. No one will know, either, until the spring of 1901—that is, accurately. Not until that time will it be possible to gather together the disbursements of each of the multitudes of different departments. Now you might be able to guess at the amount of each one of those, but the sum total is a matter for the future alone."

Arthur Balfour is, of course, the first of the five Lords of the Treasury with a capital, and the other four are mere figureheads at best. But the real national financier is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. He it is who, when an emergency arises—like the present one—is in for the not too easy task of finding the best way to meet it.

His office of Chancellor of the Exchequer corresponds almost exactly to that of Secretary of the Treasury in the United States.

The Chancellor has only recently recovered from a serious illness that was bothering him just about the time when the necessity of spending \$50,000,000 in killing people made its appearance, and the questions which are fired at him several dozen times a day are alone enough to drive a nervous man distracted, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is not, if treasury people are to be believed, at all ruffled by his sense of responsibility—coolness always has been one of his characteristics—but goes on from day to day signing for transports and reinforcements and ammunition and mules with apparently as little unconcern as if England started a new war every day in the week. As for the other treasury employés, as has been said, that portion of them detailed to keep tabs on the War Office in its wild career of expenditure are rather pressed for time, but otherwise business goes along in the treasury just about as usual, which means in a thoroughly dignified manner, unmarred by improper haste.

No Bother About Money.

When Parliament was summoned to an extraordinary session in the last days of October, its members were made to understand that their business was to appropriate funds for a war which one Kruger had forced England into waging, and they promptly made those appropriations without waiting to hear if the country could afford the luxury of a war or not. If that unhesitating action might be interpreted as a delicate compliment to the sagacity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was fully justified, for Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has a plan.

To begin with, an unusually prosperous season helped him. In estimating, at the beginning of the fiscal year, on the probable receipts and disbursements of the government during its course, the Chancellor chose not to err on the side of optimism—consequently his balance sheet shows a surplus of \$15,000,000, which can immediately be utilized for war purposes. As for the balance of \$35,000,000 still to be reclaimed, Sir Michael will depend on the issuance of treasury bills to the extent of \$40,000,000—thus setting his figure \$5,000,000 ahead of actual requirements, to allow for miscalculations. He has no idea, however, of placing so large an amount of treasury bills on the market at once, but will issue them only as occasion demands. Considerable sums have also been promised him by the commissioners for the redemption of the national debt—to be taken from the resources in their hands belonging to the savings banks deposits. Through this course of action any disturbance of the money market will be avoided.

No less than three other plans of financial campaign have, however, suggested themselves to the Chancellor. They were, a possible suspension of the payment of the national

debt; the addition of a penny or of two-pence to the income tax; and an increase in the subjects of imports on which a duty is charged. What renders all three of these suggestions impracticable is the fact that seven months of the Parliamentary year—which begins in April—already have passed. The suspension of payment on the national debt for the five remaining months would, financiers have advised the Chancellor, be almost barren of results. As for the income tax, it has been made plain that while Sir Michael believes that the people affected by this tax—all those whose income are \$800 or over—should pay their share, and possibly a heavy share, of the war expenses; still he is convinced that to increase the nation's resources by an addition to this tax alone would be emphatically unfair and inequitable. It is likewise clear that in the event of an increase in the subjects of indirect taxation for so short a time would simply defeat its own ends, for the reason that the persons dealing in the dutiable commodities would reduce their purchases to the lowest point possible—so that the customs receipts on those subjects might fall short of what they are at present, to say nothing of netting an appreciable increase.

The Question of Payment.

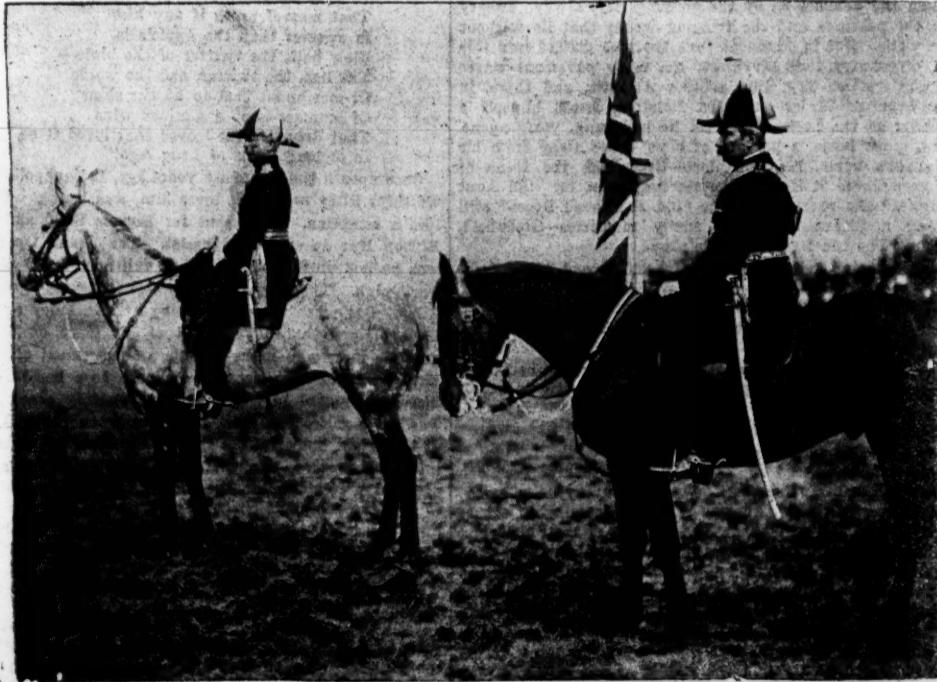
Although the men who are looking after the finances of the British nation are very far from saying, in the manner of the man in the gallery, "What does it matter?" they do not propose to be over hasty in their anxiety to pay for this war. Parliament has voted the money—enough for the present, at any rate—and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has told where that money is to come from; about paying it back again there is no hurry, and unless funds should run out before Parliament reassembles in the natural course in April, the question of payment will not be considered until then. When payment is made, the funds probably will be raised by means of a uniform tax, and of this tax the Boers will have to stand their full share, and perhaps more, too. Britain claims that they brought on this war and that they ought to pay for a good deal of it. The Transvaal is rich in its gold fields, and although one of the constant complaints of its inhabitants has been that the taxes on these fields are excessive, the Chancellor of the Exchequer steadfastly believes that, under a pure and equitable administration of its public affairs, the Transvaal, besides supporting its own government, could furnish appreciable assistance toward the payment of the new floating war debt.

However, although no one is worrying over the payment of the war bill at present, when the time for its consideration comes, short shift will be made of it. It is definitely known that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach hopes that it may be paid off in the year following next year—1901.

If, however, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had thought it wise to make an increase in the income tax it would have been by no means the first time that an action of this kind has been taken in an emergency brought about by war. Such an increase was made in the years from 1864 to 1867 by Lord Beaconsfield to provide for the extraordinary disbursements caused by the Abyssinian war, and in 1884 Mr. Gladstone followed his example with an increase of a penny on account of the Bechuanaland and Sudan expeditions. In both of these years, however, the income tax stood at five pence on the pound, instead of at eight, as at present, the increased tax being the result of the immense additions to the British army and naval forces. As for the national debt, payment on that colossal liability was suspended as a war measure by Mr. Gladstone in 1885. Again in 1894 an attempt was made to increase the revenue by an additional tax on spirits. The only result was the entire disorganization of the liquor trade and little if any addition was made to the revenue for the period during which the increase was in existence.

MARSHALL LORD.

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GENS. WOLSELEY AND BULLER.

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The above photograph presents Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, who is in command of the British forces in South Africa, and Field Marshal Garnet Joseph Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the British army, reviewing the Scotch Guards before their departure for South Africa. So far as possible Gen. Wolseley has made it his business to inspect each detachment of troops before its departure, and his presence has added to the enthusiasm of the soldiers on their way to the seat of war. Although the active command in the Transvaal is delegated to Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, the commander-in-chief spends some sixteen hours of every day at the War Office, keeping careful note of every movement on the South African checker-board.

Field Marshal Wolseley is now 66 years old, and has held the chief command of the British army since 1895. His military career dates back to 1852, and has included Crimea, Lucknow, the Burmese war, campaigns in Afghanistan and Egypt, and the direction of the Gordon relief expedition. Only a few of England's great military heroes have had a career to equal that of Gen. Wolseley, either in length or in distinguished service. Field Marshal Wolseley is not popular with the British public. No man, except our own Secretary of War, Alger, has ever been more severely and bitterly criticized.—[By permission of Army and Navy, London.]



THE GRAND ARMY.

THIS YEAR MARKS THE BEGINNING OF ITS RAPID DECLINE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE circle is narrowing. One name after another is crossed out by the black pencil of grim death. Day after day at roll call we hear of veterans who are 'not present,' but 'accounted for.' They have gone to join the great majority of our comrades who sleep tonight beneath the low green tent whose curtains never swing outward.

This was said of the passing of the Grand Army of the Republic by President McKinley at the last national encampment. He summed up with brief eloquence the pathetic story of the soldier of the civil war. This fighting man—alas! will soon be only a memory. For years the death rate has grown and grown in the Grand Army.

Each time a national encampment has been held, the number of well-known faces that did not appear has been greater, and the tread of the old veterans who did appear has been more uncertain.

The Slow Retreat.

Those who have attended these encampments regularly have grown accustomed to this fading away, but even they will be shocked when the report of the Adjutant-General for 1898 is issued. It will show that within a twelve-month over seventeen thousand members have gone to sleep "beneath the low green tent whose curtains never swing outward." The greatest previous loss for a year, the year 1898, was only 8383, so that the death rate for 1899 was more than double. If this rate keeps up, and it will not only keep up, but grow greater each year, there will soon be an end of the heroes of '61.

It is seldom that figures tell a touching tale, but the figures of the membership and death in the Grand Army are more touching and mournful than the most eloquent funeral discourse ever preached.

The following table shows the membership each year since and including 1878:

1878	31,016	1883	397,774
1879	44,752	1890	409,489
1880	60,634	1891	407,781
1881	85,856	1892	399,880
1882	134,701	1893	397,223
1883	215,446	1894	359,083
1884	273,168	1895	357,639
1885	294,787	1896	340,610
1886	323,571	1897	319,450
1887	355,916	1898	305,603
1888	372,960	1899	287,981

The death rate for thirteen years past is shown by the following figures:

	Members.	Percent.	Members.	Percent.
1885	3020	0.93	1893	7002
1887	3406	0.95	1894	7283
1888	4433	1.18	1895	7368
1889	4695	1.18	1896	7293
1890	476	1.33	1897	7515
1891	5953	1.46	1898	8383
1892	6404	1.61		

The '99 death rate is not included in the table, but the report of Adjt.-Gen. Thomas J. Stewart shows that the membership dwindled from 305,603 in 1898 to 287,981 in 1899, giving a net loss of 17,622, or a percentage of 5.7, a most appalling jump from the 2.41 per cent. of 1898.

Slow Growth, Rapid Decline.

It will be seen that the order reached its greatest height in 1891. This was over twenty-five years after its foundation. Its growth was slow. Its decline promises to be so rapid that the end is almost certain in a few years more.

The man who organized the Grand Army did not live long enough to see the order in its best in point of members. He died in 1871, before it was a firmly-established institution, for the order was on the brink of disruption for years. The founder was Dr. Benjamin F. Stephenson. He went through the war as surgeon of the Fourteenth Illinois Regiment, coming out as major. His home was in Springfield, Ill. After peace was declared, and the troops were waiting to be mustered out, Dr. Stephenson first broached the subject of organizing a society that would enable the soldiers to continue in time of peace the associations that had grown up during the war. The idea took at once, but, like many another movement, admirable in itself, it did not grow spontaneously.

The doctor laid out very carefully a plan of organization, and it speaks volumes for his genius that this plan has been closely followed ever since. Without any special authority, he constituted himself "Commander of the Department of Illinois," and on the 6th of April, 1866, he organized the first post of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Decatur, Ill. The charter members were: M. F. Kanan, G. R. Steele, George H. Dunning, I. C. Pugh, J. H. Nale, J. I. Bishop, C. Riebsame, J. W. Routh, B. F. Sibley, I. N. Coltrin, Joseph Prior and A. Toland. They formed "Post 1, of Decatur, District of Moen, Department of Illinois." The charter was signed by Dr. Stephenson as "Commander of the Department," and by Robert M. Woods as "Adjutant-General."

The First Real Department.

With this post as a starter, Dr. Stephenson began the real organization of the "Department of Illinois." He appointed a staff to expedite the work. This staff consisted of Col. Jules C. Webber, as aide-de-camp and chief of staff; Maj. Woods, adjutant-general; Col. John M. Snyder, quartermaster-general; Lieut. John S. Phelps, aide-de-camp and captain; John A. Lightfoot, assistant adjutant-general. These men worked so well that within three months a State convention was held at Springfield. This convention, which was called to order on July 12, 1866, elected as State commander, Gen. John M. Palmer, the candidate of the gold Democrats in the last Presidential campaign. Gen. John Cook was elected as assistant department commander;

Gen. Jules C. Webber, adjutant-general; Col. John M. Snyder, quartermaster-general; John C. Lightfoot, assistant quartermaster-general; and Gen. John McArthur, Gen. T. F. Mather and Gen. I. C. Pugh as members of the Committee of Administration. Dr. Stephenson was formally recognized as "the lead and front of the organization" by an unanimous resolution. He was not elected to any office in the department, because it was feared that this would hamper his work in organizing the Grand Army on a national basis.

Acting as commander-in-chief, the doctor, aided by Adjt.-Gen. Woods and Col. Snyder, pushed the organization as rapidly as possible into other States. With what rapidity they worked may be inferred from the fact that by October, 1866, departments had been formed in Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia. A national convention was called by Dr. Stephenson to meet at Indianapolis on November 20, 1866.

First National Gathering.

At the convention all the States named and Illinois were represented. In addition there were also delegates from the "Veteran Brotherhood of Kansas" and of the "Soldiers' and Sailors' Union of New York."

Pennsylvania was represented by delegates from two posts in Philadelphia, no State organization having as yet been effected there.

For some reason that does not appear, Dr. Stephenson was not elected as commander-in-chief. He was made adjutant-general instead. S. A. Hurlburt of Illinois, was elected as the first commander-in-chief; J. B. McKean of New York, senior vice commander-in-chief; R. S. Foster of Indiana, junior vice commander-in-chief; August Willich of Ohio, quartermaster-general; Dr. C. McNeil of Iowa, surgeon-general; William A. Pile of Missouri, chaplain, and J. K. Proudfit of Wisconsin, William Vendever of Iowa, T. C. Osborn of Illinois, T. C. Fletcher of Wisconsin, T. T. Taylor of Ohio, T. K. Milwood of Kentucky, F. J. Bramhall of New York, Nathan Kimball of Indiana, and Clayton Michael of Pennsylvania, council of administration.

The objects of the organization were clearly set forth in a set of resolutions. These resolutions make interesting reading, especially at this time when the order is passing into the shadow, having most faithfully carried out the design for which it was created. It was set forth in these resolutions, among other things, that the Grand Army was "to maintain in civil life those great principles for which it stood in arms under the national flag; that it stands pledged to crush out active treason, to advance and support loyalty, to secure sound constitutional liberty to all men, and vindicate everywhere, and at all times the full and complete rights of every loyal American citizen, against all combinations of force or fraud that may attempt to deny or deprive them of such rights."

Troubles Days.

For some time after the formal organization at Indianapolis the order made rapid progress. Then it stood still. Then it went backward and finally it looked as if it would go to pieces. This was due principally to the fact that many members tried to use the organization for political purposes. A bitter internece strife ensued, and when the second convention, called at Philadelphia on January 15, 1868, met, the Grand Army was almost without legs. This, too, in spite of the fact that twenty-one State departments had been organized. Public opinion was against it, and the press was very largely against it. The membership had dwindled almost to nothing. The twenty-one State departments were mere skeletons.

Two things saved the order. One was the adoption of a resolution, after a bitter fight setting forth that "the organization does not design to make nominations for office, nor to use its influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes." The other act that gave new life was the election of Gen. John A. Logan, as commander-in-chief. Gen. Logan was then, as he was up to the hour of his death, one of the best beloved men in the United States. The veterans of the volunteer army fairly worshipped this impetuous, dashing soldier, and they rallied by thousands to the support of the Grand Army as soon as his election was announced. The general took full advantage of the new born enthusiasm. With his well-known energy he set to work to build up everywhere. He was re-elected in 1869 and 1870, and when in 1871 he was succeeded by Gen. A. E. Burnside, the Grand Army had made great headway.

The Birth of Memorial Day.

The most popular act of Gen. Logan's administration, and in many respects the most interesting in the history of the G.A.R., was the creation of Memorial day. The original suggestion came from a member of the Grand Army, whose identity has been lost. Nothing is known of him except that he lived in Cincinnati, and that he was a German by birth. He wrote to the adjutant-general that it would be a gracious thing if the Grand Army should inaugurate a movement to decorate the graves of the soldiers who had fallen in the civil war, on a certain day in the spring of the year. He pointed out that this custom had been observed for many years in Germany where he had served in the army before coming to the United States, and that the practice had much to do with keeping alive the spirit of patriotism for which the Germans are famous.

N. P. Chipman, who was then the adjutant-general, fell in with the suggestion at once and submitted it to Gen. Logan, who issued an order on May 5, 1868, appointing May 30 of each year as Memorial day when the posts of the organization were requested to "strew with flowers" the graves of their comrades.

An Eloquent Appeal.

The order of the commander-in-chief was couched in most eloquent language.

"If other eyes grow dull and other hands grow slack, and other hearts are cold in keeping the solemn trust," wrote Gen. Logan, "ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us."

"Let us then at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us, in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us; a sacred

charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan."

From the very first the idea put forth in Gen. Logan's order took with the people. Not alone the veterans, but the men who had not served under arms gave the suggestion their hearty support, and in a few years it spread to the South where the people also joined hands with their veterans to decorate the graves of the men who had died in the gray. If it had done nothing else the Grand Army would have been entitled to the warm regard of the nation for the establishment of what is undoubtedly our most inspiring national holiday.

But the organization has done a great deal more. It has gathered and spent many millions in charity, a charity that was not prescribed by any limit of creed or color. Thousands, yes hundreds of thousands, of old soldiers, and the widows and orphans of soldiers, would have found life an intolerable burden, but for the gentle helping hand of this great order. Where others have been frightened off because an old man was too weak or too sinful to battle against the world, the Grand Army has come to the rescue. He may have been a drunkard or a vagrant, it was sufficient for the order that he had at one time worn the uniform. That he should be or have been a member of the order at any time was not a necessary requisite to secure its aid. No certificate of membership was demanded before aid was given.

Has Taught Love of Country.

And in inculcating patriotism, the order has done an inestimable work. How much the love of country that burns high in every real American's breast is due to the work and teachings of the Grand Army posts, no one can ever estimate. It has been the constant aim of the posts to imbue their fellows, and especially the children among them, with a love of the flag. From thousands of flag staffs over schoolhouses in every part of the country float sets of national colors presented by the organized veterans.

It is no small wonder, in view of all this that the tears stood in the eyes of the President of the United States as, viewing a parade of the old soldiers, he said:

"The Grand Army of the Republic is marching into the shadows."

PAUL LATZKE.

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BOER SLAUGHTER OF THE GIRAFFE.

THE NOBLE ANIMAL SOON LIKELY TO BE EXTINCT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[*Scientific American:*]—The Boers are credited with being great hunters, and chief of them in his younger days was President Kruger, whose daring in attacking a lion single-handed, with a hunting knife, has many times been told. When the Boers migrated from Cape Colony to the Transvaal they were forced to clear the way by killing 6000 lions, many of which were killed by Kruger. For

years the South African Boers have been hunters, and their skill with the rifle is due to this daily practice in the fields and woods. But with them the killing of game has been either a matter of dollars and cents or self-protection.

Their creditable work of freeing South Africa of the dreaded lions, which roamed in such numbers that life was rendered unsafe anywhere in the country, is offset by their ruthless destruction of the giraffe from Cape Colony to the Bottletli River. If they killed 6000 lions in the Transvaal before existence was made safe, they may have killed 60,000 of the innocent, graceful giraffes. In the early days of South African history the giraffe was the most abundant game in the Transvaal, Matabeleland, and Orange Free State, but the creature has been killed off like our American buffalo, and the few remaining representatives of a noble race gradually driven north. For years past the giraffe has been a profitable quarry for the Boer hunters, and the animal was valued by them only because the hides were articles of commercial use. They were pot-hunted, shot down in droves, and destroyed in the greatest number possible in every direction. The extinction of the animal in South Africa is now threatened, and its preservation by legislation comes when it is almost too late. In this respect, too, the brief history of the creature will resemble the story of our buffalo.

A good giraffe skin is worth from \$10 to \$20 in South Africa today, and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips ten and fifteen years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill forty and fifty of these graceful animals in one day. The reason for this is that the giraffe is the most innocent of animals, and easily hunted. They are absolutely defenseless, and there is hardly a case on record where a wounded giraffe turned upon the hunter. It is true they have great powers of speed, and they can dodge rapidly from tree to tree in the woods, but they offer such a fair mark that these tactics hardly ever save them. Not until unusually frightened does the giraffe make its best speed, and then it is often too late, for the hunter is upon it. There is really no element of danger connected with this sport, and that makes it less exciting and attractive to a true sportsman. Under certain circumstances it is possible to be injured with the powerful legs of the giraffe, which are capable of kicking a blow that would kill a lion. This latter beast for this reason takes good care to attack the giraffe at unexpected moments.

It takes a good horse to run down a giraffe, and if the least advantage is permitted the wild creature the race is lost. Its peculiar gait is very ungraceful and deceptive, but it covers the ground with remarkable facility. In the open veldt the hunters always have the best of the race, but the giraffe when surprised makes instantly for the forest, where tough vines and intermingling branches make traveling difficult for the hunter. The bushes and thorns tear and lacerate the skin of the horses, but the tough skin of the giraffe is barely scratched. The creature will tear a path through the toughest and thickest jungle, and never suffer in the least.

This skin or hide of the animal is its chief article of value. No wonder that the bullets often fail to penetrate this skin, for it is from three-quarters to an inch thick, and as tough as it is thick. This skin when cured and tanned makes excellent leather for certain purposes. The Boers make riding whips and sandals out of the skins they do not send to Europe. The bones of the giraffe have also a commercial value, and in Europe they are in great demand for manufacturing buttons and other bone articles. The tendons of the giraffe are so strong that they will sustain an enormous dead weight, which gives to them pecuniary value.

The extinction of the giraffe in South Africa is to be deplored, because the animal is peculiarly adapted to the wilderness of forest and veldt, where it feeds on the giraffe acacia that nature seems to have raised specially for it.

[DECEMBER 3, 1899.]

AN IDLER'S NOTEBOOK.

MEXICO CITY—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

I KNEW very well how Mexico City was going to impress me. There would be splendid churches, with long, glittering religious processions; there would be acres of century-old palaces with bands playing in front (what for, I didn't know); every front yard would be a miasmatic tangle of vines, century plants, cactuses and orchids; in every balcony there would be a lovely, haughty maiden, with a fan and a mantilla and a big comb of tortoise shell in her blue-back hair; in the street below would be her masculine affinity—tall, straight, lightning-eyed, with a sugar-loaf hat, a zarape and a cigarette—he might have his guitar; there would be poor people—not many and all light-hearted, I hoped; there might be a few brigands with embroidered jackets and silver spurs a-jangle; there might be—who could tell?—political revolution. Of course, I could not be sure of everything, although my hopes were reasonably modern.

There was one thing, however, of which I was entirely confident—I knew that my first glimpse of all those dazzling, enrapturing landscape arrangements would be under the bluest blue sky and in a blinding white sunshine.

Travelers' Luck.

But travelers always encounter the unusual bits of weather. I landed in Mexico City in company with a rain-storm. It was disheartening to one who had for months been saving particular and high degrees of enthusiasm for that one first moment; accordingly, I wished to postpone my first impressions until another day, but Fate was unrelenting.

Nevertheless, as we drove up into the city (with our cabman crying "Sh! sh! sh!" to the horses, as though they were hens,) the law of compensation was in evidence. The

little peon staggering along the slippery cobbles, with a perfectly immense American trunk on his shoulder. I was told that the little son of Isachar would carry a dreadful trunk like that from the depot of the Mexican Central to the hotel, a distance of about a mile and a half, and up two flights, all for the fee of 25 cents, Mexican. It was outrageous. Why, if he should slip and fall, he or his follower would be crushed—and what would become of his family? I sat aghast—such a very little peon and such a very big trunk—he trotted past. I trembled with anxiety—ah! may all the saints of his parish forgive me! That trunk was my very own.

At last, the carriage stopped in front of the hotel. It was a new hotel, on May the Fifth street, dating only from the time of Maximilian, and named for a great and brave man, Comonfort, the President of the republic, who dealt the deathblow to the church as a governing power in the State. Of course, it was to be regretted that it was not a century or two old, like most of the others—and that it had not been a palace or a convent of the inquisition; but, then, it was near the cathedral and the famous old plaza; it was not far from the beautiful alameda, and every immediate prospect therefrom was lavish in the matter of church domes and towers.

On the other side of that portal with the big iron knocker, in that balconied, yet plain-looking old stucco building, would I find my first home in Mexico. Was I to be poisoned in my chocolate? Or stabbed under the left shoulder-blade some moonless evening as I innocently walked along the corridor?

Reform in the Patio.

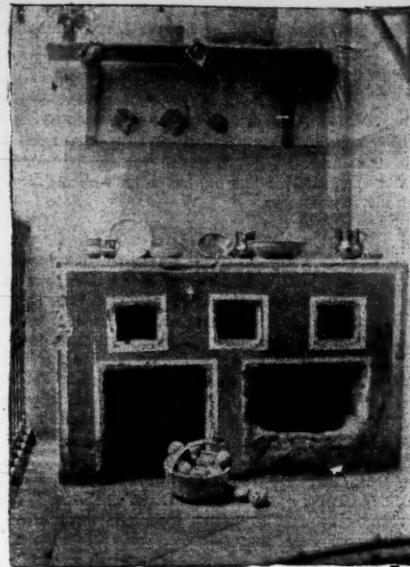
There were no tropical plants in the patio; it was bare and clean. That was a distinct disappointment. An esteemed patron of the establishment (an American, of course) had, after an argument extending over a number of years, induced the management to dispense with the garden of plants in the court—and also its mosquitoes. My regret is that I did not precede that particular reform and the general introduction of electric lights and bicycles. Thank heaven, I got there before telephones and the horseless carriage!

The Light of Former Days.

The hotel furniture was delightfully old and Frenchy;

wardly with his hands at position rest; he always rushed out with a wide smile and a giggle. My Spanish must have, indeed, been villainous, when a Mexican mozo could not hear it unmoved. Such a capable, faithful boy was little Mariano—with a family of his own, somewhere in one of the country villages. Of course, he broke hand mirrors, but he never stole a thing.

The azotea, or flat roof of the hotel, reached by the darkest, shakiest corkscrew stairway (I searched in vain for a trap door and secret panel,) was the place to spend a moonlight evening. Just the place to wrap up in a Spanish cloak, nine yards wide, and to listen to the twang of the guitar and the singing of old ballads of love and war. I thought it only fit and proper that an American, in the present year of grace, should afterward sing: "Ha! ha! hal



OLD MEXICAN STOVE, USED BY THE AUTHOR AS A REFRIGERATOR.

Yankee Doodle Dandy!" And, then, as you thought how many old Spanish lords were dead and turned to clay all around you, how very effective in the quiet night were "The Spanish Cavalier" and "In Old Madrid." But if your American-pride was particularly rampant, and you chose to be less melancholy, and to take a mental leap to 1846-7, you sang the high-keyed songs your grandmother sang when your grandfather came marching home from Cerro Gordo; and, possibly, another, the very popular ditty of today, whose title has been translated into the polite phrasing of the country as, "It Will be Very Warm in the City This Evening."

A Place for Dreams.

And then, leaning over its parapet, the roof is just the place for dreaming of those old, old days, when Cortes marched along the causeways, the Aztecs tossing down flowers from just such a roof. That phase of the dream is less disquieting than the next—when, down upon the heads of those amazing adventurers, the Aztecs threw stones and blazing arrows. Oh, thrilling and romantic is the history of the ancient city of Tenochtitlan! What iconoclasts are they who would destroy our faith in the story of the conquest according to Prescott.

Where those two towers of the old cathedral rise in the moonlight, once stood the great pagan pyramid and temple to the war and the rain god, daily bespattered with human blood. I am near enough to have heard the wild chant of the Aztec priests, the shriek of the victim, as his heart was skillfully torn from his breast, an offering to those hideous old Aztec gods of stone. I am almost near enough to have heard Cortes haranguing his discontented men, or poor Montezuma addressing his nobles from the parapet of his palace-prison.

Ah! one could from this spot dream a whole starlit night away and never slumber.

What one does hear is the clatter of the cabs over the cobblestones below, the occasional shout of some high-hatted Jehu, muffled in his zarape. Then, from the near-by barracks, come "Taps" and "Lights Out."

OLIVE PERCIVAL.

BOER WOMEN AND THE WAR.

[Pall Mall Gazette:] John Redmond is of opinion that the present Boer war is due to the machinations of Mr. Chamberlain—and others; but, according to the Natal press, Mrs. Boer is largely responsible for the bellicose attitude of her husband. She is nothing more or less than a bucolic counterpart of Dido, jealous of the Englishman, whom she wishes as a husband for her daughter. That is the ideal of her life, so seldom realized, for her daughters are many, and eligible Englishmen are few and far between. Many Boer girls are educated in the English colonies, and return with a refinement quite out of harmony with their rustic surroundings. They won't marry their unkempt kinsmen, and the young Englishman is a rare avis; so this in time generates bitter hatred of their more favored sisters and of the English race in general.

Apart from the light side of this theory, any one who knows the domestic life of the Boer can vouch for its accuracy. When the passions of the coarsest and most ignorant of their number are aroused it is truly a case of "furens quid foemina possit"—their husbands are harmless and mild in comparison. Mrs. Boer is even more isolated from modern civilization than her husband, and rarely rubs shoulders with the "verdomde" Englishman. In most cases the paterfamilias and the family are completely under her thumb, and it is not too much to say that the energy now displayed by the Boer forces is in great measure due to feminine prompting.



THE OLD CHURCH DOMES.

crooked old streets were veritable pictures, not dazzlingly oriental, to be sure, as they ought to have been, but of the French Impressionist school; all muddy grays and browns, with streaks of purple shadow and splashes of faded pink and yellow. Some of the little old byways, where drainage was an impossibility, were very good bits of Venice, without gondolas; in the courts of many of the houses were little lakes; and anyone of the palatial old convent buildings, facing or backing upon those narrow, gloomy streets, would have been quite good enough for a doge or a Desdemona.

The narrow sidewalks were covered with a fine, even pudding of bad-smelling mud; the street-car mules and drivers were plastered with it and persistently avoided the sympathetic eye. The mules seemed particularly self-conscious.

And Then the Sun Appeared.

But all at once there was no rain, not one drop, a glorious Mexican sun was shining and the little lakes in the inner courts of the houses were mirrors with charming reflections. The sun lit up the mossy tiles of the splendid old church domes; it made beautiful shadows in the deep doorways and under the balconies of the faded old yellow and pink stucco houses; it brought out the fragrance of the strange flowers in the courts, brilliant glimpses of which were permitted through medieval entrances as the carriage poked along. Everything was delightfully clean and fresh and beautiful—except the smell, the Mexican smell.

The streets were crowded with people, astonishingly poor people, bare-footed and scantily clad in cotton rags; the narrow streets were full of them. It was no feast day, so I was quite certain there must have been a fire, or a parade, a big free-silver rally, maybe—it was too early for a bullfight. But, in due time, it was discovered that the congested condition of those narrow streets was normal—that it took Sunday markets and feast days to bring out real crowds!

On the muddied sidewalk, with their bare feet in the gutter, here and there sat a family of peons, eating a combination breakfast and supper of tortillas and chili sauce from a big pottery dish. The pottery dish and the light in the eyes of the brown little children were indeed fascinating to a newly-arrived gringo.

Mexican Baggage Express.

Driving slowly along and staring out in an absorbed way, I was restored to acute consciousness by the sight of a poor

some of it might once have belonged to Carlotta herself, you know; and then there were actually two brass candlesticks on the writing-desk! Oh, how very delightful! no gas, no lamps, no electric buttons, just a long, green bell cord with tassel, such as there used to be in all the good old English novels. Think of the romantic thrill to be experienced when I should find it necessary to "ring for candlesticks!" My admiration was extreme for those little old candlesticks and their tapers; what a pleasure it was to write letters on blue paper, by their soft, yellow light, to my friends in the States! Such are rare moments; you lose perfectly your identity; you are an enthusiastic composite of ever so many revolutionary granddames and early-English and ante-bellum heroines. But oh! the moral battle I fought during my three weeks' association with those old candlesticks! I can speak of them calmly now, I didn't steal them. They are down there yet—unless the next American tourist carried them off as souvenirs.

Never, until I knew the old administrador, did I realize of how much use on this earth a hotel clerk could really be; nor had I dreamed that an American-made linen duster was especially designed by an esthetic fate to be worn constantly by a big, Romanesque Mexican. His slow, sad smile was indeed a fascination. Henry Miller himself could not improve upon his beautiful, baritone, almost reverential, "Buenos dias, senorita!" He did not, on the occasions when I stepped fearfully to the keyboard in the office, embarrass me with any long, occult remarks not included in my handbook of Spanish; there was merely the regulation greeting, with innumerable bows. And, then, there was such an interesting chambermaid, or mozo.

A Model for a Door-knocker.

His name was Mariano. He was a beautiful character. So extremely plain of feature was he that it saddened one to gaze upon his countenance, if a refuter of some of Mr. Darwin's theories; I never expect to see a Japanese grotesque with a face half so fascinating in its ugliness. My one ambition while there was to have the memory of it perpetuated in a door-knocker, to bring back to the States. To be sure, I spoke the language—I learned it going down on the train—and so I was the one regularly chosen to find fault and to order the breakfast, which was brought in from a restaurant by the little mozo. He would, in response to a jerk on that romantic bell cord, rush in with a humble, mournful, "Buenos dias, senorita," and stand awk-

CAVE EXPLORATION.

A NEW AND INTERESTING SCIENCE
CALLED "SPELEOLOGY."

By a Special Contributor.

IT IS no uncommon thing for professional men in Europe to adopt some scientific hobby as a means of diversion and quite apart from their regular work. Few of them, however, hit upon an occupation so unique as the one to which M. Martel of Paris devotes his leisure time. M. Martel is a prominent and talented lawyer during nine months of the year. During the remaining three he is an enthusiastic devotee of the comparatively new science of speleology.

Speleology, in its scientific aspects, at least, has never received much attention in America, so it may be well to define the term at the outset. Briefly, it may be said to comprise the study of the natural recesses of the earth's interior—of caves and underground streams and caverns. To use M. Martel's expression it is mountain climbing reversed, and in his opinion it is a much more valuable and fascinating employment than the scaling of heights.

M. Martel is by no means the only exponent of the new science, although he is perhaps the most prominent one. In Paris it has interested a sufficient number of persons to lead to the formation of a society, the "société de speleologie," which has been in existence for some time. M. Martel is its secretary. The society holds frequent sessions, publishes a review devoted to the cause of underground exploration and in summer sends out exploring parties. In Austria, too, there are numerous clubs organized for the purpose of cave exploration, and there are a few underground explorers in every continental country.

No doubt the speleologists themselves would object to the description of their favorite pursuit as a hobby. They insist that it should be regarded as a dignified and important branch of human research and point to the important practical results that it has achieved as well as to its additions to the general human stock of scientific knowledge.

Saved a Town From Typhoid.

One of the most important of these practical achievements was accomplished in Hungary two years ago under the direction of M. Martel. A terrible epidemic of typhoid fever raged through a number of towns in the interior, carrying off a great many persons. It seemed impossible to detect the source of the pestilence, though it was believed to be due to some hidden pollution of the water supply.

M. Martel was summoned and undertook an investigation to discover if possible the source of the trouble. The region was one of limestone formation and contained many "wells"—circular pits extending to a great depth in some instances. It was the custom among the farmers to throw the carcasses of dead animals and other undesirable refuse into these wells. Although none of them existed at the immediate source of the water supply of the fever-stricken village, which was carefully guarded, M. Martel found a number on a plateau some two or three miles away, and by descending into them he established the fact that they communicated directly with the underground streams and springs that fed the water reservoirs.

The result of this discovery led not only to the abatement of the fever in this particular district, but also to the enactment of rigorous laws forbidding the dumping of dead animals into the limestone wells. The result has been a reduction of the death rate from infectious diseases through a considerable portion of Central Hungary.

M. Martel is the pioneer among those who have taken up speleology as a serious study. His interest in the subject dates back to 1883. According to his own account he was attracted to it during a visit to Causses in Southern France, which is a district of wonderful fissures and underground caverns. This beginning interested him in the subject to such an extent that he has devoted all his leisure time to it since then and has explored underground regions in nearly every European country. During the past summer he visited a number of the submerged lakes and streams of Ireland, which country is as remarkable for the variety of its underground wonders as for the beauty of its surface scenery.

Looking at the Really Unknown.

"The subject," said M. Martel in discussing his favorite occupation in the course of his Irish trip, "is one that grows upon a person. It contains all the mystery and fascination of the completely unknown. One never can tell what he may find just before him. Dangerous? Well, sometimes. I have had some close calls, as you say. But if one is ordinarily cautious it is not more dangerous than other kinds of exploration."

"There is a general opinion that cave exploration must be very dirty and unpleasant work. Of course we must expect sometimes to get drenched or smeared with mud or to meet offensive odors. But on the other hand there are wonderful and beautiful sights to behold. One finds remarkable grottos with stalagmites and stalactites that dazzle the eye under the reflection of the torches as a cave of diamonds might do. Think of spreading one's table and taking luncheon in such a spot, perhaps by the side of a clear, silent, unexplored underground lake. There are the wonderful and interesting forms of blind fauna and strange flowers which one sometimes encounters. For instance, on my recent trip to Mitchelown, Ireland, in the great cave there, which is a mile and a quarter in extent, I found several new species. There is the joy of floating swiftly along some underground river far below the surface on which one knows no other human being has ever passed. Altogether the speleologist need not lack for delights to compensate his dangerous or unpleasant experiences. The only other pursuits to which this may be compared are mountain climbing or the exploring of unknown surface regions, and to my mind my work is more interesting than either of these."

In the course of his sixteen years of experience, M. Martel has developed an elaborate equipment for use in underground exploration. When he sets out on an important trip

his outfit is so extensive that in the little country towns his wagonload of tents and tackle and rope ladders sometimes causes him to be mistaken for a traveling showman.

How to Go Underground.

"If one wishes to do any extensive amount of underground exploration," says M. Martel, "it is necessary to have a special outfit. Most underground caverns are reached by nearly perpendicular descents from the surface. These are usually narrow and rough and frequently more or less choked with debris. Therefore the first thing necessary is a system of ropes for scaling the precipitous descents. The ropes that I use are two-thirds of an inch in diameter. It is necessary to make them large and strong, otherwise they would be frayed out by contact with the sharp edges of the rocks and might give the explorer a fall that would mean certain death.

"As a matter of precaution in making such descents one should have an extra safety line about his waist. For myself I use rope ladders, as they are more comfortable than mere knotted ropes and can be ascended more easily. The greatest descent I have ever made required 140 yards of these ladders.

"The costume which I have adopted for my work consists of tough sail cloth, frock and trousers. Sail cloth does not wet through and is not easily torn by contact with the rocks. I wear a hat of waxed leather which I have found to be the best protection against falling pieces of rock.

"My jacket contains as many pockets as it can accommodate, and in these I carry a small hammer, my signal whistle, matches, a flask of rum, a flint and a steel and a candle, while the repair bag slung over my shoulder contains an extra telephone receiver (I use a portable telephone for communicating with the surface) cords, a plumb line, a thermometer and barometer, medicines and bandages to be used in case of accidents, a compass, knives, instruments and a few provisions.

"This is rather an extensive equipment for one man to carry, but everything is made as light and compact as possible. If the cavern to be explored is an extensive one, of course it is necessary for me to take a number of companions. In such cases we usually take along a collapsible boat for navigating such lakes or streams as we may encounter, sacks and graving tools for securing specimens, iron weights and sounding apparatus. Thus equipped we are prepared to travel almost any distance that the windings of the subterranean passages may lead us, and if we have a sufficient supply of telephone tape we can keep in constant communication with the surface.

The Greatest Danger.

"The greatest danger in underground exploration is from carbonic gas, and were it not for the time-honored test of the lighted candle this would make the exploration of subterranean passages almost impossible. It is necessary always to carry candles and to test the air with them. For ordinary illumination, however, I use either electric lights fed by small storage batteries, or else a collapsible mica lantern which I invented for this purpose. For ascending or descending such heights as may be encountered in the interior we carry very light collapsible ladders, made in sections six or eight feet in length.

"Perhaps the narrowest escape from death that I have experienced in the course of my exploring work occurred in September, 1893. With a number of companions I entered the great cavern of Pardirac, which is one of the most interesting I have ever seen, containing, as it does, extensive lakes, a considerable river and wonderful stalagmite formations. The passage leading to the main cavern was a narrow one with a stream three feet in depth flowing through it. When that was passed, however, we found ourselves in a lofty and extensive chamber with a large circular lake containing picturesque stalagmite islands near the center. We spread our table and ate our luncheon on the shore of this lake, and then launching our sail cloth boat set out for further exploration. We were foolhardy to the extent of taking three persons in the light Osgood boat, which was intended for two only, but the glories which unfolded themselves as we went on made us oblivious of danger and also of the fact that the stream coming from the direction by which we had entered was steadily rising. That should have warned us, for there had been signs of rain before we started and any considerable rise in the water would cut off our retreat.

"As a matter of fact we were intent only on what was before us and went on, abandoning our telephone when we reached the end of the tape. From the opposite side of the lake we found our underground river flowing, and embarking on that we followed it for a long distance. Frequently we encountered rapids around which we had to carry the boat, but for the most part our progress was easy.

In Great Peril.

"We had advanced more than a mile from the foot of the opening and were 300 feet underground when, at the foot of some rapids, our boat was overturned as we were re-embarking in it. We were plunged into water fourteen feet in depth and intensely cold, but as we could all swim we were able to regain the shore. A more serious matter was the loss of most of our instruments and the wetting of our matches and candles.

"We found a few candles that had escaped the water, and after great trouble we managed to strike a light with the flint and collect a part of our scattered outfit. We then observed, what we should have noticed before, that the water in the stream was rising rapidly.

"In fear lest we might be cut off we started back, but our progress was slow, weighed down as we were with our drenched garments and compelled to drag our boat and carry all our equipment on our shoulders. It was a terrible trip and the steadily increasing depth of the water struck terror to our hearts. It made our advance more difficult also. The rapids which we had passed so easily on our entering journey we were now compelled to toil through against the increasing current, up to our armpits in water, carrying our candles between our teeth and dragging ourselves forward by means of the projecting rocks along the side of the stream.

"It seemed an age before we again reached the shores of our lake. As a matter of fact it was about three and a half hours. Here we found new difficulty. The stream flowing in from the entrance had risen until there were only a few inches of space between it and the top of the passageway.

It was a hazardous undertaking to pass through this rushing stream where we were likely to be overwhelmed and drowned at any moment, but delay was making escape impossible, so we determined to attempt it.

"We were all men of more than average height and by stretching our necks we were barely able to keep our noses above the water through that seemingly interminable trip which was really only a matter of forty yards. Half a dozen times we went under at some depression in the bed of the stream, but fortunately we kept our footing and finally emerged just when our companions were about to give up as lost. There had been a terrible rainfall after we entered the cave and this was what had caused the water to rise so rapidly. Our companions were alarmed but could not warn us as our communication was cut off.

A Narrow Escape.

"Within half an hour after we emerged the water had completely filled the passageway and was swirling about the entrance in a foaming whirlpool through which no human being could have escaped.

"This experience was useful to me, for it taught me never to neglect any useful precautions and never to cut myself entirely off from the surface for long underground journeys. Of course I have had accidents from falling rocks, but these have never been very serious. Once or twice I have been nearly overcome by gases and I have had a good many tumbles and drenchings. But I have always been able to get off without broken bones and I have come to the conclusion that if we use all necessary precautions the work of a speleologist is no more hazardous than many other pursuits that seem to be less fraught with danger."

E. W. MAYO.

NEWS WITHOUT PRINTING.

A MOST INGENIOUS INVENTION IN JOURNALISM
IN USE IN PARIS.

By a Special Contributor.

To give all the news without a line of printing is the purpose of the *Stereo Revue*, the latest and most ingenious invention in journalism. Three young Frenchmen, MM. Benquiet, Bouffar and Pimbert, have realized this original idea in the following manner: From the central office in the Rue de Provence photographic reporters are sent out all over Paris and its environs, as well as to the departments and foreign countries where anything is happening of general interest to the public. Each one of these reporters is furnished with a verascope or instrument for photographing on glass the double negatives necessary for stereopticon slides. They take equally well pictures of street accidents, fires, races, automobile competitions, trials in court, scenes at the theater, etc., etc., and when their supply is complete they return to the office where the glass negatives are retouched very skillfully and used to make a series of double photographs on transparent positive films printed on a single roll which constitutes one number of the *Stereo Revue*. Every subscriber receives a small stereoscope on the payment of his first subscription, and twice a month a roll of twenty to twenty-five pictures, which he fastens in the stereoscope and, by means of a knob, turns before his eyes, revealing with striking reality scenes of which the newspaper descriptions can give but a comparatively meager suggestion.

MM. Benquiet, Bouffar and Pimbert have so far perfected this process of reporting that, while in reality seated at home with only a delicate modern machine before one, one needs color alone to complete the illusion of being present at diverting, interesting and exciting occurrences in all parts of the world.

The same ingenious editors have prepared supplementary rolls where all the interesting places in a journey through the Lourain, along the Riviera, in Switzerland or elsewhere are pictured.

The Paris police have given every aid possible to the founders of the *Stereo Revue*, who are thus enabled to take pictures of things hitherto unphotographed, and their subscribers, without the trouble of reading, need only lift their eyes to become acquainted with what is going on in the world. An American edition has already been proposed.

CAPT. LARCO'S PELICAN.

IT RETURNED AFTER WANDERING THROUGH THE AIR FOR FIVE MONTHS.

[Santa Barbara Press:] Everybody knows the big white pelican at Capt. Larco's, near the beach, and nearly every child in town has watched it greedily eat the juicy smelt as they were thrown into its expansive pouch, and have seen him angrily chase away with flapping wings, the dogs that came to dispute his ownership of the property. The white pelican has long been one of the attractions of the waterfront, and he is a town pet. Until five months ago the bird had a companion, a gray pelican, that shared the smelt and affections of the youngsters, and joined in the dog wars; but perhaps Jack became a little jealous, or maybe he dreamed of his old life on the wing, for one fine June morning he was missing. As the days went by he was given up for lost.

Three months later, when Capt. Larco was at a fish camp down near Hueneme, he saw a large flock of grey pelicans approaching, and when they were flying by he called "Jack." It was a forlorn hope, but one of the birds left the flock and lighted near the captain. It ate some fish from his hand, and then noticing that his fellow-pelicans were leaving him, he spread his wings and flew away to join them. It was Jack, no doubt.

Yesterday the Larcos noticed a speck in the sky directly above the yard, at a seemingly great height, and as the speck grew it took the form of a pelican, and as the pelican drew nearer it took the form of Jack, and the long-lost wanderer was home again.

The captain says that probably Jack found fishing poor since the rains, and has come home to spend the winter, for he knows he will get enough to eat at Capt. Larco's. Perhaps this is intelligence; perhaps it is just instinct. But anyway Jack is at home to his friends.

Jesse Bracken of Mason City, Iowa, celebrated his one hundred and first birthday recently while serving on a jury in that town. He is the oldest man in Iowa.

X-RAY DEVELOPMENTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES STEWART DAGGETT.
Author of "Mariposilla," "The Broad Aisle," etc.

VI.—THE COMEDY OF A BLIZZARD.

THE dusk of the winter's day had dissolved in the white uncanny glaze of the approaching blizzard. Little Mrs. Polly Duvol went to the front window and looked out. She was to give a dinner party at seven, and the forbidding weather suggested unpleasant possibilities. During a two years' sojourn in the West she had learned to dread the cutting caprices of January, and tonight the rapidly increasing tempest ill suited her restless mood. She tapped her daintily-slipped foot impatiently, and wished that her husband would come upon the next car. As she peered into the early darkness she heard the glad buzz of the trolley, the quick halt of the motor, and then a crunching tramp upon the sidewalk. In another instant Stephen was with her.

"I knew you would leave the office early," she said joyfully.

"Even storm signals are attended with compensations," he answered. He stamped the Arctic overshoes from his feet and then gathered his tiny wife into his long, strong arms. He pressed a stiffly frozen mustache against her lips until she freed herself in gay alarm.

"You will ruin my chiffon," she cried. She fled from the great fellow's bearish embrace, to smooth her roughened plumage before a mirror. Her laughing, dainty reflection met her husband's admiring eyes and he made a fresh attempt to capture the dancing billow of scarlet gauze.

"You are a perfect hollyberry Christmas card," he exclaimed. "Foot will be writing a poem on you, and Brumby is sure to sketch you in his mind's eye all through dinner."

The young wife glowed with childish pleasure.

"I'm glad you approve of me," she answered, judiciously. Inside she was tingling with shocking vanity. "I was afraid you might think I was too startling, and I never felt so daring in all my life," she owned, gaily. "I half believe that color gives one courage."

"Of course it does," the lawyer agreed. "The same principle holds in all kinds of warfare. The actual battlefield and the social arena are both strangely influenced by dash and spirit." He patted her bare shoulder, and then removed his cap and seal-trimmed overcoat. When he had hung the luxurious winter trappings at the back of the hall he rejoined his tiny, expectant wife.

"Come," she cried, eagerly. She dragged him forward to the brilliant dining-room and bade him admire her artistic work. The husband lifted up his hands with dutiful admiration. Polly's royal entertainments were a constant delight. "Isn't it lovely?" the pleased little lady asked.

"Perfectly so," the man declared, and the wife glowed afresh before a second triumph.

Beneath her dimpled shoulders she had fastened a dainty wreath of dark holly leaves and rich berries; and these, together with the red gauze gown suggested the aesthetic coloring for the prospective banquet.

The round table was a blaze of superb crystal and plate. The royal appointments were Polly's choicest bridal gifts, and about them she had woven a scheme in shining English holly. Sprays of dark leaves and red berries wandered here and there, while over all fell the glow from deeply shaded crystal-candelabra. The effect was beautiful and the young housekeeper waited confidently for her husband's digested praise.

"Wonderful little Polly!" he said at last. "To behold it maketh the man humble. What hath the child wrought, and how did she think of it all? She must have arranged beforehand with the clerk of the weather. Perhaps the Zero man told her to paint things red in view of the storm?" he declared playfully.

The young wife laughed and kissed her husband's hand. She loved praise and wisely demanded it.

"The decorations do fit into the sudden landscape, don't they?" she owned, with fresh critical delight. "I hope the scarlet will warm every one through and through. It is half the battle to feel cosy on a night like this."

She led Stephen from the room as she spoke, and then commanded him, with pretty tyranny, to dress immediately. Upon the first landing of the stairs a heavy gust of wind smote against the large window, and the little wife took childish hold of her husband's strong hand. The big fellow drew her along protectingly, as they went together above. The lights were already blazing in their apartments, and while the lawyer proceeded with his evening toilet he told as usual, the small happenings of his day. Tonight the angry, gusty wind brought to his mind the possible tragedy of the late afternoon.

"We had a terrible excitement in the building about 4 o'clock," he explained. "Perhaps you remember Varley, the sandy-headed little broker who offices just beyond us?"

"I think I have seen him," Polly replied.

"At all events," Stephen continued, "he is a good, harmless little fellow, but unfortunately has a fool for a wife."

He searched in a drawer abstractedly and at last drew forth an evening tie, then he went on with his tale.

"This afternoon, when the blizzard had announced its full intentions, Mrs. Varley rushed into her husband's presence, screaming like a wild woman. Her false bang was pinned on crooked, and if her information had not been utterly terrible, the mad appearance would have convulsed the whole building. She told her story through hysterical sobs, and at last the truth was gathered. The woman had actually permitted her two children to go for a sleigh-ride with a perfect stranger! a man she had met at a boarding-house card table the evening before. The little ones had now been gone three hours, and in the mean time the mother had accidentally discovered that the man who drove them was subject to attacks of epilepsy."

"Mercy!" cried Polly. "Think of the poor little creatures out in a storm with such a protector. Have they

found them, and did the man really have a fit?" she urged, with a woman's illogical impatience.

Stephen was still struggling with his neck gear, but replied excitedly, "Of course they haven't found them. The crazy mother had no idea about the direction of their pleasure, and now half the men in town are out scouring the country to discover tracks of the cutter. If it had not been for our dinner party I should have gone myself. The best I could do under the circumstances was to pay two stout, reliable fellows to hunt in my place. As soon as a clue turns up we'll get a telephone from the Times office. Poor little man Varley is about crazy. He worships his children, and if he loses them it will kill him."

For a few moments little Mrs. Polly looked very sober. "It is simply terrible," said she. Then her sympathies got sadly mixed up with the interests of her dinner party. A mother's tenderness had not yet pruned her self-centered anxieties and before her husband had finished his careful toilet she fled importantly below. Here she gave a last command to Sambo, and a forgotten touch to the now perfect table; then she mentally declared her full preparation for the great ordeal. The young wife of two years had already made several interesting chapters in social history. During her short sojourn in a strange community she had learned much of life as it really is. Before her marriage her knowledge had been chiefly romantic, and for a brief season trusting ignorance was the hard penalty of a sheltered girlhood. When Stephen brought her from a genial home in the South he did not dream of subjecting her to the cold criticisms of his best friends. He knew that his set were frigid to newcomers, but his tiny wife would soon win them over, and he foolishly forebore to prepare the unsophisticated, warm-hearted child for possible disappointment. When she was actually set upon by a crowd of belligerent and wholly matured young women, and finally reduced to hurt, undignified tears, he remembered all too late the peculiarities of the supposedly well-bred throng. For several months his little wife's persecution continued. Hers was a case of vicarious suffering, and the most popular and once the most eligible young man of the established western city flushed indignantly before the knowledge of his own helpless position. His bride's humiliation was entirely due to himself. When he had committed a matrimonial sneak, he did not then dream of the consequences. His marriage had been a blow to society, and the dear girls and mammas who had dined and coddled him were now taking out a mean revenge upon his inexperienced young wife. They had strangely consented to forgive him, but never the child who had stolen his much desired heart. They all appeared to have conspired against wee Polly, and upon the first informal opportunity they told her in joyful, malicious chorus of all her husband's past indiscretions and dwelt explicitly upon his former multiplied love affairs. The little stranger listened with stinging cheeks and astonished eyes. When at last she began to understand, a terrible homesickness seized her.

Was this the cultured North? Had she married, after all, the most deceitful man upon earth? Had Stephen wanted to elope with all these girls, and taken her because the others refused him? To escape the nest of human hornets was her only thought, and when none noticed she slipped away and cried her eyes red above in the dressing-room. The delightful news spread abroad. One of the girls had caught the little one weeping! and for weeks the mortified victim suffered. The story was embellished each time it was repeated, and then a penetrating woman made bold to discover the young bride's vulnerable little heel. The child was actually jealous of her husband! All the girls shouted, and the joke was declared excellent. It was rich to see the little one's foolish misery. The darts and arrows flew afresh, until the poor unprotected heel was thoroughly pierced. Stephen was utterly powerless before a swarm of remissive women. Did he remember this? Had he told his wife the scandalous story of the Lakeside supper? And had he dared to introduce her to all of his ex-sweethearts? Thus the feminine persecution waged. Duvol's righteous anger waxed hot and he longed to cut the whole pestiferous tribe. Unfortunately he had neither mother nor sister to support his young wife, and his one desire was to evacuate the social field.

The little bride was of a different mind. She suddenly took matters into her own hands and all at once grew brave and daring. To her husband's astonishment and delight she ceased to limp before her tormentors and walked off proudly, smiling as she went. Her small head arose with a new decided pose and soon she was actually patronizing the most malicious members of the freeze-out crowd. Before long the fame of her dinners, her superb china, her select little suppers, and the perfect service of her trained negro servants, sent by her father from her Southern home, had gone forth in Gath. Little Mrs. Polly's position was permanently established and her cleverness duly acknowledged by every man who was fortunate enough to gain her favor.

Tonight as the young wife waited for her husband to join her in the drawing-room she inadvertently recurred to the first months of her married life. She laughed softly to herself and moved over to the window. Here she stood looking out into the storm. Introspection is the sounding line of the soul; retrospection measures the depth of the heart; and the hour of nightfall shows the honest average of life's joys and sorrows. As yet Mrs. Polly was too young to indulge in introspection; the second abstract pleasure now detained her thoughts. She looked back proudly and well satisfied upon the happy outcome of her short married life. She was a glad woman and sorrow had not yet found her home. The piques and disappointments of two years back were scarcely remembered. The vulnerable little heel had learned to escape darts and long ago been completely soothed with the infallible salve of success. Little Mrs. Polly now rejoiced in perfect self-control. The new power filled her with confident surprise and fresh courage. Experience had rounded her character, and tonight she felt like a glad red-bird chirping happily to herself. Soon her husband joined her and they stood together before the storm.

"The night is terrible," the man declared. "If the velocity of the wind increases our friends will be unable to come."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in sharp disappointment, "you really don't think the storm will spoil our dinner?"

"I am afraid it will," the husband answered. "It was

all I could do to reach home an hour ago, and I see the cars have now stopped running. No horses can face a blast like this, and you had best prepare yourself for a disappointment."

As he spoke he moved from the window and a moment later he heard the gasping voice of his friend, John Brumby. The young fellow had just sunk down upon the hall settle, very nearly exhausted. It was several moments before he recovered sufficiently to tell of an almost fatal experience.

"It's the most frightful night I ever faced," he declared. "Everything is either down or stopped. The streets seem as desolate and uncanny as the ruins of Nineveh. When I started from home I expected to catch the trolley, but no cars were running, and all the telegraph and telephone wires have fallen flat. There has been no blizzard like this one for years. The air cuts through the lungs like death, and I don't believe I could have gone another block."

His hostess bade him cheer up, and remove his overcoat. Then she brought him to the great open fire and commanded Stephen to fetch a hot drink. The young matron's pretty attentions were very pleasant and soon Brumby was restored and chatting gaily. The storm appeared to increase each moment, and with every pushing gust Polly acknowledged the fact of her ruined dinner party. Her one consolation was drawn from the sincere lamentations of the men.

"Isn't it a shame?" Stephen kept repeating. He drew Brumby to the dining-room and flashed on all the lights. "My wife has planned a perfect dream," he explained, "and here we are waked up in the very beginning of our fairy tale. Did you ever see a prettier fancy for a winter's night?" the husband asked proudly.

The artist's trained eyes shone with critical pleasure. Little Mrs. Polly had followed dejectedly in the rear, and the man hastened to her side with honest enthusiasm.

"But for this abominable storm you would have made your reputation for the season," he declared gallantly. The young housekeeper sighed, as she turned from the magnificent table, with fresh disappointment.

"Thus endeth the dinner party," Stephen cried in ill-timed glee. In an instant he regretted the jest and drew his wife's hand affectionately within his own. "Never mind, Pollykins," he coaxed. "We'll let the grand table stand for a day or so, and when the blizzard's over we'll have a party if it takes a leg. In the meantime, faithful Brumby must not starve. We'll escort him to the cosy breakfast-room and reward his devotion with a good hot dinner."

The sixteen covers of the great round table now suggested a banquet of ghosts. The array of shining silver at each unoccupied place bespoke the courtesy of Banquo, and the disconsolate party of three burst into peals of contagious laughter. The humorous side of the disappointment took hold of them all, and when they had adjourned to the smaller room they grew desperately gay. Before the evening ended the adverse circumstances of the night had created fresh bonds of friendship. When Brumby finally went to his room the husband and wife sat on by the fire, chatting with strange content. They spoke again of the little Varley children and tried to believe in their certain rescue. The morning would reveal the truth, and with sudden feeling Stephen found the Prayer Book, and together they read the prayers for those in peril. Then they went serenely to their rooms.

All night long the blizzard raged and throughout the restless hours a clear bleakness bespoke its cruel temper. Great Orion and lesser constellations had cut through the weird electric atmosphere and their daring splendor seemed to cow the questioning soul. At midnight the steady output of the storm increased. Long waves of demoniacal wind surged across the starlit heavens with pitiless, regular, gathering force. The atmosphere became a raging upper sea, and cutting breakers from the distant plains proclaimed the evil passions of the air. By morning the blizzard had become the theme of every household. Later, when the dying sobs of the expended blast could no longer retard the rush of life and traffic, the miraculous fate of the Varley children startled the town to wild enthusiasm.

The morning papers unfolded a wonderful tale, and thrilling headlines marked the sensational tracks of the recent gale. In the bright breakfast-room Stephen and Polly and Brumby read the story. It ran thus:

"Waifs of the blizzard. Two little children saved from death by the heroic efforts of a brave girl. Miss Mable Long the heroine of the storm. The children of Thomas Varley driven ten miles in a cutter, finally upset in the snow, and there left to the mercy of Heaven. The driver of the sleigh smitten with an attack of epilepsy."

Then followed graphic details of the rescue. In condensed substance the facts are given. Upon the previous afternoon the children had gone for a sleigh-ride with a man by the name of Burns. Their mother had met him incidentally the evening before at a card party, and when he offered to take her boy and girl for a short spin the next day, she saw no harm in the arrangement. The sun was shining brightly when the children gleefully departed with their new friend. When several hours elapsed and they did not return the mother became anxious. A blizzard was beginning to announce itself, and with tardy forethought Mrs. Varley began to make special inquiries concerning Burns. What were the mother's feelings when she discovered the frightful truth? The man was subject to severe attacks of epilepsy! He had doubtless been overcome with his terrible malady, and this horrible suspicion, together with the sudden recollection of a fractious horse, drove the devoted woman nearly wild. All she could do was to arouse the sympathies of the entire city. Soon rescue bands started out in all directions. Each moment the storm increased, and hour after hour passed away with no clew of the lost children. The excitement and apprehension of the whole community grew with the intensity of the blast. It was not until shortly before midnight that glad tidings came from Millbrook, a little town ten miles east of the city. Then prayers of thanksgiving fell like peace upon the raging storm, and every mother's heart rejoiced. The waifs of the blizzard had been rescued! The children had been saved by a brave girl, who carried and dragged them for over a mile against the force of the blinding, passionate storm. At last all had made the shelter of Miss Long's poor little cabin by the wayside. Here after untiring efforts the noble girl restored the little

ones, and put them snugly to bed. Later she sent abroad the joyful tidings of their miraculous rescue.

More exciting details followed, and as the account continued the fate of the man Burns was finally revealed. As the mother apprehended, the man had been suddenly stricken with epilepsy, and the horse had finally frightened and run away. The children had been spilled into the snow and would have frozen to death but for the strong arms of Mable Long. Burns had providentially fallen in the bottom of the sleigh. Some time before 10 o'clock the frightened animal and broken cutter stumbled into the outskirts of Millbrook. The sick man was discovered and taken into a house, and when he had partially revived he managed to make known the startling fact of the freezing children. Search parties went out at once. The roads were scoured in all directions. Strong men fought the storm and turned back hopelessly before its blinding blast. The joy of rescue had been reserved for a brave young girl, and today the name of Mable Long stirs the hearts of thousands. The fathers and mothers of our prosperous city rise up to call her blessed, and her heroic deed will ever emphasize the great blizzard of 1899. Early this morning the children were returned to the home of their distracted parents. The little ones were welcomed by crowds of sympathetic friends, who had also endeavored to comfort the half frantic mother during her night of bitter trial.

There were several accounts of the same thing, and the reporters finally wound up with a full gushing description of Miss Long's personal appearance. It is needless to say that the young woman was handsome.

Mable Long's heroism became the theme of the hour. Subscription papers circulated freely through all the clubs and office buildings of the city. The members of the Board of Trade became "Bulls" in a body and hoisted with harmonious horns the educational stock of Miss Long. The girl must be educated, cultivated, and canonized! was the loud masculine cry of the community. So handsome a creature, with so grand a nature, must be rescued at any cost from the disadvantages of poverty. Forthwith four gentlemen were appointed to wait upon the young lady and determine, if possible, her peculiar desire or aspiration.

It was the morning following the storm that Stephen Duvol was made chairman of the committee, and for little man Varley's sake he accepted the position. An hour later when he beheld the handsome heroine with the rescued children, he indulged in the one emotional caprice of his long social career. The impulsive action swept his conventional set with amazement. By 11 o'clock Sambo's kitchen table was piled with stacks of groceries and game, until that bewildered darky demanded instant satisfaction. He summoned his mistress and pointed in dismay to the pile of boxes, bottles and paper bags.

"What on earth do Marse mean?" he questioned. "He done send enough provender for a regiment," and before Mrs. Polly could fathom the mystery Stephen burst into the kitchen.

"I've invited a dinner party," he announced. "I want the table exactly as it was last night, and you must be sure to wear the red Christmas card gown, with the holly-berries."

His wife stood dumb before this strange excitement. Had Stephen been drinking? and with transparent affection she slyly sidled within convincing range. Her husband's breath came to her sensitive nostrils clean and sweet. Then she smiled questioningly.

"I suppose you think I've gone daft," Stephen exclaimed. "I'm in my right mind, however, and no cocktail has polluted my lips. I have simply invited the Varleys with their little children and Miss Long, and six or eight of the fellows who chased around in the cold last night up to dinner."

Polly gasped.

"We'll have a highway, hedge business this time, and you had better have everything ready promptly at 6 on account of the children. Brumby's coming, too. He begged on his knees to join the party, and I thought you wouldn't mind," the man explained.

The young wife was still bewildered. "You have invited that terrible Varley woman with the false straw-colored bang?" she queried.

Her husband burst out laughing. "Don't be like the others," he coaxed. "Forget your social position for once, and bend to an unconventional kindness." He took her hand and drew her from the kitchen.

Sambo watched them depart through grinning curiosity. "Marse dun gone make terrible break. I'se sure Miss Polly feel scandalized to deaf!" he declared importantly to Black Sally.

Meantime the master and mistress were discussing jocosely the possibilities of the strange dinner party.

"Are you expecting to run for Congress next fall?" Mrs. Duvol asked teasingly.

"No," Stephen replied, "I have no ax for the political grindstone. I simply want to give pleasure to little man Varley and show my appreciation of Miss Long's heroic deed. The whole idea came to me in a second. I remembered our farce of last night; the stunning table, the supply of unconsumed goodies, and decided to invite a party of guests who were not altogether stale on a swell dinner. The whole town is wild about Miss Long's heroism, and if you could once behold the religious joy of poor little man Varley, you would understand my feelings. When he talks about the rescue of his children the tears stream over his face, and before he gets through with the story he's hugging every man in sight. Our building is perfectly wild this morning, for every one likes little Varley, and the fellows are all acting like big-hearted boys."

Polly patted her husband's cheek approvingly.

"Of course we'll make the dinner a success," she declared, sweetly. "Tell Mr. Brumby to be sure and come, and caution him not to laugh if Mrs. Varley's wig works crooked," she added, gayly.

Stephen kissed her thankfully and hastened back to the office.

By 6 o'clock the wind had spent its last sigh. Later the stars leered through a still greenish atmosphere. Polly and Stephen again waited the coming of guests, and this time they were not disappointed. A few moments after the appointed hour the dining-room blazed with gas and tapers, and around the dazzling table were now seated a strange company. To the secret amusement of Stephen

and Brumby, Mrs. Varley had arrived in a costume of scarlet. Upon the left of the host she shone in a creation of brilliant cashmere, cheap white lace and paste diamonds. Miss Long occupied the right wing and Brumby sat next. The girl was visibly unhappy amid the bewildering elegance. Her large brown eyes scarcely lifted above her plate, and afterward the artist pronounced the heroine's dejected profile perfect. One day he brought Polly an idealized sketch from memory. Miss Long posed as "A Sorrowing Soul."

"I have rivaled Elihu Vedder," he declared.

Meantime little man Varley was enjoying himself intensely. He was arrayed in his Sunday frock coat, and his kind eyes peered eagerly about in all directions. The cordial charms of the young hostess completely bewitched him, for he chattered away unconsciously. His little daughter, Katie, sat beside him and their manifest devotion soon became the one natural center of intercourse. The nervous airs of Mrs. Varley and the retiring mood of Miss Long called for infinite tact upon the parts of both host and hostess. Stephen was unmercifully torn between uncertain tactics. The best he could do was to cling tenaciously to the subject of the blizzard. The mother of the rescued children was all too willing to lay bare her maternal heart. Her emotions fitted the occasion wildly and she stirred the table with vivid accounts of her hysterical sufferings. In strange contrast was the reticence of Miss Long. The timid young woman positively refused to open her mouth for more than a second's time. No fresh developments could be gleaned from her monosyllabic attempts, and the artless prattle of the child, Katie, was gladly encouraged in view of hopelessly strained conditions.

"We was just going to sleep when she waked us up," the little one confided. She pointed her forefinger in the direction of the guest of honor. "Brother cried and told her to get out when she made us run so fast," she added convincingly.

The child's reminiscence was a blessed excuse for mirth, and the entire table burst into peals of uproarious laughter. With the assistance of talkative little Miss Varley the dinner was finally brought to a successful close, and by 10 o'clock the well-pleased company had departed. Polly and Stephen were at last alone. The power of speech had been almost exhausted, and for several moments a telling silence reigned; then the young wife burst into ripples of laughter. Stephen questioned her at once with shining eyes and soon she had unburdened her mind.

Mrs. Polly's wise intuitions now boldly influenced her actions. She had learned to form opinions with lightning speed, and tonight she spoke with strong feeling.

"It is absolutely absurd to educate her," she declared. "Who?" Stephen asked, with exasperating dullness. His wife swept him with scornful eyes.

"Miss Long, of course," she replied. "I see plainly that the poor girl's good looks are destined to make her miserable. You men have all decided that a handsome maiden is of course clever. Your silly logic will be proved sadly false in this case, for the young woman is utterly devoid of intellectual ambition. She has no more desire for an education than Sambo. Because she had a brave heart and the physical strength to follow its humane dictates, is no evidence that she will be able to enjoy Browning, or even learn to spell. What you men have all described as 'beautiful modesty' is simply stupidity. She doesn't even understand what she has done to become so important to society. A good large sum of money should have been raised for her at once. It should have been given to her without restrictions, to use exactly as she desired. It's simply absurd and absolutely cruel to expect her to develop into an educated woman. I prophesy tonight that if she is sent away to school she will return home an expensive disappointment to her ambitious trustees. If she had been born with a turned-up nose and a bad complexion we women would have carried around the subscription papers."

Stephen had taken to his feet and was now walking about in patient silence. "I think you're hard on the girl," he said at last. "We all feel that she should have a chance at least."

"Very well," said Polly, "give it to her. I don't mind you being her trustee in the least, but two years from now remember my worthless counsel."

In due time Mable Long went to boarding school. Her solicitous trustees at once wrote letters to the educational centers of the country, but weeks elapsed before the final decision was made. Stephen Duvol feared that Miss Long's mind would become fully matured while the judicious committee haggled over daily arriving catalogues.

Meantime Mable was enjoying a round of dissipation and social excitement. She exhibited quite often in company with the now important Mrs. Varley in a box of a third-class theater. Her picture had been taken with the rescued children, amid a terrific cut-paper snowstorm, and was upon sale at the news stands. The blond-wigged Mrs. Varley had also arrayed the girl in startling raiment, and finally sheared her black hair across the forehead in a deep, impenetrable bang. All traces of the supposedly intellectual brow had vanished, and little Mrs. Polly declared tartly that Miss Long's one remaining opportunity for notoriety was a standing engagement with the dime museum.

As these facts began to dawn upon the trustees that immediate steps must be taken. The difficulty of deciding upon a school had arisen from the conflicting denominational views of the committee. To Stephen churchly advantages were immaterial, while to the grave Presbyterian, the strict Methodist and the formal Episcopalian, they seemed duly important. The advocate of John Calvin, a man of intense feeling, shuddered before the spectacular opportunities of ritualism. The disciple of Wesley could not tolerate the thought of a worldly Episcopalian school, where dancing was countenanced and also taught. His conscience pointed to an obdurate course. If hopeless opposition met him at the denomination crossroads he would join forces with the Presbyterian. The worldly Episcopalian must be confounded at any odds. The dignified champion of the Established Church patronized a more stylish tailor than the other two men, and was noticeably inclined to pompous airs. From the first he had simply tolerated the brotherly assumption of the Methodist, and the fore-ordained mulishness of the Presbyterian. He had never doubted for an instant the superior advantages of a young ladies' boarding school duly endowed with the name of a female saint.

Stephen Duvol was in a trying position. The first mentioned kicker was his client, he second his wife's second cousin, and the third had befriended him nobly in years past. The young lawyer realized that his vote would decide matters. Fortunately, he consulted little Mrs. Polly, in view of the certain dilemma, and with no apparent mental effort she promptly advised the casting of lots. Her husband at once called her blessed and rushed from his domestic gates with fresh courage. That same evening he informed her gaily that Mable Long committee meetings had now become incidents of the past. The lot had fallen upon the Calvinistic trustee and the heroine of the January blizzard was to start immediately for a Presbyterian boarding-school. Henceforth the girl would wrestle with the Shorter Catechism upon Sabbath afternoons, and the red plush sofa of Mrs. Varley's showy parlor would hold her no more.

In the West sensations are readily dismissed. Previous events are not regarded with concern. But for an occasional History Club, composed of dauntless women who persistently gather up the dust of ages, absolute indifference would be felt for the past. It is not surprising that the sudden disappearance of Miss Long occasioned only indifferent comment. By the time she had reached her temporary home she was virtually dismissed from the public mind. At rare intervals one of the history-loving women would interview the Calvinistic trustee; but as an appealing sensation the heroine's great day was over. It was a secretly understood fact in the committee that the girl's intellectual development had not been rapid. Her Calvinistic sponsor alone remained hopeful and stoutly declared that time and Presbyterian influences would perform a miracle. And thus the winter wore away.

With the first hot days of summer came the desire for the sea or the mountains, and then little Mrs. Polly and Stephen departed for an extended tour of the East. For weeks the wife had been deeply engaged in the absorbing matter of gowns and hats. Now, after unremitting thought and hours of patient fitting, she one day passed from her home in triumph. All was done! Five well packed trunks had already gone to the railway station, and now she was at liberty to turn her stylish back upon the sultry town. She heaved a comfortable sigh and glowed before the beckoning pleasure of the prospective summer. As she crossed her smooth green lawn for the last time in weeks to come she stooped down and picked up the evening paper. It was a small 3-penny sheet of which she was very fond. Not until later, in the first delightful quiet of her Pullman drawing-room, did she remember to draw it forth. Here she spread it open and sank back luxuriously to read. The newsy little leaf was noted for tidbits of social gossip, and Mrs. Polly often declared that she preferred it to a volume of advertisements. Stephen might have his *Times*; she enjoyed news concentrated, especially in hot weather. On this occasion she read with evident satisfaction the announcement of her intended departure for the East. She glanced over a gushing write-up of a wedding she had attended the evening previous, then she turned the page. Ghastly headlines warned her in time to avoid the sensational account of a late murder. During this delightful journey she would escape the loathsome subject of crime, and she passed on forthwith to a less important column. Here a particular paragraph at once caught her eye. She galloped through it victoriously and then handed the paper to her husband.

"Here is interesting news concerning our young friend, Miss Long," she said innocently. "Will her trustee kindly read it?"

With sudden suspicion Stephen glanced ahead: "By George!" he faltered, then began bravely:

"Miss Mable Long, the young woman who rescued the Varley children from the intense blizzard of last January, was quietly married to Andrew Thompson, the bartender of the hotel at Millbrook on yesterday afternoon. Miss Long had just returned from school for her summer vacation and the wedding was a complete surprise. The happy couple drove to the city in a buggy and were there handsomely entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Varley."

When Stephen ventured to look up the smiling face of Mrs. Polly was considerably buried within her handkerchief.

TRUTH IN AN OBITUARY.

REASONS A REALLY GOOD MAN MADE SO MANY PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE.

[*Youth's Companion*:] Squire Granby was dead. The village people had gathered in the church to hear his funeral sermon. The old doctor, with his nephew, John, who was down from the city, sat in a back pew.

The minister told what every one there knew to be the truth of the dead man. A faithful believer in Christ, a man of high integrity, in whose justice and honesty the whole community trusted, liberal to the poor, walking blameless under every moral law.

"Was all that true?" said John, as he and the doctor walked home.

"Every word of it."

"And yet," said the young man, "I got the impression the other day at the funeral that neither his neighbors nor his family felt his death very deeply. Indeed, I fancied I saw a look of relief on their faces."

The doctor was silent for a moment. "You are too shrewd an observer, Jack," he said. "The squire loved to manage. He was a busy, energetic man, and he thought it his duty to lash every man and woman who was not as busy and energetic as himself. His tongue was like a goad. He was a man, too, who never praised or encouraged anybody. His wife and children probably never heard a word of commendation from him in their lives, strive as they might.

"Then he complained incessantly of the weather, of his food, of the state of the church and the country; of all that his family did or did not. When he came into the room you felt that a chilly fog had closed upon you.

"And yet, in spite of these faults, the squire was faithful in his heart to his friends and to God. He probably never was conscious of those disagreeable traits, but they were so noticeable that his neighbors, and even his children and his wife, could not help a certain feeling of relief when he was gone."

"I wonder," said Jack, "if he knew, when he wakened in that other life, how depressed and unpleasant a Christian he had been in this?"

"And I wonder," said the doctor, "if there is no way for you and me to find out our petty faults—our disagreeable personal traits—in time to mend them here in this life?"

HAWAIIAN FLORA.

FRUITS, FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES
OF OUR NEW TERRITORY.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE Hawaiian language there are no words for "weather" or "climate." The days are nearly the same the year 'round. The rainfall is very heavy, but the duration of the storms is short, and the sun shines through the rain in such a manner that the natives term the latter "liquid sunshine." The excessive moisture produces the luxuriant foliage common to all tropical countries, but, contrary to the general impression, fruit, flowers and vegetables are not plentiful in the Hawaiian Islands.

Roses are seldom seen. In Honolulu there is but one rose bush, and that is directly under an arc light, and is kept covered with a net. At one time roses were fairly common, but the dreaded Japanese beetle has practically exterminated them. Violets are not grown at all, and the same may be said of the heliotrope, fuchsia, and other garden

hair, sword, and other ferns, raised only on hothouses in California, grow wild, as well as many varieties that are unknown to us.

The most beautiful tree in Hawaii is the Poinsettia regia. It grows to a height of from twelve to twenty feet, is similar in shape to an umbrella tree, and all during the summer months is covered with large, bright, scarlet flowers. It is one of the sights of the islands. Another handsome tree is the mango. It reaches a great height, has bright, glossy leaves, and is evergreen. It is one of the most ornamental trees to be found in any country, and the ripe fruit is very wholesome, and much prized by the natives. Most foreigners have to acquire a taste for mangoes, as the slight turpentine flavor is at first unpalatable. Among the purely ornamental trees that add so much to the beauty of Honolulu and other Hawaiian towns, is the Royal palm. These palms have straight, smooth trunks, of a gray color, which is in striking contrast with the dark, glossy green of the foliage. The tamarind tree is also very beautiful, growing much like the large eastern locust, save that the leaves are smaller. In the spring it is covered with brilliant red blossoms, and later the fruit, which forms in a brown, shelly pod, from four to eight inches long, shows prettily against the bright, green leaves.

Besides the mango and tamarind the fruits most grown

count of unfavorable conditions or that the land is more valuable for sugar-cane and coffee, I cannot say; though I am inclined to think that both reasons stand in the way. Coffee is coming more and more to be recognized as a staple product, and bids fair to outrival sugar, especially as the coffee plants can be raised on "uplands," where sugar-cane does not do well. There is something like four thousand acres planted to coffee now, and each year sees many acres added. The quality produced is so fine that it retails in the home market for from 40 to 60 cents per pound, and quite spoils the drinker for other brands. Coffee comes into bearing the fourth year, and it is said that a plant will yield for twenty years or more. It is a clean crop, easily cultivated and harvested, and one that finds a ready market both at home and abroad. Of course, sugar is and will be, for some years to come, the chief export, but coffee is bound to run it a close second in time, especially now that the United States (the principal market) is manufacturing beet sugar on such a large scale, say nothing of the Cuban product, which reaches the large refineries at so much less cost for transportation.

Uncle Sam has every reason to be proud of his new territory, and what it lacks in flowers and fruit is more than counterbalanced by its coffee and sugar.

ABBY FISHER.

MEN OF NOTE.

Sam P. Jones, the southern revivalist, has canceled all his engagements on account of poor health.

The Mayor of Mafeking is Frank Whiteley, a native of Bradford, Eng., who left for Natal when he was 16 years old.

Gen. Cipriano Castro, the new President of Venezuela, is but 36 years old. He is well educated, and has spent several years in Europe.

In ex-Speaker Reed's apartments in New York hangs a picture which bears the legend, "For Mr. Reed, from his friend, Carolus Duran."

Dr. Arthur C. Duffy, a son of the famous president of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ireland, is now in America making a study of cancer and tuberculosis.

The Boston papers state that President Eliot will add \$5000 from his own purse to the \$150,000 given by Maj. H. L. Higginson toward a building for a Harvard University club.

Senator Beveridge of Indiana owns a good collection of autographs, in which is a letter from President Kruger to a friend, distinctly foreshadowing the present war.

Count Skorzewiski, a wealthy landowner in Possen, Germany, has recently astonished the natives by employing a camel, instead of horses or oxen, to draw the plow on his estate.

George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, is reported to be at the head of a movement to abolish the practice of "tipping" of porters on sleeping cars.

Gen. Piet Joubert, Commander-in-Chief of the Boer forces, was born at No. 1105 Arch street, Philadelphia. His father was a Frenchman, who fell in love with and married a girl in the south of Holland.

Chief Dennis J. Swenie, of the Chicago fire department, has fought fire there for fifty years. He entered the service December 3, 1849. He merits a rest, but does not want one. He has always been efficient, and still is so.

President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, is not ashamed of his humble origin. "My father was a wagon maker, and I am proud to think he was a good one!" he declared on one occasion, after he had been raised to the Presidency.

Hiram Maxim, the maker of machine guns and other munitions of war, who has taken out a certificate of naturalization in England, has lived in that country since 1883, when he first went abroad as the foreign agent of a large American electric company. At that time he was widely known as an inventor of electrical devices, and by some he was regarded as a worthy rival of Edison. In 1884 he turned his attention to gunmaking, and today his firm employs about fourteen thousand men.

THOUGHT THEY WERE TWINS.

Both were Brooklynites. When they got on the Flushing-avenue car at Nostrand avenue yesterday the storm was at its height.

"I was sayin' ter Hennery, the bartender," remarked the little Irishman, "I was sayin' ter him—I niver work on rainy days."

"Aye tank Aye bean drunk every time in rainy vedder," replied the big Swede. "Aye spose deez car go on City's Hall?"

"They do," said the Irishman, "but we'll have to transfer. Conductor! Give us two transfer tickets."

The conductor produced a pad of tickets, tore two off, and with his punch put a hole through the figure 31, indicating the day of the month. He handed the tickets over. The Swede glanced at his, studied the number punched, held up the ticket, and said:

"Deze conductor hav bean a damn fool. Ha tank Aye bean 31, and Aye been stan' on deze old country for forty years."

"Yes," said the little man, "he's a jackass. Me own age is 50, but he's stamped me ticket thirty-wan, just like yours."

"Ha tank maybee ve bean twins," added the Swede. They both went into a doze and slept until the conductor shouted: "Transfer for City Hall."—[New York Sun.]

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] Mrs. Leland Stanford has transferred \$11,000,000 more to the endowment fund of the Stanford University. This is the most magnificent gift for educational purposes ever made, even in a period which has been remarkable for the frequency of magnificent endowments. The plans to make the University of California the grandest collection of college buildings in the world will have to be revised if Mrs. Stanford's gifts continue.



flowers plentiful in California. The carnations there resemble our border pinks in size, and are almost devoid of perfume. Tube roses grow profusely, the odor, however, being much less dense than of those grown here. The crowning glory of Hawaiian flowers is the night-blooming cereus, which grows in the rankest luxury.

On the night of my arrival at Honolulu, the latter part of August, I was invited to drive out to the Oahu College to see this giant cactus in full flower, as it was full moon, and the plant would be at its best. It is impossible to adequately describe the sight! Imagine the bright, yellow light of a tropical full moon shedding radiance on a hedge eight feet high by over two hundred feet long, completely covered with a mass of white blossoms—at least 10,000—each flower from four to six inches across. It seems well nigh impossible, when, even in our own sun-kissed land, two or three of these blossoms are considered worth the while going miles to see, so rare are they. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and not until my lap and the carriage were full was I satisfied that it was not a dream. And still I wanted more, the very glutony of possession was in my veins, though I knew they would fade with the coming day. I never expect to see another sight to equal that one, unless it is the same when age has added fresh charms.

Ferns of all kinds reach perfection. The tree fern is often seen in groves, covering an acre or more. Maiden

hair, sword, and other ferns, raised only on hothouses in California, grow wild, as well as many varieties that are unknown to us.

Rice and taro, from which the national dish—poi—is made, are easily grown, as well as sweet potatoes. Irish potatoes, however, are very hard to raise, and of very poor quality; therefore, most of those consumed are imported. Green peas, string beans, asparagus, and other such vegetables are seldom grown in any part of the Hawaiian group; even beets, carrots and the like are not common, and when raised at all are very poor. The natives know but little of the use of vegetables as a diet, outside of rice and sweet potatoes. They live principally on fish and poi. To my taste the alligator pear is the gem of the fruits of the United States' new possessions, and they rank next to the pineapple in general favor. Nowhere else does the pineapple reach such a state of perfection. There are acres upon acres of this fruit, where it would be difficult to find a ripe "pine" less than ten inches long, and many will measure twenty inches.

No cereal grain of any kind is grown, whether on ac-

PHOEBE'S FORTUNE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE LIFE OF A SELF-RELIANT GIRL.

By a Special Contributor.

"THIS little pig goes to market, and that little pig stays at home," hummed Phoebe Brown, as she strolled about the lot, evidently deeply considering some difficult problem.

Whether by day or by night, Phoebe's dreams were based upon pigs. Castles in the air hovered about their bristly backs, gradually, as one and another of the squealing treasures went to market, assuming more realistic form.

"Phoebe, Phoebe," cried a lad, breaking in upon her dreams. "I found them right down by the river, lying grunting in a ditch. I believe you will have to tie knots in their ridiculous little tails to keep them in the pen!"

"Jack! I've had an offer for the black one!" said Phoebe, laying one arm around her little brother's shoulders. "But, after all, it would be better to sell the two last together. Don't you think so?"

Jack nodded. The expression of his ruddy face showed that he, too, considered pigs as of the most vital importance to the happiness of himself and his sister.

The neighbors were not a little exercised in spirit as to the wherefore of Phoebe's interest in the welfare of these ten little pigs. Jack knew, but kept his own counsel, while acting, as far as his youth permitted, as salesman for his sister, when time came for the "little pigs to go to market."

The mother pig had choked herself with an apple, and Phoebe's father carelessly made a present of the orphaned family to his daughter. In this manner Phoebe became the owner of a prospective fortune, and to achieve satisfactory results, worked, slaved over the greedy, little animals, bringing them up to plump, salable estate.

Just two were left, and these two must bring in a certain sum to their owner. If they did not, Phoebe could not see her way to making up the amount which was to bring her to the country of her dreams, the college where, by paying the sum of \$15 as an entrance fee, she might work her way on, and receive the advantages of education for which she hungered and thirsted.

Her father, Joel Brown, was not intentionally hard to his women folk, but he held narrow views as to their rights. His wife had lost any individuality she once might have possessed, and presented a perfectly colorless aspect, being abjectly anxious to please her lord and master. Joel was a close man, but he had means sufficient to educate his family if he choose to do so. His son, one year older than Phoebe, had chosen his career, and was now at college, but he had simply laughed his daughter to scorn when she begged for the same advantage.

"A woman's place is at home," he said. "What does she want with learning, any way?" So he met Phoebe's entreaties with a scoff, little knowing how deep was the wound he inflicted in such light manner. But Phoebe was persistent; she returned again and again to the attack. At last Joel said, hastily: "If you are so anxious to get learning, why, save up your money and pay for yourself. I've done all I mean to do with Bob; Jack will have to look out for himself when he's through school. You can do the same if you have a mind to."

How Phoebe's eyes flashed as she turned away. Little enough money ever came into her hands, but she was willing to be patient and bide her time. She blessed her father in her heart for giving her her freedom.

"Oh, mother, he says I may go if I can make up the money. It's only \$15, mother. Then I can work my way through, as Sarah Hardy has done."

"I'd help you, daughter, you know that," said the mother, her face lighting up to sudden interest; "but life's been cruel hard to me, just as it is to so many farmers' wives. It's drudge, drudge, and no let up. I don't never have a cent of money. I ain't been free to lay out a dollar in twenty years. Whatever's bought, he buys, or he stands by while I'm lookin' at things, and has his say. What my hands earn, he takes."

"Oh, mother!" cried the girl. "Have you ever told him how much you care. He is a good man, you know he is."

"Yes, I know," was the reply. "Perhaps that's one reason why it hurts so bad. But women have got to submit, child. That's all there is to it."

Phoebe, still elated at her newly-found freedom to carry out her desire for higher education, did not fully appreciate the force of her mother's concluding words.

"How are you going to get your \$15?" asked the colorless woman, anxiously.

The answer to this question seemed satisfactorily solved soon afterward by the death of the mother pig. Joel thought the orphans would die, and carelessly made a present of them to his daughter. Phoebe accepted the care with delight; she and her devoted adherent, Jack, spared no pains to secure success. Thus it was that all Phoebe's day-dreams rested on so unsentimental a basis as the bristly backs of ten little pigs.

"It seems queer for Joel to let his daughter do his tradin'," was the half question of a bright young farmer, who heard the village gossip about the Brown family.

"And such a delicate-looking girl as Phoebe, too," said a neighbor, "to be so hard at a bargain. Can't say I like it."

"Guess I'll take a look in at the Brown farm, on my way home," said the farmer, as he started up his horses.

"I suppose that's Phoebe's work," he murmured, as he rapped at the front door.

Just then Jack ran around the house.

"You want to see our pigs?" he cried. "Come along. Phoebe's out there at the pen now."

"My name's Hardy, Jim Hardy," cried the young man, as he drew near to the girl.

Phoebe stood expectant, a fair, slight creature, with large

eyes, veiled by dark lashes, and a small mouth, whose tense lines showed power. Fragile though she was, Phoebe was concentrated force; once sure that she was right, and she would be persistent in carrying out her plans, no matter how long she worked or how arduous the task.

The young farmer felt much which he could not define in words, as the girl waited for him to state his errand. He was conscious of a power which invested her from her golden crown of plaits to her slim, small feet. But his team got restless before their master was ready to depart, for Jim Hardy was soon to discover what the neighbors meant by saying Phoebe was hard at a bargain. He made up his mind that he would carry off the pigs, also that he would not pay the \$5 set as the price. But say what he would, reason how he might, threaten not to take them at all, it came to naught. Phoebe's lips were set in a straight line. Her face took an equally firm expression, a look Jim told himself no young girl had any business with. In the end he counted out the money, but grudgingly, saying that there should be at least something taken off for a cash bargain.

Phoebe replied she only knew her own business, not what other folks did. Her pigs were \$5.

Relations were strained between them when Jack ran off for a sack in which to deposit the pigs. But, as Jim inadvertently half opened the pen door, the squealing occupants took to flight and ran in contrary directions over the lot. In the subsequent chase Phoebe and the farmer ran and laughed themselves into friendly feeling. The girl's golden hair blew around her broad forehead in fluffy curls, and her dark eyes shone with amusement. But as the farmer drove away he pointed to the flower bed.

"Why don't you go to growin' flowers and vegetables for the market, instead of pigs? More in your line, I should think, eh!"

"A dainty little creature like that to be sellin' black pigs; and so hard at a bargain! I don't seem to get reconciled to it, some way," he muttered to himself.

Phoebe put her arms round Jack and waltzed up the vine-covered walk.

"O Jack! dear Jack, ten and five's fifteen. I've got my college money! And I'll be earning money by the time you're ready, and I'll help you through."

Jack whirled round like a tee-to-tum, and threw a double somersault, his way of showing sympathy.

Just then Mrs. Brown came out to see what was exciting her children so much. She listened with sympathy, and patted Phoebe's head as the girl hugged her.

"I hope your pa'll be willin' for you to keep the money," she said, feebly, as though wrestling with a disturbing thought.

"Why, mother!" cried Phoebe, agast, while Jack straightened himself up with a jerk, "he gave me the pigs."

"Well, maybe he'll let it go," said the colorless woman. "But his fingers do seem to hold on tight to money."

"But," cried Jack, "he gave Phoebe the pigs out and out. He couldn't hook her money."

There was no reply, beyond the sigh of one experienced in what it was possible for Joel Brown to do when money was in question. Phoebe would not heed the suggestion; she was excited beyond measure. There was nothing now to keep her from her goal, a college education. So full of happiness was she that when dinner was ready, and she took her place at table, she did not notice her father's morose mood, nor her mother's warning glance.

It so happened that her brother's college bills were just now due. Money must be found to pay them, and Joel hated to withdraw money from the bank for any purpose, even for the education of his pride, his eldest son.

"Father," cried Phoebe, jubilantly, "I've sold the last of my pigs, and made up my money for the entrance fees at the college!"

"You have! Well, you've done pretty well, I must say. How much? Fifteen dollars! I couldn't have made so much myself."

"Oh, I made up my mind what I thought they were worth," said Phoebe, "and I wouldn't let 'em go under. So I've got my money all right."

"Your money," snarled her father. "My money, you mean."

Phoebe's cheek paled, but she faced her father resolutely. "The pigs were mine, father," she said, with enforced calm. "You gave them to me. Why—every one knows you did;" and she looked appealingly first at Jack and then at her mother. Then her heart sank, for that mother's glance was fixed with pathetic hopelessness on her husband's hard face.

"I wouldn't take the poor child's savings, 'f I was you, Joel," said she, timidly.

"Mariah!" At this tone of utter astonishment the poor woman visibly trembled. "This little matter has got to be settled between me and my darter."

Joel Brown's face hardened like a block as he turned to his child.

"Phoebe Brown, you go bring me that \$15, right away. The pigs was mine, and the money's mine. That's my first and my last word. Go!"

Phoebe made no further appeal. She glided away and swiftly returned with the money. But Jack, valiant little Jack, faced the situation with a manly spirit.

"Father," he said, "her work's worth more than that to you. She did all the tending of those pigs extra to the housekeeping. You know mother was ill for two months, and it all came on Phoebe. You won't break her—heart—please—father."

And down went Jack's head in his hands, so that he did not see Phoebe's pale face as she laid the money on the table by her father.

Joel pushed the little pile aside at first, then gathered it up and put it in his pocket. He went out without a word, wondering what possessed that ridiculous girl to be worrying forever about an education.

"I don't like to see a girl grabbin' at her father's money," he said, severely, as his wife came undecidedly into his presence. "It's real sassy of Phoebe to be actin' this way. If she'd take pattern by her ma now, there 'ud be some sense in it."

"Joel," said the timid woman, "I want you to know it, jest for once. Phoebe is jest like me, only I never had no courage to carry out what I wanted to do. I've hungered and thirsted, I've starved here on the farm, without books or papers, or anything beyond the dishwashing and butter-

making. Now I've said it, and don't be blaming our Phoebe. She can't help it, for she is jest me over again."

Joel Brown gazed at his wife, speechless with astonishment. The world seemed turned topsy-turvy at the farm. He was very angry, and more set than ever in his determination to keep the \$15. Phoebe, meanwhile, with one arm about Jack's shoulders, was trying to cheer the lad's wounded spirit. "There's more than one road to success, Jack," she said, bravely, "and that good farmer today has put the idea in my head. We'll grow vegetables and flowers for market."

"He'll take our money again!" wailed Jack.

"No, for we won't grow things on his ground. We'll rent old Hudson's patch, just over the fence."

Jack cheered up. "That beautiful land, Phoebe."

"Of course," she said, laughing. "And the old man would let us have it for very little. He can't keep it in order, now his wife's dead. Don't cry any more, Jack. It's only put off a year or two. I'll go to college, and so shall you, and we'll earn the money and pay our own way. And oh, Jack dear, soon as we can we'll give mother a dollar, and let her spend it on anything she's got a mind to, for once in her life."

Two years later, Joel Brown, with his wife and son Jack, stood on the platform of the little station at Brownsville. Phoebe's happy face could be seen at the car window of a train just steaming slowly away. Mrs. Brown wiped tears stealthily from her faded cheeks, while Jack, suspiciously red in the face, answered his sister's signals with cheery "good-bys" and frantic whirls of his handkerchiefs. The father alone stood in moody silence.

Was he thinking of the unremitting toil by which his slender child had earned the small pittance necessary to open the gates of that hospitable college? Or was he, perhaps, meditating a surprise for her in the future; a few dollars toward the expenses of living while there, which would make her college life less laborious than she contemplated?

Perhaps!

ADA M. TROTTER.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

The Baroness Hirsch has given about \$90,000,000 toward charity since the death of her husband.

Miss Edith Root, the daughter of the Secretary of War, makes the tenth young unmarried woman in the Cabinet set at Washington—an unprecedented number.

Mrs. Gully, wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons, has the invidious task of dispensing tickets for seats in the select portion of the ladies' gallery in the House.

Princess Eva of Battenburg, who celebrated her twelfth birthday at Balmoral recently, is the first royal child born in Scotland in 300 years. Charles Stuart was the last before her.

Miss Avery, a Boston belle, shock hands with Admiral Dewey during his visit to the hub, and has now outworned all other Dewey idolators by framing the glove which the admiral touched.

Miss Garriock, superintendent of the English Army Nursing Service, accompanied by seven sisters, who were also trained nurses, were the first regular nurses to arrive at the seat of war in South Africa.

For the third time Mrs. Sarah Storey has been elected Supreme Chief of the Order of Companions of the Forest at the recent convention at Providence, R. I. She was the first woman to be appointed Supreme State Deputy.

Mme. Algeria de Reyna-Barrios, widow of President Barrios, of the Guatemalan government, is about to go on the stage as an actress. She must now earn her own living, as the \$10,000,000 estate left by her husband was seized by creditors when the President was assassinated in a revolutionary riot.

[Chicago Tribune:] American women with title-hunting proclivities may get some idea of the benefits derived from such a union from the case of Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, who became the Countess of Strafford. By the accidental death of her noble spouse the Countess became a widow within a few months after her marriage. The small extent to which she was esteemed by her late husband may properly be gathered from the fact that out of an estate of nearly £30,000, the insignificant portion of £1,000 was bequeathed to the American widow, His Lordship taking particular pains to provide that all heirlooms and ancestral property should be descended to others.

HOW BULLETS ARE MADE.

[Leisure Hour:] You do not cast bullets in moulds. You run the gleaming molten lead into a receiver a foot across and several feet high, and while it is warm, bring down upon it by hydraulic power a heavy stopper with a small hole in it of the bullet's diameter, through which, so great is the pressure, the lead cozes forth in a steady squirt, forming a solid wire which you take away in coils and feed into machines that cut it up into short lengths and stamp these into bullets—so many yards of lead rod going in at one side, so many thousand bullets dropping out below at the rate of 100 or more a minute. For the bullet's nickel sheath you run a thick ingot through a rolling mill from roll to roll until it is as thin as paper, and from these long narrow sheets you stamp out blanks as big as a sixpence, that after a long series of punches and squeezes assume the needful conical shape.

Prof. Atkins, the head of the Slater Industrial and State Normal School at Winston-Salem, N. C., is, next to Booker Washington, the most competent, practical and successful colored teacher of the South.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE
GRATITUDE OF THE PUBLIC.

Contributed to *The Times* by F. P. Dunne.

"THIS man Dewey—" began Mr. Dooley. "I thought he was ye'er Cousin George," Mr. Hennessy interrupted. "I thought he was," said Mr. Dooley, "but on lookin' closer at his features an' r-readin' that th' pa-apers says about him, I am convinced that I was wrong. Oh, he may be a scond cousin iv me Aunt Judy. I'll not say he ain't. There was a poor lot, all in thim. But I have no close relatives in this country. Tis a way I have iv savin' a little money. I'm like th' good an' gr-grateful American people. Th' further ye stay away fr'm thim, th' more they like ye. Scond-cousin-iv-me-Aunt-Judy-George made a mistake comin' home, or if he did come home, he ought've investigated his welcome an' see that it wasn't mined. A man cud stand up all day an' lave Packy Mountjoy whale away at him, but th' affection iv th' American people is always aimed throue am' is invaryably fatal.

"Th' la-ad Dougherty was in today, an' he expressed th' feelin' iv this grateful raypublic. He says, says he: 'This fellow Dewey ain't what I thought he was,' he says. 'I thought he was a good, broad, lib'ral man, an' it turns out he's a cheap skate,' he says. 'We made too much fuss over him,' he says. 'To think,' he says, 'iv him takin' th' house we give him an' tur-rin' it over to his wife,' he says. 'Tis scand'lous,' he says. 'How much did ye contribute?' says I. 'I didn't give annything,' he says. 'Th' collector didn't come around an' I'm glad now I hung on to me coin,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I appreciate ye'er feelin's,' I says. 'Ye agree with th' other subscribers,' I says. 'But I've med up me mind not to lave annyway talk to me about Dewey,' I says, 'unless,' I says, 'he subscribed th' maximum amount iv th' subscription,' I says, '38 cints,' I says. 'So I'll thank ye to tip-toe out,' I says, 'before I give ye a correct imitation iv Dewey an' Mountjoy at th' battle iv Manila,' I says. An' he went away.

"Th' throuble with Dewey is he was so long away he lost his understanding iv th' throule feelin' iv th' American people. George r-read th' newspapers, an' he says to himself: 'Be hivins, they think well iv what I done. I guess I'll put a shirt in my thrunk an' go home,' fr'm to see 'tis hot out here, an' ivrybody'll be glad fr'm to see me,' he says. An' he come along, an' New York was r-ready fr'm him. Th' business in neckties has been poor that summer, an' they was necessity fl' pullin' it together, an' they give George a welcome an' invited his admirers fr'm th' country to come in an' buy something fr'm th' little wans at home. An' he r-rode up Fifth avenue between smilin' rows iv hotels an' dhrg stores, an' \$10 boxes an' 50-cent seats, an' he says to himself: 'Holy smoke, if Aguinaldo cud on'y see me now.' An' he was proud an' happy, an' he says: 'Raypublics ar-re not always ungrateful.' An' they ain't. On'y when they give ye much gratichood ye want to freeze some iv it or it won't keep.

"Tis unsafe fr' any man alive to receive th' kind wurruds that ought to be said on'y iv th' dead. As long as George was a lithograph iv himself in a saloon window, he was all r-right. Whin people saw he cud set in a city hall hock without flowers growin' in it an' they cud look at him without smoked glasses, they begin to weaken in their devotion. Twud've been th' same, almost, if he'd married a Presbyteeryan an' hadn't deeded his house to his wife. 'Dewey don't look much like a hero,' says wan man. 'I shud say not,' says another. 'He looks like annybody else.' He ain't a hero,' says another. 'Why, annybody cud've done what he did. I got an eight-year-old boy, an' if he cudden't take a baseball club an' go in an' bate that Spanish fleet into junk in twenty minyits, I'd call him Alger an' thrade him off fr'm a bicycle,' he says. 'I guess that's r-right. They say he was a purty tough man befure he left Wash'n'ton.' 'Sure he was. Why, so-an'-so-an'-so-an'-so.' 'Ye don't tell me!' 'Is there annything in that story about his beatin' his poor ol' aunt an' her iliven childher out iv \$4?' 'I guess that's straight. Ye can tell be th' looks iv him he's a mean man. I never see a man with squintin' eyes an' white hair that wudden't rob a church!' 'He's a cow'd, too. Why, he r-run away at th' battle iv Manila. Ivrybody knows it. I r-read what Joe What's-His-Name wrote—the brave corrypondint. He says this feller was sick at his stummick, an' retired befor th' Spanish fire. Why, what'd he have to fight but a lot iv ol' rowbeats? A good swimmer with sharp teeth cud've bit his way through th' whole Spanish fleet. An' he r-run away. I tell ye, it makes me tired to think iv th' way we abusèd th' Spaniards not long ago. Why, say, they done a lot better than this fellow Dewey, with his forty or fifty men-iv-war an' this gran' nation, miles away, standin' shoulder to shoulder at his back. They never tur-rned over their property to their wives.' 'Yes,' says wan man, 'Dewey was a cow'd. Let's go an' stome his house.' 'No,' says th' crowd, 'he might come out. Let's go down to th' v'riety show an' hiss his pi'cher in th' kinetoscope.' Well!"

"Well, what?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," Mr. Dooley, continued, "I was on'y goin' to say, Hinnissy, that in spite iv me hathed iv George as a man—a married man—an' me con-timp't fr' his qualities as a fighter, in spite iv th' chickens he has stoln an' th' notes he has forged an' th' hemes he has rooned, if he was to come r-runnin' up Archey road, as he might, pursued by ladies an' g'ntlemen, an' th' palajeem iv our Liberties pal'in' him with retuin' eggs an' ol' cats, I'd open th' dure fr'm him, an' when he come in I'd put me fut behind it an' I'd say to th' grateful people: 'Fellow-citizens,' I'd say, 'lave us, I'd say. 'They're another hero down in Halsted street that's been married. Go down an' shivare him. An' you, me thusted colleagues iv th' press, disperse to ye'er homes, I'd say. 'Th' keyholes is closed fr'm th' night,' I'd say. An' thin I'd bolt th' dure an' I'd say, 'George, take off ye'er coat an' pull up to th' fire. Here's a noggin' iv whisky near ye'er thumb, an' a good seegar fr' ye to smoke. I'm no hero-worshipper. I'm too old. But I know a man when I see wan, an' though we cudden't come out—an' help ye

whin th' subscription list wint wild, be sure we think as much iv ye as we did whin ye'er name was first min-tioned be th' stanch an' faithful press. Set here, ol' la-ad, an' warrum ye'er toes by th' fire. Set here an' r-rest fr'm th' gratichood iv ye'er fellow-countrymen, that as Shakspere says, biteth like an asp an' stingeth like a adder. R-rest here as ye might r-rest at th' heath iv millions iv people that cud give ye no house but their own!"

"I dinnew about that," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I like Dewey, but I think he oughtn't to've give away th' gift iv th' nation."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas a crime fr' an American citizen to have his property in his wife's name, they'd be close quarters in th' pinitinchry."

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LIZZIE'S FIDGETS,
AND HOW THEY SAVED THE TRAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

THE lid in the little round station stove glowed red hot; a bracket lamp with a fly-specked reflector tried to burn, but did not succeed very well. Around the walls, which were ceiled with matched boards and painted lead color, were wooden benches, and on them sat the half dozen passengers who were waiting for the up train. Most dozed in silence, but, for the entertainment of those who cared to look, was nailed up the advertisement of the Moonrise Limited, with the glowing picture of a train diving off into space, headlong, against a crescent moon; also notice of the meeting of an irrigation company, and, equally ironical, a weather report with "fair tonight and Thursday" stamped in large red letters on the card.

The station agent and telegraph operator, who sat in behind a partition, came out occasionally and poured more coal into the red-hot stove, and a man steaming near would pass a few remarks.

"She's pretty late tonight, ain't she?"

"Not more'n two hours."

"That's pretty good time this weather. What's the trouble—washouts?"

"No, not yet—soft track. She's coming slow but careful."

"Heard from her?"

"Not since she left Alta. She ain't reached Rincon. That's her now," and the agent returned to his clicking instrument.

Then there was more silence, but for the steady downpour of the rain on the shingles, and its drip, drip off the eaves. Presently the outer door opened and a man in storm coat and rubber boots, carrying a lantern, came in, and after him a girl in a mackintosh. The roar of the storm followed them.

The girl took off her waterproof and sat down in a corner by the stove; the man strode across to the agent's sanctum.

"It's coming down pretty heavy," said the agent.

"You bet," answered the newcomer. "It's rough on us, but it means a million to the country."

"No more dry-season foolishness. How's the track?"

"Standin' it all right so far. A little ticklish down by Nelson's. Where's 27?"

"Just left Rincon. She's a-crawling along slow, but she'll make it all right, I guess."

The man near the stove came and stood in the door, that he might take part in the conversation between the two officials.

"When'll she be here?" he asked.

"Bout twenty minutes," but here the ticking of the instrument again interrupted. The operator took the key and wrote away vigorously for a few minutes, when the ticking suddenly stopped.

"Hello, that's bad!" commented the section boss, as he watched the operator. "Wire down?"

"Guess so, Pleasanton? All right. Rincon? All right; line's open that way. Junction? No answer. Break's up there."

"Where does 27 meet the overland?"

"At Pleasanton. Here she is."

Above the grumble of the train they heard a far-away whistle. The girl rose and put on her mackintosh. The agent saw her.

"Lizzie going up?"

"Yes. She's laid off for a month. She's goin' to stay with Rosie, who's been a little poorly."

The agent stepped out with his lantern, and a bundle of yellow papers. The man in the rubber boots kissed the girl called Lizzie, and led her to the Pullman.

"Good-by, dad," she said, as she climbed the steps, "I'll write when I find something interesting to say."

"All right," said the man. "Love to Rosie and the children."

The train pulled out as she walked down the dim-curtained aisle. "Good evening," she said to the porter, who was making up her section.

"Evenin', Miss Somers," answered the ebon gentleman. "Goin' to quit?"

"No, I am just taking a rest. Working at night doesn't agree with me very well, I guess."

"Same as 'tis with me," grinned the darky. "They ain't nothin' like breakin' a fellah's rest to make him feel mean. Anythin' mo' yo'll have, miss?"

The porter went off, and the girl soon fell asleep, as the train rumbled on in the darkness. She was awakened, however, by stopping at a station, where she heard voices outside and saw the flash of a lantern.

"Where does she meet 27? Junction?"

"No, Millville. She can't make Junction, she's too far behind. The overland is only an hour late."

Then the train started again, and Lizzie slept.

The second time she awoke they were not at a station, evidently, but something seemed to be wrong, by the violent hammering just underneath her car.

"Hot box," thought this daughter of the rail, and tried to

sleep again. But the noise was too loud, so she only dozed, half dreaming. Presently she found herself saying over and over, "Meet the overland at Millville."

Suddenly she sat up, wide awake. The storm was growing worse.

"Suppose the wires went down before that message met the overland. Suppose Jake Davis hadn't got the train-dispatcher's changed orders, and expected to pass the local, 27, at Pleasanton, and Pleasanton must have been the station just left, what then?"

"Meet the overland at Millville! and Jake may not know!"

Then some peculiar pictures rose before her, and a question or two: First, why did her vacation coincide so nearly with the changing of Jake Davis to the night run?

Oh, she didn't want him bothering around every blessed evening. A night operator has enough to stand without impertinence being added; and when you have told a fellow "No," in the daylight three times already, and he acts each time he sees you as if you just had to be glad to see him, and he kind of bosses you around like you was his folks, or he was sure enough chief train-dispatcher—it kind of makes a person mad. Any one with half pride wouldn't stand it another minute.

"Well, suppose we do meet 27, and there is a high, old smashup, Mr. Jake deserves it for being so fresh. But his train will get the worst of it, and Jake might even—trainmen usually do get hurt, if they have got any sand in them, and every one knows Jake's got plenty of that."

Then the hammering below was heard no more by a pair of inattentive ears. A horrible picture was being contemplated of a square-jawed man, all pale and still, with that awful gash in his forehead, of course, and she hadn't warned him in time. It was all her fault. Then there were the others, women and babies, they are always injured worst in a smashup, next to the train men. Oh, yes, she was sorry for them, but, as for Jake, why he could take care of his own old train. He knew the regulations better than she did, and it was none of her business, anyhow. Still, if she was only at her key, she might warn him, why had she run away, at such a dangerous season, too? No, it wasn't on Jake's account, it was for the sake of his helpless passengers.

The fidgets were certainly getting very bad. She climbed out of the berth, in her warm, flannel traveling wrapper, and went to the front platform of the car. By taking hold of the hand-rail and leaning far out into the rain, where she also caught the drip of the roof, she could manage to see up the track. There ought to be a lantern set far enough up to stop anything coming down.

She went back to her section and rang the bell for the porter. That gentleman, who hated to have his rest broken, came stupidly out of his quarters.

"Eh? What I tolle you, miss, I doan like to be called up by no sech foolishness. Eh? Yo' want me go tell de boss how he's to run dis yer train? I cain't do it, lady, nohow. 'Tain't nothin' I got on hand, sho—Eh? I'm not a-goin' to bother no conductor with no sech talk. 'Tain't my business, nor yours 'nother. Eh? Now, look a'yer, Miss Lizzie, you jest go to sleep. Yo'll find yo'self all here in de moanin'."

Then that young woman up and spake out from the depths of her heart, things she had never dreamed were there, to that ebon individual, who stopped first to listen and then to grin.

"If you won't go and ask the conductor if 27 knows of the change to Millville, because of the innocent lives to be saved, do it to please a silly girl whose—well, the one she cares most about is on board."

The porter looked interested. "If dat's de case, Miss Lizzie, he said, "I'll sholy do it. No, I doan't want no fees from de perfession." And straightway he went out into the storm, where Lizzie heard him telling a very wet and wrathful conductor that—

"A gal in dere had de fidgets, 'case her fellah was runnin' 27, and she was a-worryin' for fear he'd get his face spoiled."

The train man looked up, then ahead. "Say," he called to some one in the darkness, "Has Shorty got back yet?"

"Nope," answered the voice from somewhere.

The conductor ran up the track. By this time the brakeman should have been back from the telegraph station; in any case, there should be a light ahead where now was darkness.

When the conductor had gone not more than twenty yards he stumbled over an obstruction on the ties. It was the missing train man, with his lantern smashed beside him. He had caught his foot somehow between the rail and the tie, where the storm had washed out a little gully, and had broken his ankle, so lay across the track unconscious.

The conductor tried to lift him off to one side, but did not succeed in loosening the foot. Just then he heard the whistle of a train. He ran on to the bend and signaled with his lantern. The down train drew up not many rods from the prostrate brakeman.

"What's up?" asked the conductor of the overland.

"Nothing much," answered the man from 27, "only the local's back there a piece waiting to pass you on the same track."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Jake Davis. "Didn't you get orders from the old man to pass at Millville?"

"No, wires all down from Junction up. Say, how'd you know we were comin'?"

"Oh, a girl back there, night operator at Rincon, got the fidgets. Sent me out to round up the brakeman. Found him with a broken ankle. She's got sense, that girl. Say, you know her; said there was a fellow aboard this train she didn't want his beauty hurt. I guess you're all right, old fellow." And in about fifteen minutes conductor of overland 27 thought so, too.

HARRYET STRONG.

[Kansas City Journal:] An Ogdensburg man is said to have become insane over football. But it is rather remarkable that a town of the size of Ogdensburg should have only one football enthusiast.

Stories of the Firing Line . . . Animal Stories.

A Rather Tardy Report.

CAPT. EDWARD HERR of near Shepherdstown, W. Va., was in Hagerstown, Md., recently, and, seeing Gen. H. Kyd Douglas on the street, approached him and said: "I have come to report." Gen. Douglas, not remembering the man, asked what he meant. Capt. Herr then told a civil-war story. He said in the spring of 1862 he was in Winchester, and applied to Gen. Douglas for a pass through the Confederate lines to his home in Shepherdstown, where he had a lot of Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, State of Maryland, and other bonds, buried in a barnyard in a bog under the wagon shed.

Gen. Douglas took Capt. Herr before Stonewall Jackson, who asked a few questions, and, being satisfied with his statements of loyalty, told Gen. Douglas to give Capt. Herr a pass. As Capt. Herr was about to leave, Stonewall Jackson turned to him and commanded: "As soon as you return you must make a report to these headquarters."

Capt. Herr went through the lines, but before he could get back to report Jackson was off on his valley campaign. After this Capt. Herr went to Baltimore, and from that city got through the lines into the Confederate army.

Capt. Herr addressed Gen. Douglas: "I never saw Stonewall Jackson again. He is dead, and his army is scattered. A good many years have passed away, and this is the first chance I have had to make my report, which I now do."

The old man took off his hat and bowed. Capt. Herr recovered his buried bonds, and today is the owner of several farms, and is passing his old age in peace and plenty.—[Baltimore Sun.]

* * *

Boer Treachery Alleged By a London Paper.

AFTER the annihilation of the hapless Ninety-fourth, two unwounded officers, Capts. Elliott and Lambart, were set free on parole. They were taken to a drift on the Vaal River and were forced to attempt a crossing where the river, owing to heavy floods, was impassable. The Cape cart in which they were sitting was turned over, and when swimming for the lines the Boers poured in a volley upon them, killing poor Elliott at once. Lambart, who, like myself, had been on remount work, escaped by a miracle, and managed, half naked and footsore, to reach Natal. After peace was established, some of the murderers were tried by a Boer jury at Pretoria, and, needless to add, promptly acquitted. No other reparation was ever made or asked for by our government for the foul deed.

Another shocking instance of Boer treachery was that of a civilian doctor, who, with a surgeon-major, was dispatched from Pretoria to the scene of the Brunkers Spruit massacre to succor the wounded prisoners. His uniform saved my friend Comerford, the army medico, but the other doctor, the Boers having decoyed him into a house on a pretense of giving him a drink of milk, was stripped to his nether garments and cowhided—yes, incredible as it may seem, actually cowhided to within an inch of his life.

The flag-of-truce dodge was tried over and over again in the disastrous campaign of 1880-81, and just as many times our innocents walked into the trap. At the opening of the ball at the massacre at Brunkers Spruit, when the Ninety-fourth were cut to pieces, "le drapeau blanc" was used simply as a cover under which the Boers closed in upon the doomed regiment. And at the action of the Ingogen River these chivalrous gentlemen fired upon one of the heroes of Rorke's Drift—the Rev. Mr. Ritchie—who had gone forward with a white flag in response to one hoisted by the enemy.—[St. James Gazette.]

* * *

Funston Thinks Farmer Boys the Best.

THE Kansas regiment proved a fact often quoted during and after the civil war—that the farmer lad makes the best soldier. There are no large towns in Kansas, and the 1200 men came from the cornfields, the villages and small towns. I doubt if we had a respectable percentage of city-bred in the ranks.

"It came out of the war, did the Twentieth Kansas, with losses second in aggregate to those of Nebraska. Both had the same number killed—three officers and thirty men. Kansas had wounded ten officers and 130 men, the casualties being, in this respect, somewhat less than had Nebraska. The losses of a regiment are dependent upon its opportunities, not upon the men. Again, a regiment's loss is a good criterion of the fighting it has gone through." [Interview with Gen. Funston in Denver Post.]

* * *

Story of a Boer Spy.

HERE is the story of a Transvaal spy that well illustrates the shrewdness and pertinacity which have made the Boer such a tactful and able enemy in the present war. It was just before the erection of the Johannesburg fort. The spy was ordered to report on the defenses of Chatham.

While employed in collecting materials he came upon a certain secret subterranean passage connecting Fort Pitt with—somewhere. He tried hard to find out where that "somewhere" might be, but without avail. Rumor said it was Fort Clarence. But Fort Clarence was then—and is now, for that matter—used as a provost prison, and access to its interior was strictly prohibited.

One way of getting within the walls there was, and the spy took it. He committed a somewhat serious offense against military discipline, for which he was reduced to the ranks and imprisoned. As he had foreseen, he was condemned to Fort Clarence.

The provost sergeant in charge kept rabbits, which were shut up at night in a sort of underground passage that opened into the moat—at least, so the other prisoners affirmed. The spy ingratiated himself with the warders, and after a week or two he was taken off shot drill, and promoted to the post of rabbit-keeper in ordinary to the provost sergeant aforesaid. He looked carefully and conscientiously after his four-footed charges. In fact, he spent the greater part of his time whitewashing their un-

derground apartment, with the result that, on his release, he was able to forward full plans and details to Pretoria.—[St. Louis Republic.]

* * *

Two Inches Saved Him.

FIRST LIEUT. WINFIELD SCOTT OVERTON, Jr., of the Seventh Artillery, will leave his home at White-stone today for Washington, where he enters on his duties in the Bureau of Military Information in the army division in the Adjutant's office on Monday. Lieut. Overton was wounded while leading Battery G of the Third Artillery at Marilao on March 25. "There was one man in my battery," said Lieut. Overton, lately, "who had a habit of stooping and crunching himself up while running on a charge. I said to him one day: 'Corbett, you never expect to escape a bullet by putting yourself in such a contortion, and making yourself two inches shorter, do you?' In a few minutes a bullet struck Corbett on the top of the head and plowed its way clear across the scalp, carrying the hair with it. He was knocked senseless and had to be carried to the hospital, where I saw him a few weeks later. 'Well, Corbett,' I said, 'you had a close call.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'but the two inches saved me.'"

* * *

Properly Squelched.

THE people of Great Bend gave a great reception to Sidney Morrison, the only soldier from that town in the Twentieth Kansas. Among the speakers was Prof. Harris, who runs the old Bill Stryker College, and he commenced with a defense of Aguinaldo. This was taken patiently, but when he began to characterize the performances of the American troops as murderous and dishonorable, the chairman of the meeting sprang to his feet and somewhat heatedly informed the orator that he had mistaken the purpose of the meeting and that it was not an assembly of copperheads. Whereupon Prof. Harris wilted and sat down.—[Kansas City Journal.]

* * *

The Smoothness of the Majasari.

HIS Excellency the Sultan of Sulu, known at home by the title "Majasari," meaning the spotless, the most pure, is one of the smoothest reconstructed pirates that ever cruised around the coast of Borneo. His success in breaking into Uncle Sam's pay roll is an achievement calculated to arouse the envy of office-seekers. But he had other cards up his sleeve which he played with the dexterity of a professional. After the Spaniards loosened their hold on the islands and while your uncle's agents were investigating the size of the gold brick, the shrewd majasari force saw the inevitable. His exchequer was low and needed replenishment. American officers were already knocking at the door of his bailiwick and it behooved him to hustle. Gathering a few of the faithful about him he swooped down upon a neighboring island, levied tribute on the occupants and struck for home with \$8000 in Mexican money in his jeans. When the Americans learned of the trick they concluded they were up against a smooth one and wisely refrained from disturbing the spoils.—[Omaha Bee.]

ANIMAL STORIES.

How Toads Utilize Their Appetites.

PROF. CLINTON F. HODGE of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has been making some interesting experiments with toads. "I constructed a small pen in my garden," he says, "and in it, in a small pan of water, installed a male and female toad. To attract food for them I placed within the inclosure bits of meat and bone. The results were as satisfactory as they were unexpected. The toads spent most of the time sitting within reaching distance of the bait and killing the flies attracted by it. I watched one toad snap up eighty-six house flies in less than ten minutes.

One day I gathered a quantity of rose bugs in a tin box, praise, and fed the bugs to a toad. At first I did not

intend, but finding his appetite so good, I started to count. Little did I count over eighty bugs and the toad showed

little sign of wishing to conclude his meal, I picked him up.

At first I was surprised to my beginning to count he had taken anywhere

from twenty to twenty bugs. I found the toad equally greedy

for beetles, canker worms, ants, caterpillars, moths,

in a house, reevils, snails and many other insects. So, too,

in a room may be cleared of cockroaches by leaving a toad in it.

"A single toad may destroy over two thousand worms

during the months of May, June and July, and one of these

creatures may well do a gardener service to the

amount of \$19.88 each season, and yet he can raise \$20,000

worth of toads at an expense of not more than 20 cents.

"Farmers in England buy them, paying as high as \$24 a

thousand, for use in their flower beds and gardens. For

household purposes a small number of toads could be given

homes in an aquarium. At night the toads could be let

loose to kill bugs, while in the day they could kill flies.

I have built a sort of cage or wire screen a foot wide and

two feet long, the top of which is kept open. It is only

necessary to put in two or three toads, provide them with

shelter, with a dish of water in one corner, and then keep

them supplied with bits of raw meat and any other refuse

matter calculated to attract flies."

* * *

Tale of a Heifer.

ABOUT fifteen years ago the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Miller was born, and about the same time Mr. Miller bought a little Texas heifer calf, from a passing herd, which he resolved to give his two sons, upon the following conditions: He agreed to give the boys this calf and all its increase, and to feed and care for them, and whenever

this calf or any of its calves should produce a male calf, Mr. Miller agreed to trade it for a female calf. The boys, on their part, were not to lay claim to any other animal on the ranch, as boys are frequently in the habit of doing. Mr. Miller has faithfully kept his part of the contract, or at least until a few years ago, when he ran out of heifer calves, since which time the male increase of the Texas heifer has been sold each year.

The little Texas heifer also held up her end of the contract, and her increase now amounts to forty head of cows and heifers, not including this year's crop of calves. The boys will let out the forty head this fall, on the shares, and keep the calves to start another herd. There is a moral to this tale which must be plain without further explanation.—[Dighton Herald.]

* * *

Fools the Cobras.

KEEPER THOMPSON, of the Zoological Garden's reptile house, is chuckling over the way he has outwitted the big cobras under his charge in the matter of diet. The snakes prefer a meal consisting of other reptiles to anything else in the way of food. As small snakes are not always obtainable to satisfy the cobras' cravings, the wily keeper has hit upon the plan of stuffing old snake skins with meat. A little wriggling of the stuffed skins aids in the deception, and the cobras are quick to swallow this new kind of sausage, without appearing to detect the imposition.—[Philadelphia Record.]

* * *

Remarkable, If.

Twenty-eight cows belonging to a dairyman near Buffalo got into an apple orchard and gorged themselves on the fruit, with the result that the whole herd became as drunk as lords and as savage as grizzly bears. They staggered about and made the air tremble with their fierce mooings, and finally began to fight among themselves. Twenty chickens in the cow yard were run down and killed, and the farmer's pet watchdog was placed hors de combat. When the farmer went to milk the herd the following morning some of them were still too drunk to stand, and those that could be milked gave nothing but applejack and hard cider.—[Buffalo Times.]

* * *

Four Jersey Girls and Their Turtle Four-in-Hand.

HERE are four girls in New Brunswick, N. J., who have devoted a good part of their leisure time to rearing and training turtles. They have about three dozen of them now, and of these four have been trained to do all manner of queer things. Among other things they can be harnessed together like a four-in-hand and made to draw a doll's baby carriage.

The girls have now arrived at that age when they begin to think of doing up their hair, letting down their skirts, and going to parties, and though they hate very much to give up their pets, they begin to find them something of a burden. The mere matter of feeding them is in itself a big task. These reptiles eat most anything, but they have a particular liking for snails and worms, and, like grown people, they can acquire a taste for almost anything.

Last summer, when strawberries were plentiful, these three dozen turtles made away with two quarts of them, and then, by way of an entrée, they disposed of 217 angle-worms which a boy had been specially hired to dig for them. So, you see, catering to a turtle is not the easiest thing in the world.

When cold weather comes on, just before frost, these three dozen turtles made away with two quarts of them, and then, by way of an entrée, they disposed of 217 angle-worms which a boy had been specially hired to dig for them. So, you see, catering to a turtle is not the easiest thing in the world.

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MAN AGES HENCE.

REMARKABLE PROPHECIES MADE BY MEN OF SCIENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

HERE are some of the most remarkable prophecies ever ventured by men of science. To learned savants in our various scientific institutions I have lately addressed this question: "Looking as far into the future as your mind's eye can see, what changes are likely to occur to our brains, bodies and environments?"

"Man of the distant future," said Prof. Otis Mason, the great authority on racial problems, "will occupy a belt near the equator. The earth is cooling and as a result the Esquimo must leave the polar regions. Later, the Yankee must quit New England. All savage peoples will be eliminated from the earth. The entire human race will be brunet. The blonde people were once brunettes and became as they are through some process of interbreeding. The convolutions of the brain will be larger and will admit a much greater blood-flow to carry on the commerce of the mind. Man will be stronger physically. His hands and feet will be much smaller. Labor-saving machinery will reduce physical labor, but an increase of athletics will make the race stronger. Disappearance of small printing type will make the eyes much stronger. The ear can never take the place of the eye until some other heavenly body can be substituted for the sun. The hat will vanish and the hair will improve."

"The home of this age will be a great communal dwelling where all people of the same kinship will live under the same roof—children, parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. Rapid transit will eliminate sky-scrapers. Increased artificialization of life will render cooperation more necessary. Separate establishments, such as the corner grocery, will be considered absurdities of bygone days, as will also the keeping of servants. Chemically pure drinking water will free the cells of the body from mineral matter and permit man to live to the age of Methuselah. Compressed foods will never come into use. If they should the stomach would atrophy. The death of an infant will be an exception, whereas today one-half of the human race never matures. The deadly microbe will suffer the fate of such dangerous animal pests as have already been made extinct. People who spread diseases will be considered as enemies to mankind—punishable by severe penalties. Dress will be more perfectly adapted to comfort, health, longevity and beauty. It will never be deprived of ornamentation and women and men will never dress alike."

Future Man Will Have No Wisdom Teeth.

"Man will lose his wisdom teeth utterly," said Curator Lucas, the anatomist of the National Museum, "but modern systems of dentistry will probably save the other teeth. It is possible that there may be found the germ of a third set to be cut after the disappearance of the second. Mammals far back in the ages had a third set of teeth, and man shows indications of the same tendency. I might add that there is danger of the human race becoming homely rather than beautiful as a result of the growing tendency of man to marry for intelligence rather than beauty."

The man of the distant future would be minus a little toe, was the only prophecy ventured by Dr. D. S. Lamb, the pathologist of the Medical Museum.

Dr. Theodore N. Gill, the eminent biologist of the Smithsonian Institution, said that the wisdom teeth would disappear, as would possibly the vermiform appendix and the little toe. "Man," said he, "is not only like the ape, but bears the impress of many inferior stocks. The appendix, for instance, was inherited from ancestors to whom it was important and came to us through the apes from primitive forms somewhat like marsupials. It may disappear to a slight extent. The gray matter of the brain may increase somewhat in bulk, but cerebration is not dependent upon size of brain. Some of the most intellectual have small brains. It is possible that the little toe will disappear, but doubtful. It has its use in giving greater basis to the foot. I doubt whether there will be an increase in stature, especially since in the future intellectuality will become more and more predominant over brute force. Hygienic and sanitary progress will have an appreciable effect upon the average length of human life, but longevity dependent upon improved physical conditions cannot be anticipated. I doubt if the hair will decrease. The more civilized have a thicker growth upon their faces than lower orders of men. Undoubtedly there will be many changes which cannot be foretold."

But He Will Be Wiser Than We.

"The man of the remote future," said Prof. Elmer Gates, the physiologist, "will develop into a creature as superior to man, zoologically, as man today is superior to the quadruped. His normal span of life will be 150 years, with a chance for greater prolongation. His head will not be relatively larger, but his brain cortex will be thicker and he will possess in his brain and other nervous centers a much greater number of cell layers. Indeed, his brain and spinal cord will have developed most. The number of fiber tracts connecting cell groups in the former will have greatly multiplied. Individual cells will be much more complex, as will also the various sense organs. All bodily organs not needed will have disappeared. This creature will be much larger and stronger than man is today. His eyes will be larger and more mobile in expression."

"I believe that acuteness of the senses will be increased from five to ten times during the next century alone. The man of the remote future will have senses which we do not possess. He will be able to hear higher pitches of sound and to recognize a greater number of tone qualities. He will be able to discriminate between colors below the red and above the violet. Five thousand years from now the human race will detect ten different steps in each fundamental color. The time will come when man's mental faculties will have increased from ten to twenty times in speed of functioning. He will then actually experience in a normal

lifetime what it would take us perhaps three thousand years to experience with our mental equipment. He will be rid of all depressing, evil and malicious emotions, and because of an introspective knowledge of his own mind will be able to control himself in a manner now apparently impossible. While rid of the emotions now poisoning his blood and weakening his judgment he will possess a greater number of normal emotions active in his daily life. He will be more affectionate and will love a greater number of things. He will be more artistic, more esthetic, more just and more sympathetic. He will be, technically, more skillful in his trade or profession. He will not commit crimes or indulge in warfare. He will be trained to exercise great skill in performing the usual social functions for the maintenance of reputation and acquisition of character."

"This future man will be able to regulate definitely the transmission of acquired characteristics to his children. His period of childhood will be much longer than now. Disease will not be handed down from parent to child. Ripe old age will find itself in possession of every function. It is possible that the tendency toward a second childhood will be stimulated into a natural rejuvenating process, prolonging human life indefinitely. Approach of disease or degenerative processes will be forecast in time to check their development."

Animals Will Not Be Used for Food.

"By artificial selective propagation foods will be made far more nutritive. The killing of animals will cease. Food will be derived from vegetables or microorganisms. Man will substitute for meat single-cell structures lower in the scale of life than either vegetables or animals, but containing the nutritive qualities of each. Not possessing the organs in which animal diseases thrive, they cannot acquire them. Among these single-cell structures are notably the protista. They can be rapidly propagated in water. A ton will become two tons in a short space of time. Then there are many millions of single-cell species, both animal and vegetables which would answer the purpose."

"The large city will have ceased to exist. The number of villages will increase and perfected aerial navigation will allow men to live hundreds of miles from their daily occupations. A man in one part of the world will be able to talk with and to see another in a distant part; the atmosphere will not be permeated with carbonic acid gas from the burning of fuels. Porous material will not be used in the construction of dwellings. They will be entirely fire-proof and moisture-proof. They will be equipped with devices for regulating not only temperature, but moisture and electric potential. Dust and germs will be completely screened out and man will no longer waste his energy combating such things. Water will be more pure. Clothing will not interfere with the ventilation or motion of any part of the body. Language will be so simplified that when a man shall have learned from one to two thousand simple vocables and syllables he will have mastered his entire language. This mode of speaking will first become common among scientists. Science will be the propagandized religion. Ascertainment of truth by investigation will become a religious conduct. Children from infancy will be taught only verifiable facts. Man will be afraid to express a hypothesis or theory and will religiously search for verifiable ideas. Man will develop more in the twentieth century than he has in the last 1000 years."

Cheap Strawberries for Christmas.

Strawberries as cheap and plentiful for Christmas dinner as during June and July, was one of the predictions for the American of the far future, made by Dr. Langworthy, the government's food expert. He added that perfection of transportation facilities would make the season for all fruits and vegetables endless; that electricity would replace cooking fuels; that home work would be done by cooperation; that the preparation of foods would be a dignified rather than a degrading occupation; and that man's food would not be vastly different from that of today, but that methods of storing and preparing it would be very much more sanitary.

Ethnologist F. W. Hodge prophesied that printing would become a lost art and that a combination of graphophone and kinetoscope would replace it. Artificial ear-drums would become as common as spectacles.

The Race Problem Will Be Solved.

"In the first place, every man will be white," said Prof. W. J. McGee, the noted ethnologist, in reply to the question. "His average height and weight will be steadily greater. His head will be larger, absolutely and far away. His hands and brain will be better coordinated, tosh. Therefore he will be a better mechanician. His visage will be stronger, his sense of smell more acute and his sense of taste more delicate. On the whole, the man of the future will be stronger in relation to stature and weight. He will live under a universal, republican government, but it is doubtful whether any one administrative corporation will be required. Disputes between individuals and States will be settled by courts of various magnitudes. There will be a universal language, a composite of all present tongues, but, like the English, a language of vocables and syntax. Written and spoken language will be more similar. Phonetic spelling will effect great economy in both printing and writing. The typewriter will be in universal use because quicker and better for the eyes than old methods."

"Fish will be relatively more important as food. Oceans and lakes will be the main source of food supply. Land will be almost entirely occupied for dwelling and for horticulture and intensive agriculture. Need of clothing will diminish. Control of temperature will be met by other than our present retail methods. There will be no serious exposure to cold. In winter, men will travel in well-heated vehicles carrying them from one warm building to another. Ozone will be sold at drug stores and will be applied to kill bacilli as soon as they appear. The earth will be an endless succession of suburbs. Cities will meanwhile grow less and less dense. The street block or row will be no more. The home will be more individual, each family occupying a separate house built to suit its peculiar taste. Transportation will be chiefly electric and will be much more rapid as a result of straightening and multiplication of tracks. Aerial navigation will be valuable only for sports and amusement. It will not be a factor in warfare,

because there will be no warfare. Submarine navigation will be valuable only as a means of escape from storms. Vessels will be equipped with means of diving and remaining below the surface until storms blow over. Perfection of telegraphy will decrease mail business. Money will remain a medium of exchange, but financial transactions will be made mostly by negotiable paper, for which individuals will be more responsible than governments.

"Religion will be more of an individual sentiment. There will be an elimination of creeds. As progress of nature grows more complete, man will rely less and less upon the occult. Punishment will be obsolete. All children will receive the foundations of their educations in public schools. Universities and private institutions of learning will give only special training. Children will have to study less, will learn spontaneously and will be encouraged to do what their minds naturally lead them to prefer. Sex of children will be predetermined."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

MOST ANCIENT MACHINE TOOL.

THE POTTER'S WHEEL FOUND DEPICTED ON EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

[Cassier's Magazine:] There can be very little doubt that the potter's wheel, or potter's lathe, as it is also termed, represents today the most ancient form of machine tool known. Among the many sculptured records of the trades and occupations which so vividly represent the customs and habits of the ancient Egyptians, the potter and his wheel have been found frequently depicted, and it is curious to note that through the almost countless generations since that time this crude type of lathes has undergone no material modification.

The primitive form was evidently a small, round table, set on a pivot, and free to revolve, being turned by hand at intervals; and to this device there were added in the course of time such simple conveniences as a table to support it, and a foot or a hand-power turning arrangement, displaced, in recent years, in possibly a few isolated cases, by actual engine-power driving. In general use, however, the potter's wheel of the present time bears all the characteristics of the one which, 4000 years or more ago, served to turn out pottery, attesting unsurpassable taste and skill. It is curious, too, that in none of those ancient records are there shown examples of the forerunner of the common turning lathe as we know it today, even though the art of turning may be traced back to a very remote period.

Among Egyptian antiquities that have been found at Thebes and other cities there have been many specimens which exhibited indubitable signs that the material, while in revolution, was subjected to the action of a tool held at rest—legs of stools and chairs, for example, and lamps and musical instruments—and in later centuries, among the Greeks and Romans, the lathe was undoubtedly in common use. Cicero and Pliny both refer to the art of turning, and Herodotus thus uses the lathe as a familiar simile: "But I smile when I see many persons describing the circumference of the earth, who have no sound reason to guide them; they describe the ocean flowing around the earth, which is made circular, as if by a lathe." Unfortunately, however, it appears that none of these nor other early writers have left any account of the lathes and tools employed by their contemporaries.

METEORS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF THE GREATEST ASTRONOMER OF THE TIME.

[Boston Transcript:] In the journal of Andrew Ellicott, the greatest astronomer of his time, is taken an interesting account of the meteoric display observed one hundred years ago. Prof. Ellicott was commissioner in behalf of the United States from 1796 to 1800 for determining the boundary of the United States and "the possessions of his Catholic Majesty in America," now represented by Florida. From his diary the following excerpt is furnished by M. H. Douglas, of this city, showing that the astronomer did not realize the periodicity of universality of the phenomenon:

"November 11, 1799. Calm until about 11 o'clock a.m., when we had a light breeze and immediately got under way; proceeded to Key Largo, and came to an anchor between the Key and Gulf Stream. At the same time a sloop that we were meeting came to an anchor about two leagues from us.

"12th. About 2 o'clock in the morning I was called to see the shooting of the stars (as it is vulgarly termed); the phenomenon was grand and awful, the whole heavens appeared as if illuminated with skyrockets, flying in an infinity of directions; and I was in constant expectation of some of them falling on the vessel. They continued until put out by the light of the sun after daybreak. This phenomenon extended over a large portion of the West India Islands, and was observed as far north as St. Mary's, where it appeared as brilliant as with us. During this singular appearance the wind shifted from the south to the north, and the thermometer, which had been 86 deg. for four days past, fell to 56 deg.

"Many ingenious theories have been devised to account for these luminous and fiery meteors, but none of them are so satisfactory to my mind as the conjecture of that celebrated chemist, M. Lavoisier, who supposes it probable that the terrestrial atmosphere consists of several volumes, or strata, of gas, or elastic vapor of different kinds, and that the lightest and most difficult to mix with the lower atmosphere will be elevated above it, and form a separate stratum or volume, which he supposes to be inflammable, and that it is at the point of contact between those strata that the aurora borealis and other fiery meteors are produced."

One of the most brilliant novels ever written by the late Grant Allen was published anonymously. This work, "Rosalba," attributed to "Olive Pratt Rayner," was published last July by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The same house was publishing almost simultaneously an acknowledged book of Mr. Allen's, called "Miss Cayley's Adventures." The publishers themselves were not aware that they were dealing with two of the distinguished author's books—the two last, as it happened, that Mr. Allen wrote—until after the death of the author.

GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for *The Times*.

It Was Necessary.

Two gentlemen met on the street one day. One wore the badge of mourning, a weed on his hat. His friend grasped his hand and exclaimed: "Oh, George, I am so sorry to hear that you have buried your dear wife."

The man with the weed thanked him and murmured something appropriate. "Yes, yes; I am so sorry, George, to hear that you have buried your wife!"

The bereaved one looked a trifle annoyed, but thanked him again.

"Ah, George, you know—I—I—I am so sorry to hear that you have buried your wife."

The exasperated widower almost shouted: "My heavens, man, I had to! She was dead!"—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

* * *

Luck in a Yellow Shirt.

"I F YOU had dropped into our place a few days ago," said a local laundryman, "you would have witnessed the singular spectacle of a large establishment concentrating its energies upon one particularly ugly yellow-striped shirt, worth 59 cents at the bargain counter. We received the garment at noon sharp, and delivered it, neatly washed and ironed, at 1:15, for which feat the operatives divided a nice new \$5 bill. The incident came about in this way: There is a certain sporting man in New Orleans who plays the races and, needless to say, is a firm believer in hoodoos and mascots. Some time ago he made a big winning after a long streak of hard luck, and in looking around for the usual omen he happened to notice that he was wearing a peculiarly hideous yellow-striped shirt, which he had always loathed and had put on that morning by mere accident in hasty dressing. Of course that settled it, and when he made two or three other winnings incased in the same garment, he didn't dare change it for fear of breaking the thread of his luck.

"Meanwhile the shirt did not improve in appearance. In fact, it became so grimy and disreputable looking that its owner, who is naturally a neat dresser, was ashamed to venture on the streets. He started several times to send it to the laundry, but on each occasion 'something good' would turn up on the blackboard and he would rush to his room and put it on again before placing a bet. A few days ago he told his troubles to one of our wagon-men. 'If you can wash that shirt in time for me to wear it this afternoon,' he said, 'I'll give you \$5.' The wagon man swore by the nine gods he would have it back in time, and by bribing all hands at the laundry, he kept his word. I am sorry to say that the sporty gentleman lost \$150 the same day. He attributed the disaster entirely to his imprudence in having his shirt washed!"—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

* * *

She "Sassed" Her Well.

SOME visitors to East Gloucester last summer paid a special call upon the woman said to be the original of Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's famous story, "A Madonna of the Tubs." Mrs. Phelps Ward's summer home, be it known, is in East Gloucester. The visitors found a typical New Englander with a self-evident capacity for taking care of herself.

"So you are the Madonna of the Tubs?" said the visitors. "I am," said the New Englander.

"And Mrs. Phelps Ward wrote a beautiful story about you?"

"She did."

"Did you ever meet Mrs. Ward?"

"I have. After she'd wrote that story she come round here one day and hunted me up. She said as how she wanted to see me for herself."

"How interesting!" murmured the visitors, "and what did you do?"

"Do?" repeated the Madonna of the Tubs, "what did I do? I sassed her well for writin' such a story as that about me. Such a pack o' lies I never read. Why, there wasn't one-half of it true. An' she had the face to come and see me afterward! Oh, I sassed her well, I did!"—[Denver Post.]

* * *

A Joke and Its Penalty.

A S A GRAVE warning against the perils that encompass him who displays as well as possesses wit, the New Orleans Times-Democrat quotes "an old merchant" of its own city as telling what a single really good joke, uttered by his own lawyer, once cost. It seems that the merchant was a party to suit before a judge of known irascibility, and whose prejudices it was most desirable not to offend. "My attorney," said the narrator, "was a really brilliant man, but he had acquired a fatal reputation for wit, and felt bound to live up to it, in or out of occasion. While he was making his speech, the judge interrupted to correct a reference to the evidence. 'It seems to the court,' he said, very testily, 'that you have quoted that statement exactly upside down.' 'It will seem all right, then, when Your Honor is reversed,' replied the lawyer, and everybody laughed except myself and the judge. My smart advocate couldn't resist a chance to show off, although he knew he was in the wrong, and as the old man had been recently reversed several times, it was naturally a sore subject. Anyhow, I lost the case, and I'm satisfied the remark cost me \$4000 cash."

* * *

A Speech Which He Did Understand.

A N AMERICAN college student was traveling on foot through Germany. Almost exhausted one evening after a long tramp, he dropped into a small *gasthaus* by the wayside and, having ordered a mug of beer, he took a seat in a corner. At the other end of the long table on which he had rested his weary legs sat a group of three or four men, and as soon as he had seated himself one of the party arose and addressed him. The others all lifted their hats.

But to the young American the speech was utterly unin-

telligible. To be sure, he had studied German, he had read Goethe and Schiller, but he could not pick out a word from what he heard that he had ever seen in the works of the poets. Now, he could not show his ignorance. That would cut him off at once from further acquaintance. "I'll simply answer 'Yes,'" he said to himself. "That won't commit me."

Accordingly, he politely tipped his hat and, with a hearty "Ja," settled back in his chair. The party now took on an air of suspense, which became every moment more and more hard for them to endure. At last another of the group arose and addressed the traveler, but with such rapidity of utterance that the whole speech sounded no more intelligible than Volapuk. "I must have made a mistake the first time," the student repeated over to himself. "But I'll fool these fellows yet. If 'yes' was wrong, 'no' will settle them, and so with a good-natured laugh he answered:

"Oh, nein, mein freund; nein, nein!"

At the reply all three sprang to their feet. A stick of Boer dynamite dropped into a British campfire would not have exploded with less force. Then a third, who had up to that time kept silent, shouted out in the best of English: "Look here, young fellow. We are Englishmen, and don't intend to be insulted. If you don't take your feet off of this table we will throw you out."

And for once the Stars and Stripes were hauled down at the command of John Bull.—[New York Tribune.]

* * *

"Lift Your Skirt, Please."

SHE had noticed that men would stare at her. It wasn't exactly her fault; beauty in a woman could hardly be called a fault, but the open admiration of men annoyed her, just a bit. The strong wind had blown on her cheeks the hue of the red rose that is full blown and men looked after her with a detaining expression that seemed to say: "Hi, there, miss, you have dropped a flower!" Of course he hadn't, but it seemed so natural to think she had.

One man—and he was every inch a man and a good many inches, too—actually turned and followed her. There was no doubt that he was following her. She loosened the grip on the trailing skirt she was holding and quickened her pace. There was That Man just behind her. She turned to go into a shop on Petticoat Lane when the man actually accosted her.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but would you mind lifting your skirt just a little?"

Heavens, the man must be crazy! She turned to him and looking over, under, around and through him, but not at him, said, "Sir!"

"Beg your pardon, but would you mind lifting your skirt just a little, the fact is—"

"Officer, this man is annoying me," said the young woman, turning to the big policeman.

"Say, you're rather a decent-looking chap to be a speakin' to women you don't know," said the officer.

"She's got my hat and is carrying it away."

"What!" gasped the young woman; "your hat! Officer, this man is simply crazy."

"No, I'm not," said the man. "The wind blew my hat off and into your trailing skirt. Now, if you'll please raise your skirt just—"

She did and out rolled the hat, but what was the use of explanations? This explains, however, why one young woman in Kansas City wears short skirts.—[Kansas City Star.]

* * *

Embarrassing to the Young Man.

I T HAPPENED on a street car—perhaps that was the reason the young woman was telling it to her friends as they rode on a street car.

"Say, girls," said the girl with auburn hair, in a voice which was audible even unto the rear platform, "you may talk about being embarrassed, but I will wager a Studebaker matinée against a chocolate that you have never undergone anything that is comparable to the agony I suffered this afternoon."

"You know, Walter called for me to go to the Art Institute—"

"My, how unusual!" broke in one of the listeners.

"Well," continued the auburn-haired one, ignoring the interruption, "we boarded an Indiana-avenue car at Thirty-first street, and when the conductor bellowed out, 'Fare, please,' Walter shoved a bill into his hand and continued to praise the landscape I finished last week. He was soon interrupted by the conductor, who, pointing his finger at a little urchin seated near us, said:

"How old is he?"

"Poor Walter! You know how easily he is embarrassed. If you could have seen him squirm in his seat and blurt out, 'He is not ours!'

"And the worst of it all was that that sedate Miss Fay, who prides herself about her 'savoir faire,' was seated directly opposite us and grinned hideously."—[Chicago Journal.]

* * *

The Wolf Wobbled a Bit.

"WELL," said the red-faced man, "the most exciting case I ever had happened a few days ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered, to my intense horror, that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and, to my delight, saw the others stop to devour it.

"After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally, there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good, hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning, that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside him!"

"Ah!" said the red-faced man, "now I remember, it did wobble a bit."—[Tit-Bits.]

* * *

A Boy's Unfortunate Explanation.

THERE was company for dinner, and the plate in front of the host contained a fine sirloin of beef. He drew the sharp carving knife across the ringing steel for a few times, just because that is a way carvers have, drove the

fork deep into the steaming beef, described a scalping knife flourish in the air, and gracefully began operations.

Two nice marble-sized slices clear across the joint had resulted, and he was turning off the third, when the blade struck a skewer, made a sliding motion, and came out at the top with a result that the proposed slice looked like a frost-bitten leaf curled by the sun.

The man could not say intense things in the presence of his guests, but he froze his wife with a look, made a grim joke about the indigestibility of roasted hardwood, dug the skewer out viciously, and ordered little Willie, who had made several attempts to tell something, to keep still or leave the table. His evident temper led to an embarrassing silence, and Willie saw an opening that he could not resist.

"Cook has burnt her nose orful," he announced.

"Too bad," said the father, whose good humor was coming back. "How did she do it?"

"Trying to pull them skewers out with her teeth."—[Tit-Bits.]

* * *

A Paying Sort of Daughter.

WIFE. How in the world can you afford to buy those expensive cigars?

Husband. I don't buy them.

"Dear me! You don't mean to say any friend of yours is rich enough to give you such cigars, do you?"

"Well, no, not exactly. That young man who has got so smitten with our daughter—"

"Huh! No more than she is with him."

"Well, he's an agent or something for a big firm of cigar importers, and generally has his pockets full of their best samples. Well, after we go to bed, and the lights are turned down, he takes them out of his pockets and puts 'em on the mantelpiece—to keep 'em from getting crushed, I suppose. Then when it comes to leaving, between the desire to skip out without making any noise at such a late hour and the pain of saying good-night to our daughter, he forgets all about them. I tell you, Maria, our daughter has been a pretty heavy expense, but she's sort o' payin' for herself now."—[Tit-Bits.]

* * *

What It Might Have Cost.

"I N A certain town in Vermont," said the Boston drummer, as he chewed away at a pepsi tablet, "I picked up a wallet containing \$500 in cash. There were papers bearing the owner's name, and he proved to be the Mayor of the town. I at once hunted him up and handed over his lost cash, and as he received it he looked me over and scratched the back of his head and said:

"I shall reward you, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. I am glad to restore your property."

"But you expect something?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you look for me to give you a cent?"

"Not a red."

"It doesn't seem possible," he went on, as he looked me over again, "but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?"

"I can't say, of course."

"I'd have had to hand over at least 10 cents, sir, and they might have struck me for 15 or 25."—[Ohio State Journal.]

* * *

The Crown Prince's Cushion.

T HE German Emperor likes to study the characters of his group of small sons and to that end has given them a room next to the one used for business purposes for himself. A certain great scientific man, having on one occasion an interview with the emperor, left his hat in the adjoining vestibule. There the little brothers discovered it and the crown prince, explaining to the younger ones that "papa" sometimes sat on his opera hat and it came all right again, proceeded to give a practical illustration of this statement, to the ruin of the beaver. The emperor's door suddenly opened and "papa" and the professor appeared. Like a manly little fellow the crown prince owned up, apologized to the laughing professor and went off to buy for the old gentleman a new hat with his small pocket money.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

* * *

A Dying Man's Perplexity.

A N OLD bedridden fisherman at a Scotch watering place was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical waistcoats which button behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo, ay, I'm a' richt," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said:

"Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."—[New York Tribune.]

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] The little news which comes from Ladysmith will satisfy the most prejudiced Briton that Oom Paul is not resting on his psalms as much as was anticipated.



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SPEAKERSHIP GOSSIP

GEN. D. B. HENDERSON'S FIRST CONTEST
FOR THE POSITION.

From Our Own Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27, 1899.—Gen David B. Henderson will be elected Speaker. He will attain the position for which he has been longing many years. He was an active candidate in 1889 at the time Reed was elected. This was ten years ago and the contest has been almost forgotten. There were five candidates. The was Thomas B. Reed, then as cynical, irascible and dictatorial as he is now, but man of such sterling force that he carried all before him. Next in the race stood William McKinley, already something of a Presidential candidate. After him was Julius Caesar Burrows, who, as a Congressman, was something of a bulldozer and blusterer, but who has done better since he has come to the Senate. Ben Butterworth of Ohio had aspirations in the same direction, but he finally withdrew in McKinley's favor. I heard the story yesterday. It was only a short time before the House had been called to order and at just about the close of the preceding Congress. It was known that the Republicans would have the majority and the Speakership candidates were being selected. It was known that McKinley had ambitions, and it was also supposed that Butterworth would be in the race. At this time Maj. McKinley went to Butterworth and asked him point blank whether he was going to be a candidate. The question was a leading one, and Butterworth hemmed and hawed, and said he did not know that he wanted it. As he did so Maj. McKinley said:

"Well, Ben, if you don't want the position, I do. I am going to be a candidate, and I suppose I can count on your

have been made without interfering with his regular work. All but two of them have been made without the use of gas or anesthetics, and the last, which was perhaps the most serious of all, caused him to neglect his correspondence for less than two weeks. The second day after the amputation he was playing whist. He may have more or less pain while in the Speaker's chair, but if so it will not be shown in his face nor his rulings.

And still the Speakership is by no means a sinecure. Tom Reed has a constitution like that of a Percheron horse, and he could withstand the strain. The most of the Speakers who have preceded him have had their health undermined by the arduous duties of the position. I knew Sam Randall when he was Speaker. He was in continual pain from the gout, and died from overwork in the end. John G. Carlisle came near breaking down during his Speakership. He grew as thin as a rail and as sallow as sole leather. He paid no attention to physical exercise, rode to and from the Capitol in the street cars, and worked every day, and Sunday. His only recreation was to play solitaire and now and then a quiet game of poker with his friends in the evenings. I don't mean that he was a gambler, but he is a Kentuckian and likes the excitement of cards. The usual ante of his games was 5 cents, sometimes it rose to 10, sometimes 25, and often it was only a penny. Carlisle's habit of playing solitaire is curious. He has a deck of cards before him when he is dictating to his stenographer. He will carry on a game at the same time he is answering his letters or composing a speech. His mind seems to be on the cards, but the words he utters show that he is carrying on two trains of thought at the same time. After he came to the Senate Mr. Carlisle took things more easily. He fattened up and increased his weight. He grew fatter still while he was Secretary of the Treasury. Like Tom Reed, he is now a lawyer in New York. He still owns his house in Washington, but does not spend much time here.

I understand that Senator Carlisle is making money in New York. It was for financial reasons that Tom Reed

teaching and doing odd jobs, was able to keep himself at school, and at the same time to pay his debts.

The moment he gave up the idea of being a preacher he decided to make the law his life profession. He bought some law books and crammed Blackstone while he was tending school. After a time he had saved enough to take him to California, and he decided to go there to make his fortune. As soon as he arrived in the State he applied for admission to the bar. The examination was at Stockton, and the judge who put him through his questions was a well-known lawyer named Wallace, who afterward became Chief Justice of the State. Tom Reed, in relating the story, says that his examination consisted of only two questions. The first was as to whether he had studied law. Young Reed replied that he had. The second question followed. It was:

"Is the legal tender act constitutional?"

"Yes, sir; it undoubtedly is," was the reply.

"That is all right," said Judge Wallace. "You may consider yourself admitted to the bar. Anybody who can answer off-hand a great question like that, upon which so many mighty minds are divided, ought to be able to practice in any country."

Tom Reed's practice was not successful in California. At any rate he soon returned to Portland, and in 1864 became a paymaster in the United States navy. He held this position about a year, and then opened a law office in Portland. He soon acquired a large practice, was elected to the Legislature, then to Congress, then Speaker, and now he is back to the law again in New York.

The election of Henderson will be a cut and dried affair. There will be no opposition to speak of, and he will be chosen unanimously. I met a man last night who was one of the candidates in what was perhaps the greatest Speakership contest of our history. This was Senator John Sherman. I called upon him at his house on Franklin square and had a chat with him about the days of 1859, when Congress balloted from the 5th of December until the last of January for a Speaker. There were thirty-nine ballots, and John Sherman, then a young Representative of 33, was throughout the whole the leading candidate. He came at one time within three votes of being elected, and on the thirty-ninth ballot, seeing there was danger of the Republicans failing to get the Speakership, he threw his vote to William Pennington of New Jersey, who was thereupon elected Speaker. The contest was a most exciting one. Both North and South were excited over the hanging of John Brown, and party relations were stretched to their utmost. A book by Hinton R. Helper, entitled "The Impending Crisis," antagonistic to slavery, had been published, and it was charged that Sherman had recommended the use of the book as a campaign document. The truth was he had never seen the book, and merely recommended it on the statement that certain objectionable things alleged to be in it should be cut out before publication.

During the contest violent speeches were made. Sherman's friends stuck to him throughout the whole, and Thaddeus Stevens said he would never change his vote until the crack of doom. When at last having changed it, he was asked how he could break such a promise, he replied:

"Well, the truth is, I really thought I heard it cracking."

It was about this time that Sherman came near having a duel with Wright as to some remarks made by the latter in debate. Wright was a member of Congress from Kentucky. In a speech upon the floor he said something which was very offensive to Sherman, and Mr. Sherman thereupon took up a box of wafers and threw them in Wright's face. Wright was a fire-eater, and Sherman thought he would certainly challenge him or attack him. He put a pistol in his overcoat pocket and kept his hand on the trigger as he passed Wright going up and down the steps of the Capitol, each looking the other in the eye. Wright, however, made no further trouble about the matter, never resenting the insult which he had received.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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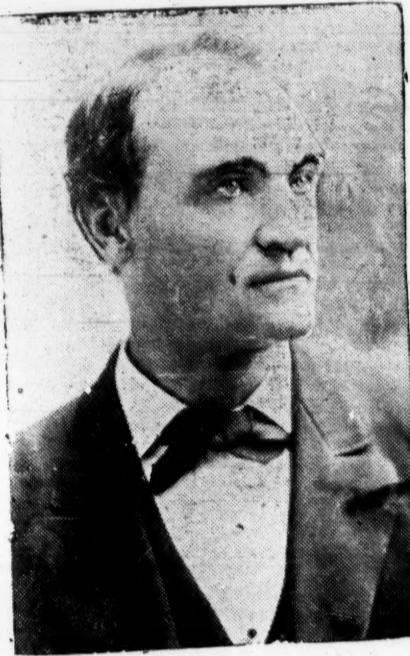
WHY WINSTON WAS NOMINATED.

Col. Patrick Henry Winston," said Frederick Homans of Tacoma, Wash., in this city yesterday, "I think, owes his present position as Attorney-General of the State of Washington to a certain retort he made to a question addressed to him in the State convention of 1896, when he was a candidate for the office he at present holds. At that time Populism ran riot in our State, every one was hard up, and there was a widespread feeling among the people that the wealth of the country was wrongly distributed, the few being rich at the expense of the many. Winston, who was as bald as a billiard ball, was addressing the convention, when up rose six feet of Wankakum county countryman, bearded like the pard and with a head of hair that a football player might have envied, who demanded of the chair that he be allowed to ask a question of the speaker. Permission being accorded him, he queried: 'Col. Winston, how do you explain the unequal distribution of wealth in the United States?' Winston, although he knew that in the then state of mind of the people the question was an important one, answered it without hesitation, saying: 'I will reply to your question in the good old New England fashion—by asking another: "How do you, my friend," first rubbing his own bald pate and then pointing at the chrysanthemum-like head of the countryman, 'how do you account for the unequal distribution of hair in the United States?' The convention stamped for Winston, and he was made Attorney-General as the result of that answer."—[New York Tribune.]

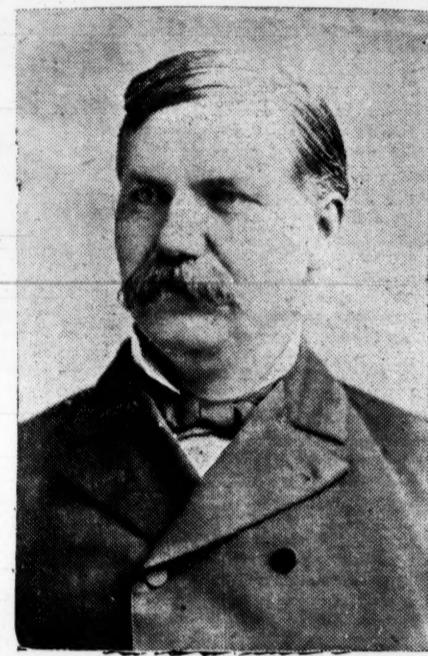
STUYVESANT'S PEAR TREE.

[New York Tribune:] A tablet on the side wall of the building on the southeast corner of Thirteenth street and Third avenue says: "On this corner grew Petrus Stuyvesant's pear tree. Recalled to Holland in 1664. On his return he brought the pear tree and planted it as his memorial, 'by which,' said he, 'my name may be remembered.' The pear tree flourished and bore fruit for over 200 years. The tablet placed here by the Holland society of New York, September, 1896."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] Prof. Worcester's address effectually disposes of pretty much all the campaign material of the "aunties," and leaves them no ground to stand on.



CARLISLE AS SPEAKER.



DAVID B. HENDERSON IN 1889.

support as well as on that of the rest of the Ohio delegation?"

The assault was such a surprise that Butterworth in his good-natured way had consented to support McKinley before he actually realized what his promise meant, and as a result he was out of the race.

Another candidate was Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois, and last of all was Gen. D. B. Henderson of Iowa. The contest ended in the selection of Reed, who has controlled the office, as far as the Republican party has been concerned, from then until now.

Gen. Henderson, at the time of that contest, was 49 years of age. He is 59 now, and is a stronger man than he was then. His hair has turned from black to gray, but his face is just as rosy and his blue eyes just as bright. He is a handsome man, tall, straight and fine looking, with a chest like a blacksmith's bellows, and a heart as big as the dome of the Capitol. He will make a strong man in the Speaker's chair. He is a man of character. He stands by his convictions, and is one of the few public men I know who have convictions. He is ready to fight for what he believes to be right, and will fight in the Speaker's chair as bravely as he did in the northern army during the late civil war. The most heroic deeds are not always those of the battlefield. Henderson was a good fighter. He entered the army as a private, at the age of 21, lost his leg by a bullet in 1863, but went back to the field as a colonel in 1864, and served until the war closed. His career out of the army is to me more heroic than his service in the field.

In almost continuous pain from his wounds he has kept smiles in his eyes and courage in his heart. He has gone along and done his work without complaining, the jolliest of the jolly, and today you would not imagine that his life for years has been such as would have confined the ordinary man to the sick bed. His wound was in the ankle. A bullet of the enemy had shivered the bones, and the doctors told him that his leg would have to be taken off. He would not consent, and for several months held out against amputation, saying that he thought he was young and could stand it and perhaps save his leg. As time went on he grew worse, and soon saw that his leg must come off. Since then it has been amputated seven different times, a small section being taken off each time until it was finally cut off above the knee. The most of these operations

gave up the speakership and went back to law. He will probably make a fortune. He is thrifty and he has the Yankee ability to bargain. He will get single fees much larger than his Speakership salary, and he could make a big income from his literary work, if he cared to do so. Tom Reed is a master of English. He writes rapidly and always writes well. He can turn out four or five thousand words in an evening, and when his manuscript is finished it is ready for the printer. He did some writing while he was Speaker, and his income has for years been increased by his literary receipts.

He has not attempted lecturing, although he has received many offers to go on the platform. For one lecture which he gave in Boston he was paid \$1,000, and this same lecture he has repeated a number of times at \$500 per night. He has written a great many magazine articles, and his work of this nature is so popular that he can command his own prices.

He will probably write a book some day giving his reminiscences of public men and his times. If so, it will have a large sale. It will certainly be well written. Mr. Reed is a college-bred man and has no end of Latin and Greek quotations at his command. He is also a French scholar, his chief amusement being the reading of flashy French novels in the original, but he never lets his French, Greek or Latin get into his speeches, and considers plain everyday English the best medium of thought communication. Tom Reed has generally been considered a lazy man. This is a mistake. He has always been a hard worker and a hard student. He mastered the French language after he was forty. His range of historical reading is very wide, but he is thoroughly abreast of the literature of today.

Speaking of Reed as a lawyer recalls a story I once heard as to his admission to the bar. He was brought up, you know, for a minister. His father was a New England sailor, and he wanted to have one preacher in the family. Tom was selected to be that one. He was sent to the High School, and finally by means of some assistance from the church was admitted to college to study for the ministry. As he went on with his studies he found that preaching was not his mission. He went to the church people and told them that he could not go on with his course at school upon the existing understanding, but that he would pay back the money which they had given him as soon as he could. He at once went to work and by

"ONLY A MAN."

A HERETICAL WOMAN PROPOSES
TO WRITE A BOOK.

From the *Denver Post*.

HERE'S a new book out.

It's by a woman about women. It is called "Women and Economics," and it is written by a Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, a lady who has always had much to say about women and what ought to happen to them for being good.

You can't go near a woman's club in Denver without meeting some one who's just read all about woman and her silly little way of mending socks for men, instead of buying new ones for herself, and the woman who's read that book always wants to discuss it.

It really is an interesting book.

It tells all about how women have been put upon and abused ever since protoplasmic times. It relates the crushing sorrows, the agonizing humiliations and the awful subjection of woman. It tells how she bears her children in sorrow and rears them in bondage. How she sits, a poor, hard stone of custom, within the lock and key of her husband's home, and yearns and yearns and yearns.

How she can't eat bread of her own earning, she can't wear clothes of her own buying, she can't do or have or be anything independent.

It ends, as all such books have ended and will end till the rolling together of the heavens as a scroll, with an appeal to the downtrodden sisterhood to rise and throw off the yoke—and go and earn its own living.

I wish the sisters would take the advice, or try to.

After just about six months of free, holy, uplifting, economic independence—I think we should hear less and less of this Only a Woman business.

I'm going to write a book. My book shall be called Only a Man.

Won't that be a nice, affecting title?

My book is going to tell about men—for once. I'm going to try to get at a few facts which Mrs. Stetson and all the ladies who write such clever things about Only a Woman seem either to forget or to wilfully ignore.

Only a Man. I shan't make him a miracle like the gentleman in the play, who can knock down six giant musketeers, throttle a lion, seize the lady of his heart, leap with her out of a steeple-story window and come down safe and sound to cry "Foiled again," in the very teeth of the discomfited foe. I shall not make him a saint like the Knights of the Holy Grail, seeking the impossible through the mists of the ideal.

I shall not make him a great genius, enlightening the world with the splendor of his inspiration. I shall not make him an arguing, scientific, soulless, perfect monstrosity, like the heroes of the "Looking Backward" brand of books—a man who feels by his reason and who thinks by electricity.

I shall not make him a self-centered, ecclesiastical bigot, who thinks his own particular form of belief or disbelief is a topic to entrance a waiting nation.

Just a man, a plain, everyday, quick-tempered, big-hearted, fault-finding, hard-working, self-sacrificing man of North America. The one who lives next door to you, madam, or the one who comes to call upon your sister, my dear, young lady—that's the man for my hero.

And he is a hero.

Laugh as you will, aspire to the impossible and the unattainable as you may, ladies of the Theory Club, he is a hero, every inch of him. And the smallest finger of his hand, worn hard with honest work, is worth all the idealists of all the centuries put together.

A hero!

Why not?

Have you ever tried to do one of the things he does every day and never dreams of making a virtue of his doing?

No?

Try it.

Take a delicate, imaginative, high-strung woman and try to support her and make her happy. Put a family of little helpless children on your shoulders, and start out to make a living for them in this world you think so beautiful. Go downtown and work and fret, and worry, and plan and puzzle and fail and be defeated, and get up again, and fight the whole battle over day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, till there is no more time for you and yours.

Fight!

Why, it's nothing but a fight—this earning a living business.

Do you think, my good woman, that your husband has no battles because he does not show you his scars?

Put yourself in his place for one day, for one little, little day, and you'll find that it will take all your fortitude, all your courage, and all your faith to keep you alive till the welcome nightfall comes.

Courage!

Why it takes more courage to earn an honest living in this day of competition and desperate endeavor than it took the knights of old you admire so much to enter a dozen lists and fight a score of tournaments.

Talk about the Twelve Temptations.

The man who earns a decent income must meet and conquer or be conquered by them every single twenty-four hours.

To steal, to lie, to cheat, to stab his best friend in the back, to take the meal from the mouths of the widow and the fatherless—your husband does none of these things?

Probably he does not, to his eternal credit be it spoken, but it is not for lack of opportunity and for very grievous temptation.

Above it?

Above the crime, perhaps.

Above the temptation to it?

No man is. No man can be, where his family is calling

to him for this, for that, and for the other thing which John Somebody's family has, and which John Somebody bought for them out of the price of human blood.

Men do not tell you these things?

They do not.

You take up most of the time telling them about your tragic life with one poor, clumsy servant, whose fearful crime is inability to learn to make jelly jell.

Tell you?

And have you turn white and go sleepless and worry yourself old about him?

Not he!

That is not his fashion.

He took you to love, cherish and protect you, and whatever may be his faults—and they are many—the average American man lives up to the promise he made on the day of his wedding. He loves, cherishes and protects the woman he married, and just now that woman seems to find her chief delight in reading and writing books which tell her what a selfish, cruel, low-idealized monster the man who shields her from this world is.

She doesn't want to be shielded, she says.

She wants to be independent.

Independent!

A man independent!

Is your husband independent, my dear woman? He is a workingman, a head carpenter—he is a man of superior intelligence, and he knows his trade better than any other carpenter in town, perhaps.

Does that make him independent?

He can't get one stroke of work unless he belongs to a union, which tells him exactly what he may earn, and how long he may work—and even then he is dependent upon the whim of a contractor, who may give him work or may not.

Independent!

Is your husband independent, my dear madam?

A banker, a clever, astute, far-seeing man, esteemed and admired by the other members of his calling?

Perhaps.

But independent?

Ask him.

If he tells you the truth he will say that he has to conciliate here, to cajole there, to threaten the other place, in order to keep the wolf of failure from his very comfortable door.

Independent!

Your husband—a United States Senator, a man with money, position, power—a man who can make or break men and communities, a man sought after, toadied to, flattened, followed, applauded—is he independent?

Ask him. If he speaks the honest truth he will tell you that some ignorant and unscrupulous, vindictive ward-boss holds him and his future in the hollow of a hand neither over gentle nor over clean.

Independent?

There are few independent men, ladies. Do not let Mrs. Stetson, or any others of her way of thinking, deceive you—earning money means anything on earth but independence.

Will he be a working man, the hero of my book?

Of course.

Every American who is worth anything is a working man of one sort or another.

And my hero is an American, pure and simple. A shrewd, clever, quick-witted, hard-working, sentimental American.

Sentimental!

Of course.

Under all his crusts of half-serious cynicism, the American man has a thousand times more sentiment than the American woman.

And he's going to be lantern-jawed, and keen-eyed, like the Indian he looks like and is not like. Smoke, drink, use some words that are not in the dictionary—well, I don't know.

These things are not beatitudes, but the man who forgoes a woman her nagging fault-finding may well be forgiven some small vices.

Good-natured and tolerant and kindly he is and always will be, if his women folks will only give him half a chance.

And I shall have him go down into the fight of life every day and give and take in it, like the strong man that he is. I shall have him put his every nerve and every drop of blood in his veins and every energy of his bursting brain into the problem of making what the woman he married for love calls "a decent living," for her and for his babies, and I'm going to have him go home after a day of heart-breaking anxiety and nerve-tearing effort and listen to his wife's entertaining remarks on the subject of women and economics.

I'm going to have him sit and hearken tolerantly to ladies who have come to tell his wife how much more cultivated and learned the American woman is than the American man.

I'm going to have him smile politely at the assumption that the belonging to a Browning hand-book club or an Ibsen study class means real culture.

My hero shall sit calmly by and hear women whose one aim in life is to outshine their friends' talk about high ideals and noble standards.

My hero is going to hear himself and his ways and his thoughts and his habits and his ideals criticised and vindictively attacked, in large and enthusiastic conventions to which the woman he supports in ease and luxury is a delegate.

He's going to look at the woman he loves and say, "Ah, well, she doesn't mean it, bless her heart," when she has held him and all his tribe and following up to scorn and obliquity because he forgot to mail a letter telling the ash man to come at 5 o'clock instead of at 4:45.

He's going to stop in the midst of a crowded, busy, hurrying, distracting day, a day spent in a hard fight for a few more dollars for her—to match a sample at a shop, so as to give her time to go to the club and discuss her shameful subject.

He's going to come home so tired that he can scarcely hold his head up, so tired that if it were not for the woman and her children, there at home, he would wish he could lie down somewhere, where he could hear the trees rustling and sleep away his life—and he's going to swallow a hasty dinner and force himself into a dress suit, to go to

a stupid reception, just because "she" wants him to take her there.

He's going to—but I can't tell it all here—it will take a book to do it.

Look at the man you browbeat, my good idealistic, well-meaning woman—look at him with all his follies and all his faults.

Think of him when he's cross because you want him to ask his way somewhere, and he'd rather die with his masculine conceit upon him than to acknowledge that he doesn't know everything—even the street he cannot find.

Remember him when he has a little cold, and gets so scared to death over the least pain that he wants to send for the doctor, and make his will immediately. Call to mind his deadly devotion to his hat, his queer clinging to strange hours for eating, his way of wanting to know why you can't make a \$20 gown look as well as a \$100 one the woman across the way has.

Bring to your mind all his strange intolerance which makes him hate in a woman the very faults he induces in her, think of him at his worst, his very worst—and then consider a little—isn't it wonderful—not that there are so many bad men, but that there are so many good ones?

Put yourself in his place—just a minute—just a little, generous, honest, fair-minded minute—could you bear the burden he carries one-half as well as he bears it?

Could you grind, grind, at the money-making mill, sick or well, hopeful or discouraged, rain or shine, loved or unloved, as he does, and make as good a face of cheer and happiness over it?

Women have their wrongs and their sorrows. Only a woman who has felt the knife in her own heart knows how deep and how agonizing a woman's pain can be.

Women have their cares, their anxieties, their responsibilities. No creature who lives can deny that.

Men have their faults, grievous and hard for the women who love them to bear. No man lives who will even try to deny that.

Men do not claim the privileges of omniscience.

That is a distinctly feminine trait.

No man on earth claims that he can be a man and a woman both.

The modern woman does claim that very thing. Tell a man that women are better nurses than men, better teachers, better care-takers in little things, and he will say, "Why, yes, of course, they are."

Men do not attempt to claim for themselves an all-seeing, all-doing, all-knowing personality. They realize that there are limitations to a human being's possibilities.

Not so, the modern woman.

She can do and think, and be—anything—she says. I hardly believe that if some rash mortal should arise and declare that men make better prize fighters than women, some one of the new cult among women would arise and refute the charge with much indignation, and more than a little eloquence.

I have yet to hear of a body of men called together expressly for the purpose of proving to the world what "we as men" can do, have done, and might, could, would or should do, if the eternal laws of the universe would only cease to act for a while, and give genius a chance to sprout.

Genius!

Let's face facts, ladies—facts, facts, cold, cold facts.

Women have devoted their attention to music for centuries, painting and the art of decoration have been their special province for many generations. Dress and the arts of the toilet have been an absorbing thing to them for, lo, these many years. Cooking has been their specialty for ages.

Where is the great woman composer?

How many women artists can you name?

How does it happen that the greatest dressmakers of the world are men?

And who will rise and tell us why, when you want the best dinner in the world, you have to get a man to cook it?

Not germane to the subject, all these things? I think they are—very much germane to it.

When women go quietly and sensibly about their business, really doing things, no one blames them much if we make a little ado about the wonders of our achievements. We must be feminine—but when we stop doing and go to talking, let's talk sense.

Ask the first man you meet what he thinks about his being a hero, and he'll smile in your face.

Tell the first woman you meet that she's a heroine, and nine times out of ten she'll believe you, and go through a long-suffering world as one who wears upon her brow the invisible crown of a noble martyrdom.

We women have our side of the story. I acknowledge, nay, I insist, upon declaiming that.

But our note is so constantly heard, so harped upon, so beat and hammered out, over and over and over at every little gathering of the women, who really seem to be the type of the present generation, that it will do us no harm to look upon the other side.

But there are two sides to the story; always remember that, ladies of the reforming fad; always and always remember that. Let us look on that other side, for just so long as it takes to read these few poor words, at any rate. Life is so hard at best, so full of disappointment and sorrow and heart-tugging grief. We men and women ought to help each other up the hilly road to happiness. Not stand by the wayside casting stones at those who have already a grievous burden to bear.

Only a man.

Let us write a new book, we women of America. Let's tear up these old ones, full of complaints and fault-finding and the small arguments of small souls, who weigh all life by the money there is in it. Let's write a book full of love and confidence and pride in this hero of ours, the plain, every-day man of North America.

WINIFRED BLACK.

("Annie-Laurie.")

THE PARIS FIXETTE.

The dangerous long hat pins are being superseded in Paris by two little four-pronged forks which they call fixettes. The prongs are securely sewn to the edge of the inside of the hat, one on each side. Before placing the hat on the head the fixettes are drawn out to their fullest extent and when the hat is in position they are pushed in, fastening in the hair. They give

Current Literature—Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

HISTORY.

The New Era.

THAT musical prophecy of Berkeley has been singing in our ears for some time, and at last the westward course of empire seems ever restless. Babylon, Greece, Rome, France, Great Britain and America; and the awakening of the East, and the birth of Australia—who can say what "shall close the drama?" In its train the star of empire drew the commercial center of the world as well. From Tyre to Venice, from Venice to Liverpool, from Liverpool to New York, and already we are told that it is shifting rapidly to Chicago and San Francisco. The Mediterranean era has passed; the Atlantic era is passing, and the dawn is white over the Pacific—the new era!

Bancroft's new book on the Pacific is a timely work, therefore. It opens with a striking contrast between the Pacific of yesterday—of a very short time ago—and the Pacific of today.

"Sixty years ago," says the author, "vessels trading into the Pacific rounded Cape Horn or Good Hope, and, creeping along the coasts of America or Asia . . . returning, after an absence of one or two years. Now all the important ports have their fast-running steamships . . . At such places as Vladivostok, Yokohama, Tien Tsin, Shanghai, Hongkong, twenty-five or fifty steamers of the Pacific Mail, the Canada Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Oriental and California, the Oriental and Peninsular, the Trans-Siberian, and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, or Japan Mail Steamship Company, may any day be seen at anchor . . . the last-named company alone, the largest but one in the world, operating hundreds of vessels, including eighty-three steamers, entering every commercial port of Japan, China, Korea and Siberia, with lines to Calcutta, to the Philippines, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands and America."

The commercial and industrial evolution of the Pacific and its coast lands follows.

The author takes an excursion into the discussion of the chief events of the year 1898, of the war with Spain, of "Imperialism," of "the passing of Spain," some of which have nothing to do with the subject; but then, of course, this book has 738 pages, and the author of the series of West American histories is not a native of Laconia, and terseness is not one of the maladies of his prose. The resources, climate, and the commerce of the Pacific are all discussed, and the things of interest of the lands that are in the Pacific and the countries that embrace it are given in generous measure. Some things are true, and some are not, and some things are pretty nearly as good as Mark Twain's tirade in his bluest moments (always minus his brilliant humor.) For example, this:

"Not that he is altogether perfect; some faults may be found even in a Chinaman; fewer, though, than in most people, as he is less human than some others. First, his skin; it is off color; for so says the Constitution of the United States, the black and the white shall inherit, but not the yellow. Then he is a great liar, wasteful even with his lies, not having with all his centuries of thought and storehouses of learning reached the true economics of mendacity. He has no soul, at least none as yet discovered; and hence no conscience, nor any moral attributes. He sometimes steals, but rarely, and if not cornered he seldom kills. He is a machine, good only for work, but very good for that; for American society and citizenship better material can be found. There are no such things as public life and politics in China, and he wants none when he goes abroad. Mandarins are paid to do the ruling, just as girls are paid to do the dancing; why then trouble? For certain industries he is the best implement, and manufacturers who have to compete with all the world should have good tools. If a merchant, he is fairly honorable; if an official in China, he is honest according to his lights, and if honest true, for all true officialism there is bribery and corruption. He is just to whatever degree desired, for whenever he wants justice he buys it."

It is bad enough for Eli Perkins, but for a historian!

However, the history of notable voyages into the Pacific, and in fact the historical elements of the book (although those of the oriental nations are decidedly shaky) make interesting reading—for a gentleman of leisure.

[*The New Pacific.* By Hubert H. Bancroft. Bancroft Company, New York.]

* * *

A Monument Women Built.

"Cuba must be free!" said America.

"Kindly mind your own business," said Spain.

And the blood and torn boots of the boys in blue, with the smoke, thunder and dust have passed into history. The women of America love their flag, too, and in their sweet way—none the less heroic—they fought very bravely. Their battlefields were pain, malaria, and the torn flesh of their brothers.

And before us is a monument horzoned in green covers. Upon it you can read, in letters of gold: "Women's National War Relief Association. Open it, and you can see many pretty pictures of ladies whose names you have heard before and—something more.

"To give expression in a practical way to the patriotic sentiment of the women of the nation by finding means to supplement with material aid the sacrifices of time, strength and life made by the men of the nation in the present war." Such is the declaration of the constitution of the association. And this sober volume is the record of some things it has done. The electric ventilating fans, the green shades and the colored awning of the "Relief," the certain supplies which the "Solace" and the "Charleston" carried; and then the face of Mrs. Walworth (that wonderful lady who seemed to know how to respect the stomachs of the sick, you remember) at Fort Monroe, and afterward amid the tents of Montauk; also that heroic figure of Reubena Walworth, her daughter (you have heard, of course, how she fought a duel with Death in that infected camp between

the waters of the Atlantic that were mourning and the cemetery that was silent,) who gave her life, and who has seen the last of her patients on the road to recovery; and the name of Miss Helen Gould, who seemed to know the use of money—all these and many other things, much more heroic, but for which history is doomed to be blind, have lived in the grateful memory of a certain number of men. But it is very good to see them enshrined anew in these pages.

A faithful record—I venture to say that you can find the account of every cent that was spent, every woman who took a hand in it. It was printed by order of the board of directors at New York.

FICTION.

Brain in Fiction.

Dupin stories—and later in our day, "Dr. Jekel and Mr. Hyde" and some of the "New Arabian Nights" tales—these are a brilliant company. To it belongs the new book from Coulson Kernahan; I do not say it is as great or as brilliant as the dream children of Poe's analytical mind.

This is the story of a syndicate of men who—were they but in the confidence of the Czar, for example—should be loaded with jeweled medals and high-sounding titles. But since the parliament of powers did not know them as diplomats, they were a simple band of scoundrels. The syndicate was called into existence by a man of genius—genius in no sophomoric sense. Robberies, murders and schemes they had conceived and executed were quite worthy of a royal seal upon them. Therefore the story is full of old-time romanticisms, of blood, of the escapes narrower than the width of a spider thread, and of thrills that would scare off sleep from a tired man's eyes. Often it is melodramatic. Only it is clothed in that modern robe—the analytical cogency that compels the credulity of the skepticism of the day.

The story is written as the personal narrative of a man—

logues, also. In short, a good story-teller. And his style? Is there not too many angles in it?

[*The Sword of Justice.* By Sheppard Stevens. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.]

* * *

As Seen By Bourget.

Not only a mere surgeon of the human heart—cruel and callous as he has seemed to us for many a year—Paul Bourget is also an etcher of the gracious moods of life—the etcher who loves his etchings, full of poetry and not lacking in humor and pathos. Nature, it seems, has also accepted him as one of her lovers.

You can see all these things if you read this little book. Bourget has caught not only the color, the details of forms of things and men, but he also reproduces in the gracious blendings of musical prose (so characteristic of the masters of French letters) what he felt, and how it was that he was thrilled when he saw a certain man crossing his path at a certain point of his life, so that you might feel the same. He has wandered far and wide over the face of land and sea, and the men whom he had met, and who interested him strongly enough to make him take up his pen, are diverse and very far from each other. From a "gambler" to a "saint" and to little boys; from "the young Comtesse de Nancy," in a strange, marble palace, to "A Lowly One." Some say of him that he is a marvelously acute psychological disector (as if every one who deals with the actions of human mind be not a psychologist!) and as such he has a permanent position among the men of letters. The world knows all about that. It is very hard to say, however, whether he is not at his best in these pastels, with which that much-abused adjective, "delightful," would be perfectly at home and happy. Not that you fail to see the keen points of his lancets. But all these are on a small scale; nothing of that large ambition of a literary workman such as you find in his "Cosmopolis;" there is no strong story interest in them—they are mere pastels. At the same time cannot a bit of ivory be cut to as great perfection, in its way, as the pyramid.

To those who would delight in true literature—literature as an art, as a thing of beauty—this little volume would be a gem.

The story of Lucie de Nancay, that charming widow, who is "to Bonnibet an object of intrigue; to Prince Vitale a charm of senses; to Maurice a tender dream; to Sir John, alas! a gloomy nightmare," is hackneyed enough in its theme. There is a Monsieur le Marquis, there is a duel, there is a love letter, and yet . . . Bourget wrote it, and that makes all the difference in the world.

The picture of an old man—"that most melancholy of learned species"—a teacher at large in a tramway car, in his "A Lowly One," is touching.

"So his face wears a beaming smile, that good, old 'H2O,' as the Vanabeste pupils called him. . . . He cares little, dear man, that his neighbors elbow him or that the other passengers are eyeing with contempt and ridicule himself and his hat, his bag, and his manuscripts. All that he sees is a little corner of a beach in Normandy. He sees the ocean; he sees 'mamma' (that is his wife) sitting among the shells at the edge of the waves—Purpureum mare, as his dear Virgil hath it."

The story of a monk of Monte Chiaro and a poor student, ambitious and brilliant and a trifle cynical, which bears the title of "A Saint," is one of those goodly and serious works of fiction which has something more to do with men than to merely amuse them. It is a splendid sermon. There is no startling notes of originality in it; it tattoes your memory all the same. Philippe, the poor student, was tempted to steal two of the most precious pieces out of the coffer of the monk; and the monk shows that he is more than a gentleman—a gentlemanly god. After pride had made its stubborn and desperate fight, repentance follows—and then confession.

"I turned to give another glance at the convent we were leaving, and to bow to the abbe; and as I did so, I saw in the look which my companion was casting on the simple monk the dawn of another soul. No, the era of miracles is not over, but saints are needed, and they are—scarce."

Bourget gives you in this book a vivid sketch of Monsieur Legrimaudet, a great name among the "quill-drivers" of defamatory literature. The author crucifies him before the public eyes, and upon the placard nailed to his cross, he writes:

"Poor, aborted being!"

The translator is Katherine P. Wormeley—I need say no more.

[*Pastels of Men.* By Paul Bourget. Little, Brown & Co.: Boston.]

* * *

ESSAYS.

A Happy Angler.

What can one say when he finds such a congregation, laughing, singing, preaching and teaching, of poetry, humor and philosophy, all packed pell-mell and crammed to bursting in a fisherman's net and hung out on line and rod?

Yet such is this new collection of essays from the pen of Van Dyke. It is charming—and there is no other word for it—from start to finish. His prose smiles with rippling ray and sings smoothly with the rill—but why should I take the trouble of telling you that which you know so well already? Listen!

"He may come home from some obscure, ill-named, lovely stream—some Dry Brook, or Southwest Branch of Smith's Run—with the creel full of trout, and a mind full of grateful recollections of flowers that seemed to bloom for his sake, and the birds that sang a new, sweet, friendly message to his tired soul."

"The inventor of the familiar maxim that 'fishermen must not talk,' is lost in the mist of antiquity, and well deserves his fate. . . . A talkative person is like an English sparrow—a bird that cannot sing, and will sing, and ought to be persuaded not to try to sing. But a talkative person has a gift that belongs to the woodthrush and the veery and the wren, the oriole and white throat and the



PAUL BOURGET.

rose-breasted grosbeak, the mockingbird and the robin (sometimes) and the brown thrush; yes, the brown thrush has it to perfection, if you can catch him alone—the gift of being interesting, charming, delightful in the most off-hand and various modes of utterance."

See if all the ineffable thrills of color sensations which you have felt in your life would not wake once more and make you dream when you read the following:

"In the evening, when the saffron light is beginning to fade, we go out and walk in the road before the house, looking down the long, mystical vale of the Rama or up to the purple western hills from which the clear streams of the Ulva flow to meet us."

But if you would know something of the "Fishing in Books," or "Who Owns the Mountains?" or of that "Lazy, Idle Brook," you must go to the book—there is no other way.

[*Fisherman's Luck.* By Henry Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons: New York.]

ON THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

The Negro's Future As He Sees It.

"It has been proven," says the author, "that education unfit the negro for work, and that education makes him more valuable as a laborer; that he is our greatest criminal, and that he is the most law-abiding citizen."

Nothing truer. And which shows that the author appreciates thoroughly where he stands—in the heart of a chaotic whirlpool of opinions. He emphasizes the industrial education of the negro; in it he finds the solid piece of ground—that is to say as solid as is granted for the feet of a prophet to rest upon—whereupon he views the future of the race. It is very natural, for is he not one of the founders of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute? It is very natural, too, that he thinks the weakest point in the present day education of the American negro is its impracticability. The idea is not new, perhaps, but still—

"There is in the heads of the negro youth of the South enough general and floating knowledge of chemistry, of botany, of zoölogy, of mechanics, of electricity, of mathematics, to reconstruct and develop a large part of the agricultural, mechanical and domestic life of the race."

And again:

"At least 80 per cent. of the colored people in the South are found in the rural districts, and they are dependent on agriculture in some form for their support. Notwithstanding that we have practically the whole race dependent upon agriculture, and notwithstanding that thirty years have passed since our freedom, aside from what has been done at Hampton and Tuskegee and one or two institutions, but very little has been attempted by the State or by philanthropy in the way of educating the race in this one industry upon which its very existence depends."

And the author tells, at length—which is nothing but right—the story of his Tuskegee Institute, that he might show "an unmistakable influence that comes over a white man when he sees a black man living in a two-story brick house that has been paid for."

That which is historic of negro patriotism is told here—of his faithful attachment to their masters' families confided to his care.

The book is written with much sympathy, with simple grace and directness as well. And no wonder, for is this not one of the voices of the race? And then, too, the solution of a problem such as this; the prophetic visions that may come to pass in the future history of a race, must—so at least history seems to say—come from one who could say of it "my race," and not from the wise critics of another color and blood.

[*The Future of the American Negro.* By Booker T. Washington. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.]

* * *

Christmas Magazines.

The Christmas number of Scribner's this year contains several striking novelties in illustration. Walter Appleton Clark's pictures, which accompany Harrison Morris's "Ballad of Three Kings," are as rich in color as an old stained-glass window. A picture story by C. D. Gibson, called "The Seven Ages of American Woman," has been printed on a delicate tint background, after the manner of old engravings. Maarten Maartens, the distinguished Dutch author (who writes in English,) tells in "An Author's Story" a love episode in the life of a successful novelist. Octave Thanet writes a story in what is for her an absolutely new vein; and Bliss Perry, the new editor of the Atlantic, has a tale of two rival churches in a New England village.

The cover of the December Century is designed by Henry Hutt. The brief opening poem, "The Old Master," is decorated by Edward Edwards, and illustrated by Louis Loeb in a frontispiece as seasonable as the cover, and, like the cover, printed in tints. The holiday spirit breathes as well in Jacob A. Riis's story of New York's East Side, "The Kid Hangs Up His Stocking," and Thomas A. Janvier's "A Provençal Christmas Postscript." In this number Sir Walter Besant begins a series of papers on life in East London.

As might be expected, the Christmas spirit pervades the December St. Nicholas. "The Children Danced Around It" is the frontispiece. Then there is "The Doll That Santa Claus Bought," "Ermete's Christmas Doll," and "Christmas on the Home Station"—a naval story. The Rev. Dr. John Watson, popularly known as Ian Maclaren, holds "Afternoon Service" in God's first temples, the groves; and Marie von Vorst admits us to the home and studio of the "painter in ordinary to children," the extraordinarily clever and successful French artist, Boutet de Monvel. Many of M. de Monvel's pictures of children are reproduced in illustration of her paper, as well as the large painting of Jeanne recognizing the King of France among a crowd of gayly-dressed courtiers.

Frederick Dolman takes the readers of Cassell's Magazine for December very much "behind the scenes" in an article on "Scene Painters and Their Art." The holiday number contains the views of a well-known, brilliant clubman, as to women's clubs—a striking paper of mingled praise and satire, which will probably call forth more than one reply.

Frederic S. Robinson has resumed his articles on the "Queen's Art Treasures," and in the Magazine of Art for

December appears the first paper on the Buckingham Palace collection.

In the *Cosmopolitan*, Edgar Saltus writes on "The Mystery of Beauty;" A. Conan Doyle is in his element as he tells of "The Crime of the Brigadier." "My Struggles to Succeed," by Olga Nethersole; "The Woman Question," by Olive Schreiner; "Mme. de Mercy," by Maarten Maartens; "The Cat and the Rill," by Frank Stockton, are the prominent features of the number.

In *McClure's Magazine*, Ian Maclaren begins his "Life of the Master;" "Song of the Muse of Labor" is by Edwin Markham, and stories by F. H. Spearman, R. S. Baker, M. S. Cutting, and Gertrude Roscoe. Booth Tarkington begins his "Monsieur Beaucaire."

The December *New Lippincott's* complete novel by Ernest Rhys, under the title of "The Whistling Maid," is a romance of rushing interest and weird beauty. Of almost equal importance with the longer novel is a brief one by William D. Howells, called "The Magic of a Voice."

The first place in *Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for December is given to a carefully-written article on "Exact Methods in Sociology," by Franklin H. Giddings. President David Starr Jordan, who likes nothing better than to show up windy nonsense exploiting itself in the name of science, presents in the "Education of the Nominist" an admirable and very amusing satire upon the pretensions of the Christian Scientists.

"Mr. Dooley's" neighbor, "Molly Donahue," makes her début in the *Christmas Ladies' Home Journal*. She is ambitious to reign as social queen of Archy Road, and is quite as interesting and witty as "Mr. Dooley," the philosopher of her author's creation. Rev. Cyrus T. Brady draws on his experiences as missionary to write of "What Christmas Means in the Far West," giving pictures of rare pathos and of irresistible humor. The letters that passed between Gail Hamilton and Whittier are published for the first time. They give some delightful glimpses of the social side of "the Quaker poet." Ian Maclaren writes on "Shall the Old Clergyman Be Shot?" and Albert W. Smith (the American Lewis Carroll,) contributes more of his wonderfully funny nonsense verses. Dan Beard interests the boys with a Christmas novelty, and an exquisite carol by George W. Cable is timely for Christmas rendering. There are two notable page pictorial features, "The Nativity," from the brush of W. L. Taylor, and "Coming Home for Christmas," by A. B. Frost. The holidays are considered in all their phases, and the wants of the home and home-makers are anticipated. By the *Curtis Publishing Company*, Philadelphia. Price \$1 a year; 10 cents a copy.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

[The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.]

A Wall Treatment.

E. J. W., Pasadena: Your letter, while very clear, embraces so much that I fear I have not space to give you specific advice about more than your hall, and some general ideas which may be of use to you in the parlor and other rooms.

For the walls of your hall I would advise a cartridge paper in a soft, warm tan; this will make an excellent background for your Angelus, with dark frame. Why not (by the way) have your photographs of the Colosseum, Parthenon, etc., framed also in dark wood, and group them here. The Venus I would use in the drawing-room, also the marine oil painting in gold frame. You will find that your bronze or newel post will look particularly well with this color. I would prefer in hall a plain frieze and ceiling, using the color of the walls in one shade lighter. If you could find a soft-toned piece of old brocade and border it with a narrow, gold galloon, it would be very rich and effective laid on your hall mantel, in front of the mirror. You could not do better, from an economical point of view, than to buy a good Turkish rug for your hall, you would not have to pay any more for it than for one of home manufacture, called "Smyrna." There is so much wear and tear in a hallway, and it will virtually never wear out, will show no footprints, and strikes a note of true elegance at the entrance to your home. Curtains your hall window with Arabian net, if you wish to use the latest and most fashionable fabric. I would not, however, recommend it merely on these grounds. It is an ecru net, most beautifully woven, which hangs clearly, with an elegance all its own, in front of the glass. It is either richly, or simply, bordered on the edge with a pattern in palm leaves, scrolls, etc., and is much better style now than the curtain with an insertion.

If the floor in your parlor will not do, even if stained and varnished, you could use for a border to your rugs the dark veneer, which is called "wood carpet." It is not an expensive thing, and I think you can get it in any wood finish. I do not care for the mosaic or patterned sort.

If you would use the 2x4 mirror, which has the walnut frame, in the guest chamber, which is to be furnished with walnut, you would get a good effect, especially if you carry out the quaint suggestion of our grandmother's bedrooms, which it gives, by draping your windows, etc., with flowered chintz.

I think I would use two rugs in my parlor, rather than one very large one.

The Use of Sconces.

A. M. G., Los Angeles: It would be hard to furnish a living-room or parlor in such a way that sconces would be out of place on the walls. For, like any other bric-a-brac which is beautiful in design, they decorate, with the glitter of glass and the graceful curve of the candleholders, any wall space they may occupy. If, however, you have a dainty reception-room, which carries a touch of the empire, here your sconces, with their rococo suggestion, supremely belong. As for your hall, with its pinkish terra-cotta plush curtains, you can get a beautiful effect by using the heavy, slightly-carved, Flemish-oak furniture, with rush seats. A black oak settee, with cushions of your pink-

ish plush, would work in well, and I have often seen most delightful Turkish and Persian rugs with a great deal of soft old rose in them. If you wish to use a Wilton or Brussels carpet, I would advise a soft old blue, in nearly plain color, you will find the contrast with your curtains very rich and satisfactory, do not attempt to use any yellow in this hall.

A Small Room in Seashell Pink.

M. M. L.: You have a room, 10x11, papered with pale pink, your furniture is oak and wicker, and you wish to make it cosy and attractive for a young girl. Cover your couch and curtain your window with cretonne, in a delicate pink and white. I have seen a piece at one of our large stores, which has a pink and white stripe, alternating, and on one of the stripes a tiny garland of roses. It struck me as very dainty and Frenchy when I saw it, and it is also very inexpensive. Hang thin curtains of very sheer white muslin, ruffled, under the cretonne ones; this will prevent their fading, as the muslin comes next to the glass, and catch all back together with pale pink cords and tassels. These you can manufacture yourself of pink crochet cord. I would also line the strips of cretonne with pink cheesecloth, in a very delicate shade. In time this will fade a little, but it will preserve the cretonne, and also make it hang in softer folds. On your couch use one or two pillows of plain, pink India silk, and make a cretonne cushion, ruffled all around, for your wicker rocker; tie this in with pink cords and tassels. Decorate your oak dresser entirely in pink and white, except for silver or crystal, and make a shade for your light, whether electric or lamp, of pale, pink tissue paper, in the form of a huge rose. As your room is very small, I presume the couch is really a bed, if this is the case, you will find it very easy to make a valanced cover of the cretonne, which fits over it in the day time and can be removed at night. You could find some exquisite water-color studies of pink roses, I think, for a very small price. I would hang one at least in this little room, and frame it in this way: Have a perfectly plain, flat, wooden frame made, about three inches in width. Cover this perfectly smooth with heavy, white butcher's linen, gluing it over the back edge of the frame with library paste. Next the picture mat put little brass-headed tacks very closely. This makes the effect of a rich beading, and the whole makes a handsome and artistic frame.

I would mount the cuts from Munsey on a large, black, paper mat. If they are neatly stuck on and well grouped, you can enjoy the pictures in this way far better than in an album. Tack the mat against the wall with a few brass tacks. Glue the pictures to the mat by touching the glue or paste only at the corners. A bag for handkerchiefs, of pretty pink-flowered china silk, swung by pink-silk cords, beside the dresser, and another for the nightdress, add something of dainty beauty to a young girl's room. A slipper box and footstool combined can be easily made by lining a square wooden box with common unbleached muslin, have the box put on casters, and, after stuffing the top, have it fastened by hinges to the lower part. Cover with the cretonne, and tack a box-pleated valance around it; make a heavy pink cord, and catch it in light festoons to the top, tying it at each corner with tasseled ends.

A Den for Curios.

Catalina: The curio-room which you have built in your veranda, with its art window and general design, will be very interesting and artistic. There is nothing which lends itself more completely to decorative and satisfactory artistic effects than the work of the North American Indians. I think one secret of this is its freedom from frivolity. We realize the utility of blankets, baskets and various implements so necessary to the everyday life of the Indian, while we admire the grace, strength and beauty combined in them.

If you use solid redwood paneling for walls and ceilings, I think you will be somewhat disappointed in it as a background. I have found by frequent experiment that an absolutely neutral background, such as is given by burlaps, brings out the tone of baskets better, throwing their various shadings into higher relief (and this is an intrinsic part of their beauty,) and shows up greater brilliancy in the Navajoes than anything that can be found. I would advise, though, paneling this in with redwood molding. And using on the ceiling with your burlaps light crossbeams of redwood.

The Consideration of Curtains.

I have received so many inquiries recently concerning curtains and the latest things in window draperies that I will be able to save a great deal of space, I think, as well as give complete information on this important subject by devoting a paragraph to their treatment alone. In white window draperies there are first the muslin; these are in the majority because there are so many places where they are more appropriate than lace or net. If one wishes to retain a certain simplicity in a room, and have it at the same time present an appearance of great handiness, sheer white muslin at the windows greatly assists in the effect. In a dining-room it is usually in better style to have them unruled. Much depends, though, upon the style of the window and the general furnishing of the room.

Unruled curtains should not be caught back, but allowed to fall in straight, gathered breadths from the rod. When there is some luxury of furniture, coloring and decoration, a handsome net in white or ecru, or still more richly, Brussels net with inserting or border, or Arabian net, are used. For reception and drawing-rooms, where the coloring is in light tones, the purely white, fine Brussels net, with point lace pattern, is both expensive and exquisite. There are, of course, instances where one's opportunities have been exceptional, and the result is we see exquisite windows carrying the old Italian ecclesiastical lace as curtain borders, or an effect of extreme elegance is attained by the use of hand-made lace insertions. When a room is so arranged that there is not much light in it, it is always well to avoid heavy draperies in front of the glass. If brocade or thick curtains are used, the pole over the window can be made much longer than the window is wide, in this way the stuff can be used to simply frame the window in drapery.

I think square windows are more gracefully curtained with straight, scarf-like hangings, but this is a matter of personal taste.

Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

Commerce Under Difficulties.

THE enormous commerce of Chili is conducted under great difficulties. There are no harbors and no docks, and a tremendous surf that rolls half way around the world before it finally breaks into foam upon the beaches where these towns lie. Capt. Marrow of the steamer Lautero says that Australia is their only breakwater. The steamships anchor a mile or so out in deep water and rock with an easy motion as the heavy swells pass under them. The passengers are lowered from the deck into lighters by a steam winch in chairs that are made from barrels, or scramble down a ladder and drop into a boat as the swell lifts it within reach. They are taken through the surf in the lighters with amazing skill by native boatmen, and there is seldom any accident. Capt. Harris of the steamer Guatemala, who has been sailing up and down this coast for twenty-seven years, says that he never heard of a passenger being drowned or seriously injured.

Sometimes a boat overturns through the recklessness of the oarsmen. They may perhaps be drunk or quarreling among themselves, and now and then you hear that one is drowned, but somehow or another they get their passengers through all right, although the latter occasionally are treated to exciting experiences. Not long ago, at Antofagasta, a tug being carelessly navigated, exposed her broadside to the surf and was overturned instantly. As she capsized the boiler exploded and the hulk was blown to fragments. All the five men who composed the crew were lost.

The skill with which the natives handle the big barges is marvelous. There are no tugs to tow the lighters; all the work is done by hand. Two men will scull a barge carrying sixty or seventy tons of freight over the rough sea from ship to shore and guide it through the surf with ordinary oars without losing a package or shipping a drop of water. —[Correspondence Chicago Record.]

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Interest in Mrs. Aguinaldo's Wardrobe.

THERE has been a flutter of excitement among the women clerks in the War Department over the announcement of the capture at San Nicolas of the wardrobe of Senora Aguinaldo. The females eagerly scanned the bulletins to see if there was any description of the fineries packed away in the eighteen barrels, but they were doomed to disappointment, for the cables from Manila gave no details. The women are, however, hoping that the captured articles will be sent to the War Department, and that, after all, they may have a chance of rummaging through the barrels and getting the latest fashions from the Philippines. Already there are evidences of a desire from the country outside of Washington to know what is to become of Mrs. Aguinaldo's clothes. Several inquiries have been received from museum managers asking if there is any possibility of a sale of these articles, and desiring to be put on the list of would-be purchasers. Some have offered quite substantial sums for the privilege of exhibiting the eighteen barrels of wardrobe. —[Washington Correspondence New York Mail and Express.]

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Mrs. Dewey's First Appearance.

MRS. DEWEY made her first appearance in society since her wedding at the White House reception on Thursday evening. She entered the Blue Room, where the President and Mrs. McKinley were receiving, on the arm of the admiral, who for the first time in Washington wore the full dress uniform of his rank. The bride wore an elaborate gown of white satin, covered from the edge of the low-cut corsage to the end of the long train with heavy white lace. The dress was extremely handsome, but the jewels worn by the admiral's wife attracted more attention than the gown. Around her neck was a superb diamond necklace, with a huge medallion, incrusted with small diamonds. Her hair was dressed high, with two diamond stars, and a diamond aigrette. One of the most notable ornaments was the small gold sword at the corsage, which was an exact reproduction of the sword presented to the admiral by Congress, being complete in every thing, even to the jeweled hilt. —[Washington Correspondence New York Mail and Express.]

* * *

The Wolf Whipped All the Dogs.

THE much-talked-of wolf chase did not come off at Oronogo last week. The Index says the failure was due to the lack of dogs. Late in the day on which the chase was to have taken place a fight between a captive wolf and single dogs was arranged and the wolf was taken in a cage to an inclosed lot and turned loose. One dog at a time was let into the inclosure. A single snap by the wolf was all that was necessary to make the dog turn half a dozen somersaults in an effort to get away. Several dogs, which their owners were positive would kill the wolf in two minutes, were tried, but they never so much as got hold of the animal. —[Kansas City Journal.]

* * *

Trouble in High Circles.

HERE is a delicious bit of news regarding the future of New York society, from the society column of a leading newspaper of London:

"New York is on the eve of a fierce social struggle. The persistence with which 'Boss' Croker, Mayor Van Wyck, and the other magnates of Tammany have been ignored by the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Gerrys, the Golets, the Liveringstons and the other members of New York's exclusive Four Hundred, has so galled and irritated the families of the former that they have resolved upon founding a new and still more exclusive society of their own, which is to take the sails out of its rival." —[New York Times.]

* * *

A Precious Gavel for Speaker Henderson.

OWA will present Col. D. B. Henderson with a gavel immediately after his election as Speaker of the national House. It is being made of rosewood, brought to Iowa by a captain of the Fifty-first Iowa Regiment, who took it

from Admiral Montojo's flagship, sunk by Dewey in Manila Bay. The gavel will be mounted in solid gold, engraved with Mr. Henderson's monogram and the seals of the State and United States. It will cost \$200. A block of native granite is being polished for use with it.

Gov. Shaw expects to go to Washington to make the presentation and the delegation accompanying him will be composed of prominent Iowa Republicans. —[Des Moines Correspondence Chicago Record.]

* * *

Hanged for Burning Coal.

HERE will be an interesting function in London shortly, when the Coal Exchange celebrates its jubilee. The occasion is one for recalling strange reminiscences; for as lately as the fourteenth century a prohibition was issued against the burning of coal, with severe penalties decreed against any person who warmed his house by a coal fire. In the early days of Lord Mayor Whittington the burning of coal was considered so great a public nuisance that it was made a capital offense, and one man was actually hanged for indulging in a coal fire. As a matter of fact, this ordinance was never repealed; but in "Dick Whittington's" third mayoralty it is evident there was a great trade in coal, and the suggestion has been made that, as coal was brought to London in boats known as "cats," this may have been the real origin of the story of Dick Whittington and his cat. —[Kansas City Journal.]

* * *

Geese as Gold Miners.

ACCORDING to George F. Smithers, the United States Consul at Chung King, China, in the department called Yung-pei, Chih-li Tling, gold is found in abundance by washing in the valley near the city. The inhabitants of the neighborhood keep large flocks of geese to work the gold fields for them. When the geese are found to be very heavy they are killed and their maws emptied of the gold contained therein. A flock of geese is sometimes worth a good deal of money; but geese dressed ready for eating are very cheap, indeed—from 15 to 20 cents each. —[Unidentified.]

* * *

The Original Language.

A HUNGARIAN philologist, Dr. Anton Velics, thinks he has discovered the original language of man. He has found that the great groups of languages, Indo-Germanic, Semitic, Hamitic and Altaic, are all based on between two and three hundred ancient Chinese roots, some of which have disappeared from the Chinese language and are now found only in Japanese. He has published his theory in Hungarian, but is going to translate it into German, so that other philologists may be able to criticise it. —[Kansas City Journal.]

* * *

The Production of Quinine.

THE quinine plantations, or quinuales, as they are called, which have been started in this country by the Germans, are usually found on rough and broken mountain sides and at altitudes of 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea. The trees will grow as high up as 8000 feet, but they flourish best at an elevation of about four thousand, for they require a great deal of sun, rain and wind to reach perfection.

Most of the groves have been raised from the seed, which is gathered in the early summer months and planted in hothouses. When the plants are about six inches high they are transplanted upon the hillsides, which have been cleared of underbrush and plowed up beforehand, so that the young roots can secure the benefit of all the moisture and plant food in the soil and the heat of the sun. For shelter they are partially covered with twigs, straw or other light stuff, which also serves to keep the moisture and heat in the ground. After about two years this shelter is raked off, the plants are carefully inspected, and those which are not promising are replaced by new ones. The ground around them is kept clear of weeds and the young trees are carefully trimmed twice a year. In five or six years the tree will have reached the height of twelve or fourteen feet and its trunk will be straight and slender, with a diameter of about six inches. It resembles the orange tree in size and shape and the peculiar gloss of its leaves.

Two or three times a year three or four strips of bark about two inches wide and from two to eight feet long are cut from the trunk and thrown upon a paved yard to dry, where, as the moisture evaporates, they curl up like cinnamon. Within a year or so nature replaces the bark that has thus been stripped off and the tree is stripped again in other places. As it grows older smaller strips can be taken from the stronger branches, and a mature tree will produce an annual average of about four pounds of bark.

The bark dries in a few days, and is packed for shipment in rawhide bales. The most of it is shipped from Arica and Mollendo. —[Sucre (Bolivia) Correspondence Chicago Record.]

* * *

The Baya Bird's Electric Light.

MANY birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the baya bird of India. It is hung from the branch with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, so as to be secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to be little doubt of the fact. Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck in the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds." Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in *Nature* records this curious observation: "I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of

these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay; and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow, when a glowfly lodged very close to them; the rats immediately scampered off. —[Our Animal Friends.]

* * *

Legal Redress for "Hoodooing."

HERMAN MINTYRE is suing the city of Binghamton, N. Y., for damages. Some time ago, under city authority, the number thirteen was tacked on the door of his residence. Since then, on January 13, his wife died, and on May 13 his house burned down. He is sure that the unlucky number which the city tacked on the door has hoodooed him. —[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

* * *

A Profitable Relic Factory.

HERE Philadelphia Record tells about a relic factory hidden away in a clump of trees near Gettysburg. The value of this year's production will be about \$20,000, and it consists of "old bullets, old cannon balls, soldier buttons, buckles, swords, pieces of bone and sabretaches, all, of course, of a very ancient and worn appearance. These are the cheaper products. There are, besides, in the finer and more costly lines, testaments bored through by bullets, love letters burned by powder and stained dark with blood, skulls with big leaden balls lodged neatly in the eye sockets of the jaw, and the full uniforms, properly punctured and bloodstained, of all the officers slain upon the battlefield. The factory makes nothing in advance, thus avoiding overstocking. It only runs on orders, and by night the customers call for their goods. They are the innkeepers, the grocers, the saloonkeepers, bakers and real estate men of the town, and whenever it is moonlight they may be seen distributing the rare relics cautiously and judiciously over the field. Visitors there now are more numerous than they used to be. It is no longer usual to poke about all day without unearthing so much as a single bullet, and tourists appreciate this change." —[New York Tribune.]

* * *

A Remarkable Youth.

D. LINDLEY of the chair of psychology in the Indiana University has brought to the institution Arthur Griffith, aged 19, for the purpose of investigating the limit of the youth's remarkable power as a "lightning calculator." He knows the multiplication table up to 130, has a knowledge of the squares up to 130 and the cubes to 100. He knows the fourth powers up to twenty. His particular skill is in finding short methods of operation. He has devised forty-seven methods of multiplication, six of division, six of addition and three of subtraction. He can multiply two five-place numbers in six seconds. Although not having studied algebra, his mind has approximated the binomial theorem. Griffith was born in Milford, Kosciusko county. Dr. Lindley says he is not a simple calculator, but that he belongs to a higher class. —[Terre Haute Correspondence Chicago Times-Herald.]

* * *

The College Man's Clothes.

LONG hair apparently is under the ban just at present with the college men. Why it is the students themselves do not know, but the fact remains that they wear their hair short, and can now go where they will without attracting attention or exciting comment.

Apparently, too, the tailors in college towns are sticking closer to the fashion plates this season than is their custom. Several years ago the college tailors went in heavily for long overcoats, and every big football game here used to crowd the hotels with young men wearing overcoats which almost swept the ground. Blue was the favorite color and most of the coats were attractive even if they were unusual. About this time wide collars also appealed to the college tailors, and many of the overcoats boasted collars of the size usually found on ulsters.

Both of these features have been abandoned now, and taken all in all the college men, when they come to town, are hard to pick out of crowds. Many of them wear shoes with very wide extension soles, but heavy shoes are popular everywhere, and the ones worn by the students do not depart from the ordinary enough to mark the wearers. —[New York Sun.]

* * *

A Wonderful Library.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY is about to acquire a very unique special library of some 15,000 volumes relating to the crusades and the Latin East. These books are a part of the collection of Count Paul Raint, the founder of the "Societe de l'Orient Latin" in Europe, who had a chateau in the Valais and collected this immense array of books bearing on the subject to which he devoted his life. He was a profound scholar, and especially devoted to research in all the historical questions pertaining to the crusades, and all medieval and ecclesiastical history. All the records of pilgrimages to holy places, all the history of religious orders, and descriptions of ceremonies, the care of holy relics—all these were the interest and enthusiasm of Count Raint. He died in 1888, and now these most rare and valuable books, after more than one change of location, come into the possession of Harvard. The collection will be another magnet attracting scholars and writers to Boston for consultation. —[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

* * *

Census Word "Family."

HERE are some queer features about the census use of the word "family." It means practically those who eat at the same table. A hotel is a family. The Memorial Hall Dining Association at Cambridge is a family, so is the Danvers lunatic asylum. A stray man who keeps bachelor's hall is a family. The necessity for this use of the term came with the question of enumerating domestic servants. It was found absolutely impossible to attach them to their own families, scattered as they are. They had to go with the family they were living with. This led to a continuation of the principle with the result mentioned. As it works out, the census family differs from the actual family in size only by a small fraction of one person. —[New York Post.]

CATALINA'S MINES.

AN OLD-TIME MINING RUSH WITH ITS
USUAL GRAND FINALE.

By a Special Contributor.

IT IS difficult of belief that quiet, peaceful Santa Catalina, as she lies bathed in bright sunshine and laved by the placid Pacific, was once the scene of a turbulent mining boom, but such is the case. Few of the summer visitors to the island, on pleasure bent, can imagine anything more exciting in connection with the island than hunting the wild goats over its rugged mountains or angling for the leaping tuna or the monster jewfish. Yet could they but turn the kaleidoscope back to the time of 1862-3, they would be able to witness a veritable old-time mining rush, in which the island swarmed with would-be miners, who swept up its valleys and scaled its heights, prospecting for precious metals, and who delved into its cañons and tunneled its hills in search of gold.

The presence of these metals on the island of Santa Catalina was known long before the acquisition of California by the United States. Prof. J. M. Guinn, in the *Overland Monthly* for November, 1890, tells of the discovery by George Yount, a pioneer of 1830, who, with Pryor, Wolfskill, Laughlin and Prentiss, built a schooner at San Pedro for the purpose of hunting sea otter, which were then found in large numbers about the channel islands, and whose fur was exceedingly valuable. In one of his trips to this island, Yount found some very rich outcroppings, but as he was then hunting otter, he paid but slight attention to the discovery, and did not even locate the claim. After the discovery of gold by Marshall in the upper part of the State, and the wild rush of gold-seekers to this State, Yount recalled his find, and made three trips to Santa Catalina in search of the lost lode, but without success. His last effort to locate the place was made in 1854.

No further thought seems to have been given to his discovery until the opening up of the Colorado River diggings, in 1862-3, which caused a rush of miners to this southern country. Then the tradition of Yount's lost mine was brought to remembrance, and attention was directed to Santa Catalina as a prospective mining region, and numerous expeditions were started out to search for his ledge.

The first mine found by these prospectors, according to the recollection of Capt. Frank Whitley, who then, as now, was engaged in sheep-raising on the island, was by David Reese, in the late summer of 1862, at Cherry Valley, a short distance beyond the Isthmus, high up on the ridge, near the center of the island; this ridge being, perhaps, the highest point on the island west of the Isthmus. It was a rich galena ore, but contained no gold. It was sufficiently rich, however, to whet the appetites of the prospectors, and attention being called to that locality, numerous ledges were found, extending down the mountain side to the water's edge.

The first recorded location of a claim was made in April, 1863, by Martin M. Kimberly and Daniel E. Way, who supposed they had found Yount's lost mine.

About this time the mining excitement grew to fever heat, and it is estimated that in the summer of that year there were more than four hundred miners and prospectors swarming over the island, making locations from one end to the other, for it is a fact that gold "color" can be found in almost every cañon on the island, while there are several silver mines which would pay good wages had the price of the white metal not fallen down out of sight.

April 20, 1863, a miners' meeting was held on the island, at which the "San Pedro Mining District" was formed and a code of mining laws formulated, as related by Prof. Guinn, "for the government of the locators of veins or lodes of quartz, or other rock containing precious metals and ores, gold, silver, copper, galena, or other minerals or mines that may be discovered, taken up, or located in Los Angeles county, San Pedro district, State of California!" San Pedro mining district included "all the islands of Los Angeles county, and the coast range of mountains between the northern and southern boundaries of said county."

Three hundred feet constituted a claim, the original locator being allowed 600 feet. At least six days' work each month was required to be done on a claim, otherwise, declared the bylaws, "the claim, vein, lead or lode, with all its appurtenances, shall be jumpable."

The principal claims were in Fourth of July Valley, adjoining the Isthmus, Cherry Valley and Mineral Hill. Later, discoveries were made at the east end of the island and about the present site of Avalon, where numerous tunnels and prospect holes about the bay attest the energy with which the search for gold was prosecuted. Along "Lovers' Stroll," the pathway leading from Avalon through the tunnel to the Banning summer residence, in Descanso Cañon, are several driftings, most of which are now observed by falling detritus from the hills.

In passing up the island, a short distance from Avalon, a tunnel is seen running into a rocky ledge, the western wall of Hamilton Cañon. It was dug in 1863, by John Childress, in the hope of crosscutting a vein of ore. There was much other work done in Hamilton Cañon, evidences of which are still plainly visible.

A man named Joe Story located a claim in the hills near the head of the cañon, in which the Avalon waterworks are situated, running up past the golf links, for which he was offered \$5000, but, as it gave great promise of future richness, he spurned the offer. Being impetuous, he had no means with which to develop the mine, but as fast as he could get a few dollars together to provide "grub" he would repair to his hole in the ground and push the work of development. Instead of the ore proving richer as he went down, it grew poorer, and eventually he was forced to abandon the hole in disgust.

The only man who comes down in tradition as having profited by mining at Catalina was one John Edleworth, who was the proud owner of the "Gem of the Ocean" mine, at Cherry Valley. He had taken out a lot of ore, assaying from \$150 to \$500 per ton, but when a capitalist came along

and offered him \$30,000 for the mine, he accepted the offer, and retired to the mainland. His successors sold the ore on the dump to San Francisco parties for \$6000, but never another dollar's worth could be found in the mine! Edleworth evidently knew what a hole in the ground was worth to him when the ore had "pinched out."

Later on discoveries were made at Silver Cañon, which gave great promise of richness, but the ore was principally galena, and, like all the others, failed to fulfill its promise. One of the best-appearing mines was found near the summit of Mt. Black Jack, and considerable money was spent in investigating it. If silver had not so depreciated, it is likely that this mine would pay fair wages to work.

Numerous locations were made, and within the year notices of claims to nearly one hundred thousand feet of leads, lodes or veins were recorded in the Recorder's office of Los Angeles county, while probably three times that number of claims were located that were either recorded in the district records on the island, or were not recorded at all. The discoverer of a lode was required to post a notice, stating the number of feet claimed, and such notices were as numerous about the island as were town-lot stakes about Los Angeles in the boom. Cherry Valley, however, maintained its ascendancy as the center of activity, and there the principal development work was done, the hillsides being honeycombed with tunnels and prospect holes, all of which remain in evidence today.

The lodes ran in every direction, cropping out in the most unexpected places, and the dips, spurs, angles and variations were equally eccentric. Sometimes, it appears, the island was not big enough to locate all of a claim upon it, and they simply ran it a few hundred feet out over the ocean.

"Unlike Romeo," says Prof. Guinn, "they believed there was something in a name. A taking name might sell doubtful stock. Accordingly, romance, history, mythology, the heavens above and the earth beneath, were put under requisition to supply striking names for the numerous brood of claims. The nomenclature was a queer medley of classic terms, commonplace names, and eastern slang, and often threw together strange and laughable incongruities. The immortal gods and goddesses, Jupiter and Neptune, Juno and Minerva, were staked off in claims, and for a consideration in the coin of the realm it was possible for a mortal to buy hundreds of feet of a god or goddess. The huntress Diana played hide and seek on Mineral Hill, with said old Ben Franklin. An angle of the North Star made a grievous rent in the belt of Orion. The Yellow Jacket made a vicious dip at the Bride of Abydos, and a spur of the American Eagle scratched the head of the British Lion."

Enterprising real estate men were not wanting, even in those early days, and rival cities were laid out. One at Cherry Valley was called Queen City, and what is now plain Johnson's Landing, was then honored with the euphonious title of "Marvista" (Ocean View.) Queen City was more "in the swim," but Marvista had the better harbor and water facilities. Each had its ardent adherents, and the rivalry was keen, but fate determined that neither should remain the island metropolis.

Some remarkable assays were made, showing very rich ore of both gold and silver, some running to \$800 per ton. Stock companies were formed, with capital bordering on millions. The miners' hopes ran high. They had struck it rich, and no mistake. In a climate, too, in which it were pleasure enough to exist—no burning desert heat, no paralyzing Alaskan cold—and yet the wealth of Monte Cristo beneath their feet! Who could blame them if they dreamed golden dreams and built lofty castles over the dips, spurs and angles of their claims?

But disappointment was in store for them. Few had the means with which to develop their claims. Many had scarce sufficient to keep body and soul together while waiting for chance to throw some one in their way with the necessary capital. It was the famine year in Southern California, the terribly dry season of 1863-4, when sheep and cattle were dying by thousands, and as the wealth of the country was then in its flocks and herds, the capitalists were fast being reduced to a state of poverty. The country was in the throes of the civil war, and capital could not be enlisted from outside. The United States government had taken possession of a portion of the island and had placed a military force upon it to prevent it from becoming a rendezvous for privateers. There were rumors that this mining rush was but a plot to make the island a rendezvous for Confederate privateers, where vessels could be fitted out to prey upon the commerce of the Coast, and there were also rumors in the air, promulgated by southern sympathizers, that the United States government was preparing to take possession of all the mines of the Pacific Slope, in consequence of which relations were somewhat strained between the miners and the military. Whether such a thing as making the island an outfitting station for Confederate privateers was ever contemplated is highly improbable, but the government determined to forestall any such possibility and took steps to evict the miners, and the following order was issued:

HEADQUARTERS DRUM BARRACKS,

December 25, 1863.

"In compliance with instructions from headquarters, Department of the Pacific, received this day, I hereby notify all persons on Catalina Island to leave the same before the first of February next.

B. R. WEST,

Captain Fourth California Infantry, Commanding Post."

Drum Barracks was at San Pedro, over on the mainland, and the miners paid little heed to Capt. West's order. Many of them saw in this order only confirmation of the rumor, and regarded it as a ruse on the part of the military to obtain possession of their mines.

As his manifesto was disregarded by the miners, Capt. West fired a second shot, which proved more effective. It ran as follows:

HEADQUARTERS SANTA CATALINA ISLAND,

February 5, 1864.

"Special Order, No. 7.
"No person or persons, other than owners of stock or incorporated companies' employés, will be allowed to remain on the island on or after this date; nor will any person be allowed to land until further instructions are received from

Washington. I hereby notify miners prospecting, or other persons, to leave immediately. By order,

B. R. WEST,

"Captain Fourth California Infantry, Commanding Post."

The miners took this as meaning business, and stood not on the order of their going, but went at once, singly, by twos and threes and in squads, as opportunity offered.

Notwithstanding the fact that this is a matter of history, the older inhabitants of the island, of whom there are three now living on the island who were here through that period, that the cause of the miners' leave-taking was on account of their eviction by James Lick, who had come into possession of the island, and who also compelled the sheep men to pay him tribute in acknowledgment of his ownership, or they, too, would have been evicted.

At any rate, in a little more than a year after the first mine was located in Cherry Valley, the camp was abandoned, and became again a howling wilderness; the quiet of the grave stole over the rival cities, and the wild goats strolled down and feasted, fattened and made merry over the old tin cans and the posted notices of the departed miners.

On the 15th of September, 1864, the troops were withdrawn from the island, and a few of the miners returned, but work in the mines was never resumed. The boom was spent.

The last official record of a claim was made with the County Recorder on February 21, 1865, but this was a re-location of the consolidated New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Cincinnati leads, located on Mineral Hill.

In 1873, Maj. Max Stroebel of Anaheim went to England, commissioned by James Lick, to sell the island. Supplied as he was with rich mineral specimens, he had little difficulty in negotiating a sale to a syndicate of London capitalists for \$1,000,000, but, before the transfer was made, Stroebel died, and the sale was never consummated.

In 1887, George Shatto bought the island, and another attempt was made to sell it to English capitalists, the valuable mineral deposits supposed to exist being the basis for the value put upon it. The negotiations, after a thorough examination by mining experts, resulted in a contingent sale being made for a consideration of \$400,000, of which a first payment of \$86,000 was actually made. The new purchasers entered actively upon the work of developing the mineral resources of the island, but found little encouragement, and not appreciating its worth from any other standpoint, than its precious metals, they defaulted in their payments, and it then passed into the hands of the Banning Company, who foresaw wealth in its rugged hills and glorious climate, aside from any consideration of mineral resources.

Where there is much smoke there is surely some fire, and although no really valuable mines have yet been discovered on Santa Catalina, some day one will aight on a "mother lode," whose exceeding richness will cause the Klondike to pale into insignificance.

S. J. MATHERS.

A BURMESE PRINCESS AT HER ABLUTIONS.

[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine:] One day, when we were feasting our eyes upon the wondrous daily morning scene of the ablution of the pious multitude at the sacred city of Benares, a Burmese princess joined the throng. She was as royal in beauty and attire as in rank. It is not given to many tourists in India to catch even a glimpse of a native lady, and that is why we hope to be forgiven for watching her so closely as she picked her dainty way down through the tiered lines of worshippers upon the massive steps. About her slender, shapely form a cloud of silk of the hue of pale heliotrope fluttered and clung. Upon her neck was a circlet of rubies. Gold set with diamonds—few, but brilliant—flashed upon one small wrist. Her feet were slippers in gold. Her face was almost as white as my own—a proud face, yet gentle and exquisitely fashioned. She stepped out of her slippers and into the water.

"What a beautiful picture! How romantic!" you say. Yes, but wait another second; remember, this was in India.

She stooped to begin her devotions by drinking from the stream. Then we saw that three feet from her there rested, at the water's edge, the backbone and a few ribs of a human body newly thrown from a near-by pyre. Two crows were perched upon it, feasting.

A PUZZLED BOY.

I wonder why it is that girls are always told that they should do just like their mammas do in every single way. It's awful easy for a girl to git along, becuz They praise her up fer actin' just the way her mamma duz.

I wonder why it is that boys can't go and do the way Their pas do, and still not git licked or lectured every day? Their pas they nearly always smoke, and many of them chew, And wunst my pa he got so mad I heard him swearin', too!

I wisht somebody'd tell me why it's always dreadful wrong For boys to do things that their pas keep doin' right along; I wisht I knew why girls can act just like their mammas do, And, what is more, git loved a lot and praised up fer it, too!

—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

BECAME A FATHER AT EIGHTY-NINE.

The news has reached the city that Uncle Billy Pearson was a few nights ago presented with a bouncing baby boy by his wife, who is very "much younger than Uncle Billy." Mr. Pearson is now 89 years of age. He was reared in this country and lived in the Goshen country until last fall, when he moved to Tennessee. He was married when quite a young man, and his first wife lived with him for sixty-one years. When he was past 80 years old she died, and within a year or two he married again. By this second wife he had two children. Some three years ago the second wife died. Without much loss of time he married a third wife, this time choosing a sister of his second wife, and by this third wife two children have been born, the last one only a few days ago.—[Bowling Green (Ky.) Journal.]

Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

LITTLE AIDS TO BEAUTY.

FEATHERED SERPENTS, BLACK ROSES, AND ILLUSION BUTTERFLIES FOR THE HAIR.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov 27, 1899.—"I must confess I do love a wedding," began the hostess, enthusiastically. "No matter if the gossips try to tarnish the romance of the affair, nor if the fat dowager in my rear whispers that the bride is a greedy little thing wedded the chabby, bald, smiling groom only for his money, still I love a wedding. The music and the flowers, the frocks and the marriage service have never lost their sentimental charm for me. I can't help believing the whole world seems *couleur de rose* to the couple as they come down the aisle, for the sudden melodious crescendo of the wedding march, the white presence of the bride cast a glamour that even in this prosaic day I find irresistible. I always feel sincerely sorry for the man or woman who finds a wedding a bore, who can't at least for the moment believe the bride is a fairy princess,

the groom a noble knight who won her after infinite labors of love and heroic deeds, and that they are destined to live happy ever afterward to the music of nightingales in a white marble palace set in a rose garden.

"Most of all do I deplore the woman who can go to a wedding and come home with never a description or suggestion to give concerning the wedding garments of the guests, for next after the opening opera night and the horse show the first winter weddings afford ideal sartorial scenery.

Brides Young and Old.

"Very lately I've been to two weddings and pottering about at various dressmakers artfully contrived to glimpse three or four more bridal outfits so I feel I am a perfect fountain of information on the question of nuptial splendors. From one dressmaker, deeply versed in all the priceless lore of lovely raiment, I learned that the fashion has been set in Paris and is flourishing here, in favor of gowning brides under 25 quite differently from those who have got on the shady side of this dividing line between feminine girlish and youthful maturity.

"Now if I were less than 25 I would order my wedding

gown of white taffeta, ivory crepe de chine, or that new goods that looks just like spun glass called spider tulle. I would have it embellished with fountains of chiffon, appliques of such light lace as mechlin, Valenciennes, honiton, or decorations in silvered liss.

"On the other hand did I count more than twenty-five summers I could claim the compensating consolation of an ivory satin bearing a train of brocade or a robe of white silk net, beautifully ornamented with elaborate white satin figures cut out and braided on to the net. So far as my investigations carry me myrtle is more worn by the young brides and orange blossoms by the older women, and I can't say but that the distinctions in the costuming of the brides is very pretty and most appropriate. The women moreover seem lending themselves to it very kindly.

"I caught just a suggestion of the bridal toilet of Miss Whitehouse, who is going to marry the handsome English captain. Her gown is to be almost wholly wrought of white silk muslin on a taffeta foundation and then from her shoulders will fall a train of satin, having a narrow cape of ermine. In her bonny brown hair will be twined a deli-



The "Royalist Toque."

Suzanne & Barault of Paris, France, have introduced this handsome hat, called the Royalist Toque. It is of seal skin, with close brim of the fur and a crush crown of beige-colored velvet. There is a curled cluster of ostrich feathers on the left side. It is a wonderfully becoming shape.

French Lingerie.

One of the daintiest, most graceful undergarments designed this season is illustrated above. It is a combination corset cover, short skirt and chemise in a single piece. Comfort and economy in clumsiness are achieved, and at the same time, unusual becomingness obtained. The material is a very fine silky French nainsook, the skirt being cut to fit smoothly over the hips, falls in four slightly-outlined points fourteen inches below the waist, where a rich lace inserting and edging are frilled on. The waist is arranged in a deep V over the bust, the right side folding somewhat over the left. There are no sleeves, for the wide, double

ruffles of lace that trim the waist fall prettily over the tops of the arms. To connect the garments and make them fit as one, a reinforced band of lace is laid on at the waist line and drawn to snug comfort by narrow, rose-colored ribbons.

A Tasteful Driving Coat.

So many women of fastidious taste have objected to the conspicuous appearance of the English square-cut driving coat, that Mme. Bonnaire of Paris has brought forward a delightful compromise, photographed here. It is loose, and fits with perfect ease, yet has sufficient shape at the waist line to please those who care to show the figure. This one is made of rich, mastic melton, and is trimmed with deep collar and cuffs of sable.

The "Princess Cantacuzene" Hat.

This bewitchingly-pretty hat, called the "Princess Cantacuzene," after Gen. Grant's handsome grand-daughter,

who recently married at Newport, is an exquisite creation of S. Koch & Son of New York City. The frame is of sapphire-blue velvet. It rolls high and sharp on the left side, down which soft silk is drawn in full rich folds. But the glory and pride of the whole is a gorgeous South African bird of gleaming plumage. The feathers are of glowing metallic blue, and the head of white and rose, with the big black eye in high relief.

A Charming Reception Toilet.

This charming reception toilet is of very pale, blue cloth, richly trimmed with panne of an even more delicate shade. The skirt, in common with all very smart costumes this season, has a seam directly down the front, overlaid with panne, that also appears on either bodice front, between which white chenille tulle is folded. Sable edges the hem, finishes the cuffs, and glimpses of the fur show on the waist. The whole makes up a wonderfully brilliant costume. It is from Mme. Bonnaire of Paris.

Illustrated Magazine Section.

cate fillet of myrtle and not a jewel will shine anywhere save on her fairy fingers.

"The brides seem to prefer to carry white silk or satin-bound prayer books to bouquets, I judge from my own observation, and when they do use bouquets the florists lightly cluster about a dozen bridal roses or white orchids in a frame of asparagus fern and then tie about the stems a great sash of tulle. On one bouquet preparing for a bride, I saw the tulle not only tied about the stems, but loops of it were brought up high among the roses forming part of the bulk of the big nosegay."

Coiffuers for the Winter.

"What you say about brides and their fashions is certainly to the point for those who want to enter its troubled sea in style and properly accoutred. A good wedding dress is besides a very soothing recollection in after years, when the glamour you mention is worn off, but I do so want to know what method I ought to pursue with regard to my hair." This arose from a guest by the window who would wear her new baby lamb jacket under the pretense that she felt quite chilly.

"Do you mean you want to know how to arrange it during this season?" asked the hostess, nibbling lazily at a chocolate peppermint.

"That is just it," responded the owner of the coat, casting back its double-breasted fronts to bring nonchalantly into view a lining of white heavily brocaded silk that met with the silent approval of four pairs of bright eyes. "Is hair up or down and what is going to become of the pompadour?"

"Well, I always follow my leader," began the destroyer of the peppermint, "when that leader is a woman whose judgment I have confidence in and whose taste I have never found straying after her false gods. Last week I went to see my hair dresser.

Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, Jr.

"She is the one who gets up those stunning coiffures for Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, Jr., and for those beautiful blonde Levi Morton goddesses. Her quick fingers did up my locks in three styles and all of them she assured me were bound to hold first place for evening affairs during the next six or eight months. My hair she pompadoured, so to speak, all around in a soft roll above the face and then elaborately puffed the length of it on the crown. Just a love lock or two she permitted to stray out on my forehead, and then she inveigled me into the purchase of three distinct styles of hair ornaments by the shrewd device of fastening them in among the coils and puffs and leaving the mirror and my vanity to do the rest.

"However they are the smartest little aids to beauty. The first is a butterfly made of lisse, covered with opalescent spangles and with a delicate white osprey springing in place of antennae from his spangled wrought head. The second is a rose of black lisse to the petals of which spangles in charming imitation of tiny diamonds are attached like dewdrops. This rose is to set right in the center and front of my hair and from its stem, at the back of the petals, springs a black osprey, rather thickly threaded with twinkling little rhinestones and anything more sweetly becoming to a woman with blonde lights in her hair you will not see this season. My third extravagance was a serpent. There now! don't gasp with horror for it is not one of those wicked-looking reptiles made of frivolous metallic colored piaettes, but a very up-to-date and lovely ornament having the flexible tapering body covered wholly with breast plumage from a pheasant. She had a whole family of them, some covered with the blue black raven feathers. These the blondes usurp and a number are made with the rich mottled plumage from the breasts of wild ducks.

"Whatever one's prejudice may be the serpents are already vigorously adopted and so entirely fascinating did I think myself with my new coiffures that I've had my picture taken in every one just as the hairdresser completed them in order to have an authority to refer to when I begin to do my pompadouring and puffing at home."

Fashions' Coats of Mail.

"Is any one here prepared to give expert advice on the use of spangles?" questioned the first woman, breaking away from the group about the tea table to reluctantly pull on her broadcloth coat and fold about her neck a band of mink fur, ending, not in the commonplace head and tails, but in two big bunches of brown marabout feathers.

"Well, I can only tell you what I see," replied the hostess rising to assist, and patting the feather-trimmed collar with affectionate approval, "and I see every woman wearing them, not by the hundreds or thousands, but verily by the tens, even hundreds of thousands. Coat of mail tunics and waists of them, showing the disks of jet, steel, silver or gilt laid on in solid sheets entirely concealing the foundation goods and extending from throat to knees, are more than popular, they literally are a passion with womankind. Buy a coat of mail gown, my dear, by all means, unless your heart, like mine, inclines to one of embroidered chiffon, which is as popular as ever.

"And this brings me round to another confession of extravagance, my new dancing and dinner dress. It has a foundation skirt of that pretty and quite inexpensive white Pekin satin. Over this falls a rose du Barry pink chiffon robe, charmingly garlanded over with traceries of black chenille embroidered bolero jacket on a plain chiffon under-body and the girdle and shoulder bows are of spinach green velvet, drawn through small, brilliant buckles. It is not spangled, but it is just a moment newer than all that fairy-like armor that is not, as a matter of fact, quite suited to the heat and wear and tear of a ballroom."

MARY DEAN.

AN INSPIRED GOSPEL SONG.

[New York Times:] Ira D. Sankey said the other day that he first sang "The Ninety and Nine" in Edinburgh, twenty-six years ago. The verses he had seen in a newspaper, and never had time to put to music. It was a case of emergency; he didn't know what to sing, but seemed inspired to attempt "The Ninety and Nine" without music. He started to play, then to sing, each note coming to him until the song was finished. The music, he added, has not been altered to this day.

HER GREEK AND LATIN PLAYS.

MISS BARROWS PRODUCING "THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS" WITH GREEKS AND ITALIANS.

By a Special Contributor.

Of all the distinguished professions filled by women, the most unusual is that occupied by Miss Mabel Hay Barrows, since she can safely be said to reign without a rival in her particular field. From the beginning of the college year in October to its end in June, Miss Barrows is in constant demand from universities and preparatory schools the country over, to train its students in all the various arts necessary to the production of Greek and Latin plays.

Miss Barrows early showed a love of Greek and Latin, combined with a passion for the drama, and when only 13 years of age wrote a play founded upon the crusades in which the crusaders addressed one another in Latin. She had also a natural taste for archaeology, which she inherited from her father. When a student of 16 in the Girls' Latin School in Boston, she dramatized portions of the Aeneid and began training some of her classmates for its presentation in the home attic. The production, however, developed so marvelously under her skillful management, that it was finally given before a distinguished audience in Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church parlors. Between the acts, Secretary Long read aloud his own translation of Virgil, and a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who had written the music for the drama, played the harp.

After graduating from the Latin school, Miss Barrows went with her father, Hon. Samuel J. Barrows, to Greece, where she made a special study of old Greek customs, games, dances, etc., getting many of her ideas of costuming from the vase paintings and figurines. After this she visited various continental galleries and museums, finally taking a course in archaeology and Greek art at Leipzig.

Soon after her return to America she entered Radcliffe, and while there gave her first Homeric play, which attracted wide attention from its entire novelty and distinction. This was really the foundation of Miss Barrows's professional career, for although after leaving Radcliffe, she took the course at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, with the purpose of making the teaching of gymnastics her profession, her services were in such frequent demand at the various colleges, that she gave up her original intention and gradually drifted into a professional trainer and coach for Greek and Latin plays. Once launched into her career, Miss Barrows found that all her previous training seemed to have been with this one end in view. Even the athletics and the hours spent in studying the violin were indispensable.

Dancing Before a King.

Be it said that with all the rest, Miss Barrows had studied gymnastics in both Germany and Sweden and has always improved every possible opportunity for getting hold of national dances. In Sweden she had the honor of dancing before the king and she learned the Scotch dances from an old Highland dancer whose office it had been to dance for the queen. German, Italian and French peasant dancing she learned from the peasants themselves, and modern Greek dancing in Greece. Nor has she neglected our own old-fashioned country dances.

Diversified Work.

The whole aim of these productions is to resurrect Homer and Virgil from their text-book graves, and make them live again. Such portions of the great epics as possess the most inherent charm and greatest dramatic possibilities have been thoughtfully selected and are presented in their original setting and language, forming a character play in six acts. The scenery and costumes were chosen with respect to their archaeological correctness. Some of the stage furnishings she brought with her from Greece and many of the costumes were fashioned by her own clever fingers. The latter are of almost infinite variety—the soft, harmonious clinging draperies of the women made from filmy gauzes, thin flannel or oriental silk, contrasting most effectively with the more brilliant satins and heavier woolens of the men.

Teaching the delivery of the lines is but a small part of her duties. Miss Barrows must needs instruct young athletes to box and wrestle after the old Greek manner—quite different from that of today—to hurl the discus; to dance the old Greek dances; to throw the ball while balancing, leaping, turning and wheeling; to chant the weird, sweet music of the Delphic Hymn with which the play opens, etc., etc. This means the most arduous work day and night, for at least six weeks.

Miss Barrows's Method.

"My method is something as follows," said Miss Barrows: "When sent for by a college, I first meet the classical faculty and they present me to various classes of students to whom I give a little sketch of the play, explaining its demands, and showing pictures of the final performance. I then talk the men over with the faculty and learn something of their college records. Of course, athletes, dancers, singers and the 'populace' do not need to know Greek. The students are then invited to meet me socially. After this for a day or two I observe them carefully in the lecture-room and on the campus, and watch them at their athletics. I am then able to select two or three possible actors for each role. These men I ask to compete for the parts, and after a day or two I am able to decide which of them is best fitted for the several roles. Of course they do not begin to commit their lines until the parts are finally cast. Then I call the entire cast together for a reading rehearsal, and go over the whole play. After that I do not call them together again until the last week. The work in the mean time is entirely individual. I work with each man until he is nearly perfect in his part. Then I begin putting them together in small groups, so that all the work is going on practically all the time. Once I am in a college, my time is all theirs. I begin at 8 o'clock in the morning, and frequently during the last week am busy right through until midnight. The work is of such absorbing interest that it carries me through. The cruder your man, the more you want to work to see what can be brought out of him. I do not take a prominent part in the performance myself, but am always on the stage, leading dance or chorus, or directing some part of the play. It gives the men more confidence, and I am rarely recognized."

Miss Barrows is now at the Social Settlement, Hull House,

Chicago, preparing to produce during the week beginning December 4, alternate performances of "The Return of Odysseus" and "The Flight of Aeneas" by the native Greeks and Italians of that polyglot quarter. As her efforts are always crowned with brilliant success, this is expected to be the sensation of the winter, besides being a liberal education of the life of the times it depicts. From Hull House Miss Barrows will go to the Kansas University.

DELIA T. DAVIS.

A PROFESSIONAL TRUNK PACKER.

MISS BLANCHE MINTON TELLS HOW SHE GOT HER START IN A BIG HOTEL.

By a Special Contributor.

"Packing trunks for a living is not an original idea with me," said Miss Blanche Minton, looking up from her seat on the floor beside a huge Saratoga which she was busy filling.

"Of course the incentive was the necessity of making some money, and I was casting about in my mind how to begin, when I read a newspaper article about a girl who earned a good living as a 'bride's assistant.' One of her duties was packing the trunks and her method was such a good one that I thought what a fine thing it would be if everybody would pack as she did. Then I remembered how the majority of people disliked to pack, and in some way my thoughts traveled to the people in a palatial hotel just down the street from where I was boarding, and in less than half an hour after reading the article about the 'bride's assistant,' I had decided as to a profession.

"Having made up my mind I at once set out to offer my services to the manager of the hotel. I told him my plans about packing trunks for guests of the hotel and asked him to recommend me. He advised me to have some cards engraved, stating my terms, and said he would see that they were kept in the office and distributed among guests who would most probably need my services.

"To make a long story short, I followed the manager's advice and in less than an hour after having my cards in the office a bell boy from the hotel called at my boarding-house, and gave me my first order for packing the trunks of a party who had been called away unexpectedly. They hadn't time to wait, it seems, and left, directing to have their trunks sent after them. There were seven trunks in all, huge affairs, and it took me the entire afternoon to pack them and schedule their contents in the little books after the method of the 'bride's assistant.' But when it was finished and I received \$17.50 for my afternoon's work, you may be sure I was pleased.

"The next day I had some more orders and by the end of the first week I counted my work a success, for the manager not only advised to be secured an assistant, but insisted on my coming to live in the hotel where I could be more easily reached. It is needless to say I again followed his advice and am now living at the hotel with a younger sister as my assistant.

"I pack the trunks while she sits beside me and jots down in the little books (one of which I attach to each key and deliver to the owner) the contents of the various compartments. I not only tell in what division of the trunk each article is, but I locate it as clearly as possible. I make a point of packing all trunks very nearly alike, so that any one who has once unpacked one of my trunks will be able to judge about the locality of their various belongings in other trunks I may handle for them.

"My charges of course are according to the size of the trunk. For those under thirty-four inches in length I charge \$1.50, while for all above that size it is \$2.50. Steamer trunks and hand bags and dress suit cases all come under the head of small trunks, and are really about as hard to fill.

"I have earned as much as \$25 a day, but it was hard work, and I do not care to be so rushed very often. Of course with my sister's assistance I can work more rapidly, and consequently we are in greater demand than ever, for when a person wants their trunks packed they wish it done as quickly as possible. Every one of my customers who have spoken of my work to the hotel managers have always commended my celerity. Another thing, I always use quantities of light blue and pink tissue paper, it tends to give the impression of care and daintiness that every one finds agreeable in connection with their belongings. These two points are about all I have added to the method of trunk packing described in the newspaper article to which I have referred.

"I see no reason why every large hotel should not need the services of a trunk packer. Comparatively few men and women travel with their servants, while I am yet to meet the individuals who were not loath to pack their own trunks."

LAFAYETTE M'LAWES.

TWO NOVELTIES IN THE CHINA SHOPS.

"It is seldom enough that we can lay claim to anything absolutely new," said the dealer and connoisseur in china; "but this is a genuine novelty," and he pointed to a concave plate not unlike the usual one for oysters, but turned back at the end in a rim about an inch and a half broad; that is to say, this rim fills up the usual space between the shells and the edge of the plate. The rim furnishes the background for all manner of charming and appropriate painted decorations. Sprigs of gay holly artistically grouped, delicate sprays of maidenhair fern entwined groups of shell fish, etc., etc.

"The trouble with the old oyster plate," continued the connoisseur, "is that, however handsome it may be, the decorations are rarely noticed. One does not see those on his own plate as in all probability they are covered with ice; and of his vis-a-vis, all that is discernible is the bald white underside. Now these give an exceedingly decorative effect to a whole table—their exquisite designs being in full view and at once challenging attention. They are still more effective when placed on another handsome plate; the hollow should be filled with cracked ice, a small linen doily placed over the top, and then the half shells.

"If you are looking only for what is distinctly new, I am quite sure that you have not before seen a complete cut-glass toilet set for a boudoir. Unless I am greatly misinformed, this is the first one ever manufactured. The two scintillating candlesticks, the two large bottles for perfume, the two smaller for eau de cologne, with this other pair for whatever liquids are desired—the cream jar, powder globe, ring stand, pin tray—in all a dozen glittering pieces on this mirrored tray. With the candles lighted and the bottles filled with different and harmonizing colors, you can scarcely imagine a more brilliantly beautiful effect."

The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

THINGS ALL AROUND US.

NATURE SERIES—VI. INSECT-EATING PLANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

IN LAST Sunday's paper, I told you that the plants which trap insects by their leaves also eat them. And I told you that they are able to do this in spite of the fact that they have no teeth or mouth. For you must know that the most important part of your own food-taking is not the grinding up of the food into bits by your teeth, but the still finer division of it in other ways, so that it can be taken into your blood (which, as you probably know, is always flowing back and forth, all over your body) and thus carried to different parts of you to replace what you use up, every day. For everything you do uses up a little material out of your body, somewhere, and that is why people grow thin when they do not eat much—because they are using up material, all the time, and not giving their body anything to put in its place.

Now there are juices in your body that have the power to divide up your food so finely that it can be taken into your blood. The way they do this is too difficult for many of you to understand perfectly without a great deal of explanation, but perhaps I can make it tolerably clear to you by reminding you how water and other liquids eat up hard lumps of sugar and salt. These juices of your body have the power to take up, in a certain way somewhat like this, the things you eat for food, and pass them on to your blood. We call this digesting the food. There is one such juice in your mouth that does a little of the work, and others in your stomach and intestines that do more of it. The saliva, as we call it, in your mouth helps digest what we call starchy food, like white bread and potatoes, that in your stomach digests more particularly animal food—meat, eggs, and so on—and that in the intestines does the work left over of all sorts.

Now the wonderful thing about the plants which trap insects with their leaves is that these leaves pour out a juice very much like that in your own stomach, and this juice dissolves the animal food that is trapped in it and passes it on to the sap of the plant, just as the juice of your stomach dissolves the animal food you eat and passes it on to your blood. And the sap flows through the plant as your blood flows about in your body, and carries the food where it is needed.

A very remarkable thing, too, about the leaves of the insect-eating plants, as they are called, is that they curl up, in general, much more quickly and stay curled much longer, when insects are caught by their leaves than when bits of dirt or coal or other things not good for food fall or are placed on them. This is another case where it looks almost as if the plant had an idea of what it is about. For the leaf curls up in order to hold the food and digest it, and uncurls again when the food is quite taken up by its juices; so that, when it uncurls quickly from indigestible things, it is as if it discovered its mistake.

And the manner in which the leaves of some of the insect-eating plants move in catching insects looks still more as if they were able to think. There is, for instance, a little plant which grows in many parts of the United States and is called "sun-dew," because the sticky liquid with which it catches and digests insects lies all over its leaves in drops that glisten like dew and are not dried up by the sun. The leaves of the plant are nearly round and are covered, all over the upper side, with little hairs that have a round, sticky top, somewhat like the head on a pin. A man who studied the plant very carefully called these round-topped hairs "feelers," because they are so like animal feelers. If you ever touch them four or five times close after one another, they will begin to bend over all about the spot where you touched them, but if you touch them only once or twice they will not bend. And you will easily see why this is. For as they sway about in the wind they must occasionally knock against each other or against the leaves of other plants, and if, at every such touch, they should close, they would waste much time and labor. So they have learned to keep open when they feel only one or two touches. But if they feel several in close succession, then there is reason to believe some insect is causing the touches, and so they bend over to hold him fast.

There is a beautiful little flower that grows in Switzerland, which looks, at a little distance, just like a violet, but has very greedy insect-eating leaves of the liveliest sort. Drop a bit of meat on one of them, and the leaf begins to curl over it almost immediately. Like other insect-eating leaves, it then stays curled up several hours, or even sometimes a day or two, and when it uncurls the meat has disappeared. Where? Into the sap of the leaf, as I told you above. On the other hand you often see the legs and wings of insects sticking fast to insect-eating leaves that have just uncurled. That is because these parts are hard and cannot be digested by the plant.

One of the most wonderful of all the insect-eating plants is the Venus' fly-traps, which grows only in the eastern part of North Carolina. Its leaves are hinged down the middle and shut together instantly when touched, instead of moving slowly as do the other leaves I have described. On the edges are spines that clasp together, as you clasp the fingers of your two hands, making the trap a very tight one for any insect shut inside. These leaves, of course, are more for flying than for creeping things; they shut too quickly for the creeping insects.

Another very wonderful insect-eating plant grows on moist ground in the East and has leaves in the shape of pitchers. But this plant is a sort of vulture-plant, for it likes its food in a decaying condition. Its pitchers are always partly filled with water, from rain and dew, into which insects fall and are drowned. And as they decay, the plant absorbs them.

CORA M. WILLIAMS.

CYRIL AND THE GNOME.

AUTHOR OF MR LOOMIS'S STRANGE STORIES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

There was not a doubt about it, the post-box on the lamp-post at the corner was bewitched. The people in the vicinity were most of them writers, and wrote the loveliest stories that you ever read, and they always posted them in the lamp box on the corner, and had done so for years; indeed, some of the very loveliest stories had been posted twenty times in that same box. How they ever came back had often puzzled the letter-box, who was of an inquisitive turn of mind, but they were certainly posted about once in so often.

That was before the box was bewitched. Now, no matter how many stories and poems and riddles and charades were dropped into the aperture, not one could be found when the postman made his rounds. The box was always empty. At first people thought that it was thieves, and a man was placed at the opposite corner to look as if he was just passing by, but although he stood in that attitude for one whole hour after a particularly large batch of literature had been dropped into the box by at least six different writers, and although he watched that box as carefully as a sleepy man could, yet not a soul opened it. But when the postman came around it was perfectly empty. Perhaps I have not been explicit enough, if you know what that means. Letters posted in the day time were not lost. It was only after dark that the bewitchment took place.

Now here was one writer who never wrote anything but fairy stories, and she had a son about 10 years old, who knew that there were fairies. He pitied children who said, with a lofty air, "Oh, yes, when I was a kid I believed in fairies, but I found out long ago that there were none." He used to say to these superior boys and girls: "How do you know there aren't fairies? The world is a large place, and there are many nights when you sleep from 8 until 7 next day. How can you be sure that the fairies do not hold revels somewhere at night? And if anywhere, why not in New York?" And then the others would say: "Oh, we don't want to argue. Believe in fairies if you want to, and play with blocks and dolls, too, but we're beyond such things."

Well, now, for my part, I'm going on 60, and yet I wouldn't say there are no fairies, because what would become of the beautiful and authentic history of Cinderella if it were proved that fairy folk were imaginary? No, there are fairies, depend upon it, and if we haven't seen them, it's our misfortune. I never saw the Cape of Good Hope, but I'm sure it's around somewhere.

This is a good deal of talk, it seems to me, and nothing at all about that lamp box. Well, Cyril Merton, who believed in fairies, was sure that a gnome was in the box, and that he was living on letters. He said nothing to any one, but one night, after he had gone to bed, and all the house was quiet, he arose softly and dressed himself and left his room, by means of a rope which he had concealed there that day. Then he went to the lamp box.

He had small, delicate hands, and he put one in the aperture and felt for the letters. There was not one. Then he posted an envelope containing nothing but blank paper, and putting his ear to the opening he listened. He could distinctly hear little jaws champing and paper being torn. He was now perfectly sure that there was a bad little fairy inside the box. So he put his mouth to the aperture and said:

"Little gnome, little gnome, come from within,
To eat up the letters is surely a sin."

I don't say that the gnome would have minded you or me or any of those children that don't believe in fairies, but I do know that as soon as the gnome heard Cyril's voice he oozed out of the aperture and sat himself cross-legged on the top. He was about the size of a squirrel, and wore a tight-fitting suit made of woven grasses of different shades of green. A little bit of the envelope of the letter that Cyril had posted was sticking to his lip, but the rest was evidently eaten.

Cyril came to business at once. He said: "Don't you know, little gnome, that you're making trouble for a great many people? Most all who live around here write stories and they get their living by selling them. If you eat all their stories, after a while they won't have any money to buy food and clothes, and then they will all starve."

The little gnome grinned, and began to whistle; the faintest, highest whistle you ever heard. "I don't care for people," he said, finally. "People are never kind to me. I'm after a story; that's why I eat the letters. You see the king of the gnomes has offered the hand of his daughter in marriage to the gnome that can tell the best story, so I've been eating these letters steadily for a month now, in hopes of learning one, but I don't seem to get one in my head—only in my mouth—and I'm afraid that before I learn one some other gnome will step in ahead of me and marry the princess. She's a beautiful creature, as green as a katydid, and her eyes are as red as fire."

Cyril felt like laughing at the idea of learning a story by eating the paper on which it was written, but he was too courteous to do so. He said: "Now, Mr. Gnome, you've gone about this business the wrong way. You've eaten up a lot of valuable manuscripts, and they haven't done you any good at all, but I can teach you stories just as fast as you want to learn them, if you'll come up to my house any night."

The gnome showed his delight in his little green face. "Oh, I'll come all right, only I don't want you to have a crowd there to look at me. I'm not fond of human beings. You're the only one that was ever civil to me, and I won't forget it."

"Come on, now," said Cyril, so the gnome jumped to the pavement and skipped along beside Cyril, whistling in his

tiny, shrill way, and they soon came to the rope hanging from the window.

"Here, don't try to climb that," said the gnome, as Cyril twisted the end around his wrists and swung himself off the ground. "I know a way worth two of that. Put your foot on my head."

"I'm afraid of hurting you."

"Put your foot on my head, I say," said the gnome, in a tone that invited obedience. Cyril placed his foot upon the little man's head and felt himself rise to his window as if he were floating on a bit of dandelion down. By the way, why do they call it dandelion down, when it's up most of the time?

When Cyril and the gnome were in the room, the former threw himself upon the bed, and the latter sat upon the footboard.

"Now, tell me a story that will please the king."

So Cyril told him "Puss in Boots," and he was delighted.

"Say, did you make that up?" said he, when Cyril had finished.

"No, it's older than we are," said the boy. You see he knew a good deal.

"Not older than I am," said the gnome, decidedly. "I'm going on 100."

"Phew!" said Cyril. "You don't anywhere's near look it."

"I don't feel a day over 900, but, then, all my family are very young feeling. My grandfather is 4000, and you'd never take him to be over 3000. It's because we're very particular not to let the sun shine on us. I've never seen the sun in my life, but I had a cousin who followed the human's proverb, 'Early to bed and early to rise,' and the sunshine shriveled him up so that he looks hundreds of years older than he is. He used to go to bed at 7 in the evening and get up at 6 in the morning, and we all go to bed at 3 in the morning and get up at 8 in the evening."

Cyril looked at his clock. It was 2:57.

"I'm sorry to hurry you," he said, "but if that's the case you'd better be going."

"Well," said the gnome, "I thank you for the story, and you may depend upon it I won't eat any more of those inky old letters. They didn't taste good a bit, and if I hadn't loved the king's daughter very much I wouldn't have eaten one."

"Come again tomorrow night—" began Cyril, but the gnome had vanished.

He waited a week, but the little imp did not come back. On the other hand no more letters were lost, and the writers were so encouraged that they wrote an unusual number of beautiful stories, and I dare say you may read some of them in the magazines before long.

Cyril knew that it would be foolish for him to tell his neighbors that he had caught a gnome eating their letters, because they were not enlightened enough to believe him, but he did tell his mother, and she said: "Well, I suspected as much. I knew no thieving letter-carrier could have gotten away with them."

"But he didn't come back," said Cyril, half crying, "and he said that he was going to tell me how the king liked the story he had learned."

"Give him time, my dear," said his mother. "I take it as a good sign. If the story hadn't suited he would have been back for another. I dare say that he is busy getting ready for his marriage."

And that night the gnome proved that Mrs. Merton had guessed right, for after Cyril had been sleeping some hours he was awakened by a breath of cold air upon his face, and, opening his eyes, he beheld the little gnome sitting upon the pillow by his side.

"You're a brick!" was his first words to Cyril.

Cyril was wide awake in an instant, and he said: "So the king liked it?" He jumped out of bed the better to listen. As for the gnome, he leaped to the footboard and crossed his knees in the drollest way imaginable.

"Like it?" said he. "Why, I thought he'd never stop laughing. He said that it was the best story he'd ever heard, and he gave me his daughter's hand, as he had promised, and I've been so busy getting ready for the wedding that I haven't had time to come before. You see, I had to engage a big orchestra of crickets and katydids and frogs and locusts, and I had to go to Japan for them, because the best insect musicians are Japanese. It takes time to go to Japan, even the way I travel, on a moonbeam. We're to be married tomorrow night, and I've brought you a piece of wedding cake and a present. Only don't eat the cake until tomorrow or it will make you dream. And now I must be going, as it's most 3 o'clock."

Cyril got up and shook hands with the little fellow, sincerely sorry that he was going.

"Just think," said the gnome, "if you hadn't come that night I would still be eating those horrid, inky, old manuscripts, and never getting any story at all for the king. Oh, I wish you could see the princess. She's a young, little thing; only 200, but she is so pretty. Well, I must be going. Here's the cake, and here's a pin to remember me by. It's an emerald made out of a real katydid. Bye by."

And the gnome vanished.

In the morning Cyril found a piece of toadstool on his pillow. That was the wedding cake. He did not eat it, but he has the emerald pin to this day.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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INTERESTING ANIMAL NOTES.

THE MULE'S AFFECTION FOR A HORSE AND DESTITUTION OF THE ASS.

By a Special Contributor.

Every game bird, in its native haunts, has a habit of associating which is differently expressed. Thus sportsmen who know say a bevy of partridges, a covey of quail, a bunch of prairie chicken, a plump of wild fowl, a wisp of teal, either green or blue winged, a file of geese, a flight of pigeons or woodcock, a line of snipe. Pheasants are

nearly domesticated they are said to come in clutches, rail and plover in balls, and cranes and heron in slants.

Everybody knows that a fox's tail is in hunting parlance his brush, but few perhaps know further that his scalp is, technically, a "mask," or that if he is superlatively game, it is torn off, nailed on the kennel door of the pack in at his death, and marked with three crosses to show that he died only at the end of a ringing run. The brush, of course, goes to whoever is nearest when it is taken. The trophy next in value is the right forefoot—in hunting phrase "pad chief." The left forefoot "pad minor," ranks next. After them the hind feet, "the pegs"—which only very young or very avid hunters care much to claim.

One amazing fact regarding the vixen—the she fox—is that no dog will follow her trail while she carries young. It is uncertain whether she then leaves no scent, or whether the dogs obey some primal instinct, in passing over her track. A certain consideration for the female is apparent in most of the canine species. One of the surest signs of rabies is for a dog to attack a bitch of his own species.

Fawns when first dropped are for some hours unable to stand. The doe does not remain beside them, but paces slowly around at a considerable distance. Every now and then she gives a little tremulous bleating call, at sound of which the fawn lifts its head and tries to struggle to its feet. Should a man or a dog appear meantime, the doe runs away in a straight line, but laggingly and halting, as though herself hurt unto death. When she thinks she has lured the enemy far enough away, she gives three great flying leaps, which take her at once out of sight, and goes back to her baby upon seven-league boots. But if left undisturbed, she keeps up the pacing until she sees the fawn standing; then paces daintily away in a straight line, choosing always the easiest grade. As she paces she calls faintly and every now and then halts, looking over her shoulder, to see that she is followed.

Ill-tempered old horses delight to attack very young foals, and will kill them if permitted. Mules have the same cheerful habit, unless they are under the influence of "the bell mare." She is the queen of the herd—a kindly creature who has grazed and fed with them, wearing a tinkling bell about her neck. If she snorts defiance of anything, all her followers rush to the attack. If she sniffs tolerance, they pass it by. In all things they obey her absolutely. Back in the old days, when horses and mules throughout the Southwest went to market in droves, the rough-riding highwaymen of that epoch always tried to capture "the bell" and make off with it, knowing that nothing could keep the drove from following. Similarly, drovers tried always to save "the bell." She was led, never ridden, so that in event of attack, she might be fresh for a game run. A light lad led her—the owner or chief drover brought up the rear. The lad had strict orders at the first sign of trouble to go his very best, caring for nothing but "the bell."

Mules are, on the whole, something of cads. They are very proud of their horse kinfolk, and very much ashamed of the other side of their ancestry. One horse in a lot full of mules is a royal personage. Poor Neddy, contrarywise, is kicked and cuffed, and nipped most cruelly.

MAX BREWER,

A BOY WHO WAS WELL REPARED FOR FOLLOWING HIS MOTHER'S ADVICE.

By a Special Contributor.

Max Brewer was a strong, robust country lad, and it was the wish of his heart to secure a business education. But his mother, when left a widow, found herself too poor to gratify Max's ambition. So there was nothing for him to do but bear his disappointment bravely and seek employment that would support his mother and himself.

Before obtaining permanent work, however, a friend in Chicago, who was well to do, gave Mrs. Brewer a home. After a brief conference it was decided that Max should accompany his mother to the city and try to get employment near her.

"I don't, as a usual thing, think a city is a good place to bring up a boy," said his mother. "But we are too poor to choose our home, and if a boy does right and keeps away from evil things, he can grow up pure and manly in a city. Remember, Max, never to get above being faithful in little things, and don't forget your mother's prayers."

Through Mrs. Brewer's friend, Max secured a menial position in a large railroad office, only a few blocks from where his mother had found a comfortable home. Max was quite awkward, and was the poorest-paid employé about the office. Every day he was ridiculed severely, and called "a country greeny" by his fellow-employés. But Max had a plucky spirit, and worked on, bravely keeping his troubles to himself. His mother was near; he could see her every night after his duties for the day were done, if he wished, and Max generally wished, unless he knew his mother was busy. For this great privilege he felt that he could endure a great deal of taunting and hard work.

Poor as his wages were Max saved a little, with which he bought some books, and spent his spare hours in study. While many boys of Max's age, bent on having what is too commonly termed "a good time," going to cheap shows, theaters, and such like amusements, Max Brewer was improving all his nights, that were unoccupied by necessary duties, in useful study.

Max had a plainly furnished, but neat little room, in a modest lodging-house, near his mother's home. A teacher had lodgings at the same place, and noticing how diligently the boy studied, he often helped Max.

Max had not been in the employ of the company but a short time, when one of the employés working in the same department said to him:

"Young chap, let me give you some advice. Don't do any more here than you have to. It doesn't pay. Look at me: I've been here in this same room, doing the same job, for nearly five years. This company is a heartless corporation, and we are only so many machines. When the company says 'grind,' we grind. But that's all the good it does. They never appreciate one's services. If you'd work here till you're old and gray, you'd never be promoted. Do only what is necessary to hold your job, but don't waste your strength by working overtime or doing fine special jobs that won't be appreciated."

Max thought over the man's advice, and wondered if the

company were as soulless and unappreciative as it was represented to him. At first he felt inclined to do as his fellow-employé did, sit around a good deal and let the "extra jobs" alone. It would be so easy to bring his books there and study a little on the company's time. They would not find it out, and he could make much more rapid progress in his studies.

"No, I won't do it," Max decided. "It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be being faithful in the little things, as mother advised me. Mother's advice is the best, and I'll feel better for following it."

So, conquering the temptation to fall into the habits of his companion, Max went on doing the best and the most he knew how, and did not worry because his pay was no better.

One day, while performing one of the "extra jobs" that he was not paid for doing, Max broke his arm, and had to give up work.

"There," said the man whose advice he had not followed, "that's what you get for doing extra jobs. You'll be laid up now, and some other boy will get your place here."

The pain in Max's arm prevented his replying, and he hurried off to a doctor. A few days after the accident, as Max sat in his little room trying to study, a fine-looking man was announced to see him. Max recognized him at once. It was the superintendent of the railway company for whom the boy had been working. Max was very much confused by the call of this great man, and could only stammer out answers to the kind questions asked him about his health and how he spent his time. After noting the orderliness of Max's room and the books which he was studying, the superintendent arose to go.

"Now, my boy," he said kindly, "don't overexert yourself, and just as soon as you are able and want work again, come down to the office. We will find a place for you."

Just as soon as the doctor gave permission, Max went back to the railroad office, expecting to resume his former place. But he was given a higher position, and his wages were raised.

Max continued his studies, and proved so faithful that at the end of the fifth year in the company's employ, he became head clerk in the department. He was careful of his earnings, and he now has a comfortable home of his own for his mother, whose words he had followed.

AD H. GIBSON.

GUESSING YOUR OWN NAME.

AN AMUSING GAME FOR A PARTY OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

By a Special Contributor.

It is called "A Hidden Character Party," and when giving one send out invitations ten days in advance, so that a special number of guests will be on hand. Non-acceptances should be filled, making at least some twenty-five persons to be reckoned on for this unique amusement.

Previous to the arrival of guests, the hostess with her assistant writes on a number of long strips of stout white paper the names of some celebrated people, either men or women. Each slip is provided with a pin, and as the guests appear the deputy appointed stands at the entrance of the drawing-room and fastens a slip securely upon the back of each person. From the very moment the guest enters, and the slip is in place, he or she becomes the individual whom the written name indicates, and must be so recognized by all the company present. Each person reads the name on every slip except her own, and what that one may be she is left to guess from remarks addressed to her. Much merriment is occasioned by the futile efforts of people to place themselves and the drift of a conversation they find it difficult to follow. Everybody talks at cross purposes, with a delightful confusion the result.

The first guesser wins the prize, and yet those who desire it are at liberty to make more than one try. If an individual thinks he has guessed what his temporary name really is, he is allowed to report to his hostess, who keeps a memorandum of the fact. But, however, correct or incorrect, the various speculations may be, neither the hostess nor her deputy can give any clew, until time is called, when a clear statement of individualities is made.

If a lady personates Marie Antoinette, she is addressed as if she were the unhappy queen. Questions are asked regarding events which happened during her lifetime, and the more confusing and obscure they can be made, the better. The more difficult the character, the greater the fun. Obvious individualities are not for grown people, only for children who guess easily the name.

MRS. OLIVE BELL BRUCE.

THE MENOMINEE FLOOD.

HOW THE BEAVERS HELPED MANAPOSE TO ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Here is the story of the great flood as it is told in the wigwams of the Menominee Indians, in northern Wisconsin.

When the great flood came, Manapose was the only man living on the earth, and as the waters began to rise he became very much frightened and hurried away to the chief of the fishes and asked him to make a fish of him. According to the way the Indians believe, the fish could have done this, but he would not, because Manapose had played so many tricks on him and had killed a great many of his brothers.

Then Manapose hurried to the beavers and the muskrats and all of the animals that can live in the water, but all of them refused his request because he had done each one of them some wrong at one time or another. The waters were rising so fast that Manapose had to stop begging the animals and hurry away to a great high mountain. Still the waters kept chasing him and he climbed away up to the very top of a high pine tree which stood on the mountain.

As the water kept coming higher and higher he felt sure that his end had finally come for sure. When the water came up to his knees he happened to see a muskrat swimming in the water and he called out to him, but the muskrat only laughed at him and said that if he was drowned it only served him right. When the water was up to his waist he saw a bird flying and he called to the bird, but

the bird asked him if he ever remembered stealing some of her eggs, and flew on.

A little later the water was up to his chin, and he knew that in a short time he must drown, when he saw a beaver. He called the beaver over to him and said that if he would only help him this one time he would make the beavers the most cunning of all animals and teach them how to make beautiful houses in the banks of the rivers to live in, so that they could escape their enemies. The beaver finally consented and he dived down deep in the water and brought up a little mud.

Manapose was very much pleased at this and told him to get a lot of the other beavers and together they would build an island. So the beaver called to a lot of his brother beavers and they all went to work, and just when they had an island built the water was up to Manapose's mouth and he kept calling to them to hurry. The island which they built was just barely large enough for Manapose to stand on, but as the water kept getting higher they kept on building the little island. Every once in a while they would get tired and talk about quitting. This would scare Manapose very much, and he would hurry and tell them all the things he was going to do for them when the waters went down.

It was really a very dreary position to be in, for he could not sit down and his legs got very tired, but he had no choice, so he kept on lifting one foot while they put some mud under it and then the other foot while they put some under that. For seven days and nights Manapose had to go on climbing in this way, and sometimes he felt very much like giving up, but when he saw nothing but water all around him and the bodies of animals floating by he would take another step.

Finally the waters went down again, and Manapose was very happy, and he did not forget the beavers or the promise he had made to them, but he told them how to build the prettiest kind of homes, and the beavers still make them to this day. Another thing, he was always very careful not to play any tricks on them, and the Indians who lived after all this happened remembered what the beavers had done and they gave the totem, or sign, of the beaver, to one of the great chiefs.

This chief grew to be a very old warrior and had a great many children and grandchildren, and each of these took the totem of the beaver just as you took your father's name. Descendants of this chief still live among the Menominee tribe, and when there is a great war or a prospect of cold winter, or of the game in the forests leaving, or anything of this sort, the living members of the tribe who bear the totem of the beaver can go down to the banks of the river, and the beavers will tell them about much that is going to happen by making queer signs in the water with their tails.

This is rather a different story than the one that is told about Noah, but it is the one that is told to the young Menominees, and they all believe it, and if you question the story they shrug their shoulders and tell you that the beaver is a very wise animal, and he tells the Indians lots of things because they are friends, and they wouldn't tell the palefaces anything at all because they always kill them.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

A fashionable congregation was once startled by hearing the reverend gentleman announce that they were about to sing "Hymn No. 368—From Iceland's Greasy Mountains." After this they listened with equanimity, when they were reminded that they should not covet their neighbor's house, "nor his 'oss, nor his ax."

The same reverend gentleman, declares an English magazine, once assured his hearers that they all knew what it was to have "a half-warmed fish" within them. "A half-formed wish" he meant. On another occasion he referred to "Bon the Japtist." Feeling dimly that there was something wrong, he tried to correct matters: "No, I mean the Japtist Bon!"

Another dear old college gentleman had occasion to reprimand an undergraduate who had wasted two consecutive terms in youthful follies. After lecturing the delinquent severely in his querly high-pitched voice, the dean finished by saying: "I am sorry to have to speak so severely to you, but am credibly informed that you have broken many rules of the college; you have been incorrigibly lazy, and, to cap it all, you have deliberately tasted two worms!"

"Are you fond of music, Mr. —?" "Yes," was the divine's answer, "but I don't know very much about it. I don't think I have a very good ear; in fact, the only two tunes I really know well are 'God Save the Weasel' and 'Pop Goes the Queen!'"

"What will you have?" was once asked of a nervous clergyman, at a well-spread luncheon table, as the time came for the second course. "Thank you," murmured the embarrassed cleric, with his eyes fixed on a seductive looking strawberry cream in front of his hostess, "I think I will have a little of that stink puff!"

At the licensing session held in a certain west country town recently the chairman, dealing with the statutory limit of bona fide travelers, and getting his expressions a little mixed, referred to it as being "three miles as the flow cries." A limb of the law who was engaged in the case ventured to correct his worship. With a deferential smile this exponent tried to amend the phrase: "Your Worship means as the 'fly crows'—or, rather," he added hastily, "as the 'cry flows!'" No one was sufficiently rash to make a further attempt.

It would not be fair to mention the name of the modern Mrs. Malaprop, who recently made the quaintest faux pas. The conversation turned on a forthcoming fancy dress ball, to which all the house party was going. She was asked what dress she proposed to wear. "I'm having a dress copied from an old French print. It's the period of the Revolution. The picture is one of Marat being murdered in his bath by Charlotte Dente!" It would have been most impolite to correct her, and no one ever knew whether it was mere ignorance, confusion of ideas, or absence of mind.

[Baltimore American:] The number of shooting stars seen, as compared with the number promised, bears a strong resemblance to the number of chorus girls in a burlesque company which advertises a hundred and has ten.

The Times Home Study Circle.

Under Direction of
Prof. Seymour Eaton.

POPULAR STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Contributors to this course: Dr. Edward Dowden, Dr. William J. Rolfe, Dr. Hamilton W. Mable, Dr. Albert S. Cook, Dr. Hiram Corson, Dr. Isaac N. Demmon, Dr. Vida D. Scudder and others.

VI.—THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

(Concluded.)

Katharine and Petruchio.

IN THE scene where Petruchio insists that the sun is the moon, it is clear that she sees his purpose and treats it as a joke. She is not going to quarrel about it and lose the visit to her father; so she says, with a touch of good-natured sarcasm:

"Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An' if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me."

Petruchio then declares that it is the moon, and she replies: "I know it is the moon." "Nay, then you lie," says Petruchio, "it is the blessed sun."

"Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun,
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine."

The sportiveness of this is palpable enough, and it shows that the work of "tanning" the lady is complete. The two understand each other perfectly, and can afford to laugh over the little game by which the result has been reached. But in the old play this scene is treated with all seriousness, and the shrew soberly calls the sun the moon, just as she has yielded other disputed points to her arbitrary mate. Shakespeare knew better than to compel Kate to contradict the evidence of her own senses, except in a sort of merry irony. This is the fashion in which the earlier dramatist does it:

"Feran. Come, Kate, the Moone shines cleare to night, Me-thinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceived. It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come back againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesu saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesu saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad Kate your stomach is come downe,

I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me Kate hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death."

The encounter with old Vincentio, and treating him as a young woman, is in the same playful vein; and this should

the case of the sun and the moon. When she is sent out to fetch the other wives she is bright enough to suspect that some trial of their conjugal obedience is going on, and she at once enters into it with hearty enjoyment. In the long speech that follows Shakespeare has avoided all the absurdity of the corresponding part of the old play, which is a pedantic homily on the creation of the world and of man. I give it here as another specimen of the material which Shakespeare worked upon, and which some critics strangely assume to be from his own pen at an earlier period in his dramatic career:

"Feran. Now louely Kate before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiuves doo owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say,
The 'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and hours,
Are tund and stopt, by measures of his hand,
The first world was a forme without a forme,
A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
A guife of gulves, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world
The King of Kings, the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
And made all things to stand in perfit course,
Then to his image he did make a man.
Olde Adam, and from his side asleepe,
A rib was taken of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so term'd by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was Adam doom'd to die,
As Sara to her husband so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe and nourish them,
If they by any meanes doo want our helpe,
Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread,
If that by that we might procure there ease,
And for a president Ile first begin
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.
[She laies her hand vnder her husband's feete.]"

In what Shakespeare makes Kate say there is little that should offend our modern taste. Obedience is not made the whole duty of the wife, nor is too much stress laid upon the husband's authority. The tribute due him is said to be "love, fair looks and true obedience"—"too little payment for the debt she owes" to his loving care and labor for her comfort and welfare. If the husband is represented as sovereign, he is also servant, and the sovereign is based upon the affectionate and devoted service, not upon the supposed superiority of sex.

It should be said here that Shakespeare's part of this scene probably ends with the line, "That seeming to be most which we indeed least are." The rhyme and the Alexandrine indicate that he meant to have the scene end there; but the manager of the theater, or whoever finished up the play for the stage, added the bit from the old comedy about placing the wife's hands below the husband's foot. It will be seen that the earlier playwright adds the stage direction, "She laies her hand under her husband's feete." Shakespeare would never have carried the thing out in that literal way, even if he had retained the words as a figurative expression.

There is no "special pleading" in what I have said of Shakespeare's modification of the spirit and tone of the earlier play, for nothing of the sort was necessary. All the changes he made were in this direction, and I have referred to only a few as illustrations. To quote and comment upon all would far exceed the space at my command.

Other Characters in the Play.

Bianca, as Cowden-Clarke says, is "a mincing pretender to sweetness, artful and artificial from first to last." She gains herself name for gentleness and temper by playing the foil to her violent sister, who is really the more lovable woman, as we see in the end, when Bianca as bride throws off her amiable disguise and sneers at Kate for obeying Petruchio—"Fie! what a foolish dutty call you this!"—and at her own husband for risking his moneys on her conjugal submissiveness—"The more fool you for laying on my duty!" Instead of being the artless creature she seems at first, she proves herself an accomplished coquette, with a hearty love for intrigue. Petruchio certainly made the better match in taking the elder sister, with all her youthful faults, which were but superficial and easily curable, instead of this shallow little hypocrite, who was much more of a shrew in reality. Hortensio was lucky in losing her. As Furnivall says, "He is a straightforward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting."

Baptista is a genuine Italian character, though not of the best type. He is selfish in his maneuvers for marrying off his daughters, as he has been weak in his paternal management of them. Kate owed her bad ways, as I have said, to her bad bringing-up more than to any inherent tendencies to shrewishness. If her father had understood her as well as her husband did, and had made any intelligent effort to correct her girlish faults, no sensible wooer would have hesitated a moment in making love to her instead of her half-mouthing, mincing sister.

Italy in Shakespeare's Plays.

England and Italy are pre-eminently the countries of Shakespeare's plays. The scenes of fourteen of them (including the historical plays) are laid wholly or partly in England, and of eleven (including the Roman plays) wholly or partly in Italy. I count "The Tempest" among the latter, because the characters are Italian, though the scene is laid on an island not described in any prosaic manual of geography. The other plays—twelve in all—are scattered through various lands—Greece, Illyria, Bohemia, France, Sicily, Denmark, etc. Some of these are mere names. The

Illyria of "Twelfth Night" and the Bohemia of the "Winter's Tale," for instance, might be anywhere else. In the poet's day the theaters had little or no painted scenery, and a sign or placard was often put up at the back of the stage to indicate the locality—Athens, Rome, Venice, or whatever it might be. The sign was the only aid to the spectator's imagination, which had to furnish a local habitation for the name as best it could. And so with the Messina of "Much Ado," the Ephesus of the "Comedy of Errors" and the like. They are nothing more than names stuck up on a stage without scenery. Transpose these names from one play to another and it would make no difference except in the measure of a few lines in which the names occur.

But the Italian scenes are veritably Italian. In "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," indeed, this local tone is not so marked, but that play is one of the earliest that Shakespeare wrote, and it is evident that he was not then so much at home in Italy as when he wrote the later plays of which that country is the scene.

Did he ever visit Italy? It is not impossible, though it seems to me on the whole improbable, that he may have done so. Critics who have been in Italy, and some who have long resided there, find it difficult to explain his minute acquaintance with the manners and customs of the country, except on the theory that he had visited it. In "The Shrew," as in the "Merchant of Venice" (and this, by the way, is in favor of making the date of the two plays about the same—1597 or near it) these little Italian touches are particularly to be noted.

C. A. Brown, who lived for years in Italy, says that "The Shrew" bears the "peculiar feature and stamp" of the country, and shows that Shakespeare had become very familiar with its scenery, manners, customs and cities.

W. J. Rolfe

Cambridge, Mass.

Courses of Instruction.

(Autumn-winter term, 1899-1900.)
Sundays and Mondays—(1.) "Popular Studies in Shakespeare."

Tuesdays—(2.) "Great American Statesmen."

Wednesdays—(3.) "The World's Great Artists."

Thursdays—(4.) "Home Science and Household Economy."

Saturdays—(5.) "Desk Studies for Girls;" (6.) "Shop and Trade Studies for Boys."

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THE BROOK'S STORY.

A long, long time ago, a man and his wife and child fled from misery and trouble and their own kind, seeking solitude. They wandered a long way into the heart of these very mountains, and one day, footsore and weary, they stood upon the brow of a great hill. Far below them the mountain slopes were dark with pines, and low, brown hills stretched away into the blue distance.

Nowhere was there any sign of a human being. They were alone, and the fresh breeze blew in their faces.

"Here we shall rest," said the man.

And there they rested for many years, and the memory of their past life grew vague to them. They looked upon the world from the eyrie, and were its only inhabitants.

The daughter, their child, grown to maidenhood, was a strange, wild creature, hardly more human than the rabbits that peeped at her as she passed. But though she knew the flowers and the wood-folk well, most of all she loved the ferns—the maidenhair ferns.

These grew in a certain tiny glen, and hour after hour the girl would spend there. They were her friends, her comrades, her cherished companions. Sitting among them, talking to them in a language all her own, she was one with them, for her eyes were a deep, clear green, that held the light like a precious stone, and the glossy fern stems were no blacker than her lashes and long, tangled hair.

The long, sunny months went by, and it was time for the winter rains. The dry hills lifted dusty, patient faces, and the tiny streams that crept down the cañons began to flag, but no rain came. The moss turned brown, the leaves withered, and there was no renewal of fresh, young growth.

The girl sobbed by the side of her drooping ferns. They were all that she loved best in the world, and they were dying.

The drought went on, the dry wood-growth crackled dustily under foot. Day after day she kept her precious ferns alive with water from the scanty home supply, but soon even that began to fail. At last she came and threw herself down beside them in the dusk, after the scorching heat of the day, and buried her white face in their dry, brown fronds.

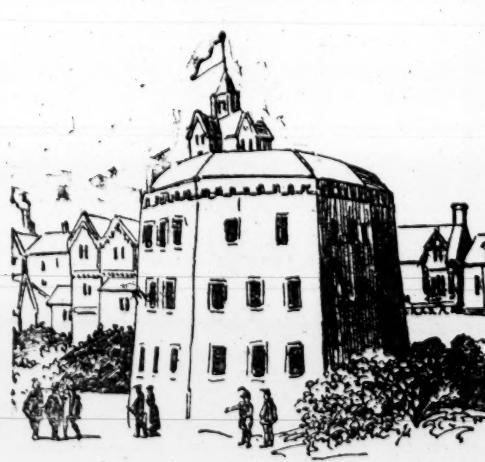
"There is not one water drop in all the earth and sky!" she moaned. "You die, my sisters, and if my life could restore you I would give it. Oh! to be but a single drop of water, to fall upon this parched earth!"

The reeds behind her stirred and rustled, and from their murmuring came an articulate voice. "Child," it said, "I am Pan, the guardian spirit of these woods, the very life of all nature. Men do not worship me now as of old, and they that loved me and saw me with mortal eyes are long since perished from the earth; but thou, who art one of my own nymphs, hast known me in the ferns so dear to thee."

"And this will I do. This life of thine, that thou art willing to sacrifice, shall become a stream, forever flowing through this little glen, forever keeping alive and relecting in its clearness the fresh green of your ferns. And this spot shall be the loveliest in all the hills, for your own beauty shall enter into it."

So this story the stream told me as I dreamed by it all one long summer day, and I know it is true, for the ferns that grow there are the most beautiful in all the world.

NORA MAY FRENCH.



THE GLOBE THEATER.

(Built 1599, mainly occupied by Shakespeare's company.)

be suggested in acting or reading the scene. I have somewhere read that a certain actress, in giving the speech beginning:

"Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled by the sun,"

uttered the word sun in a roguishly hesitating way, with a sly look at Petruchio, as if to ask whether she should call it sun or moon. Such little touches really elucidate and illuminate the poet's meaning, and show what might be made of the comedy if it were rendered aright, instead of being degraded, obscured and caricatured, as it generally has been on the stage. The performance of the play by Mr. Daly's company was a marked improvement on the usual misrepresentation, though the personation of the hero and heroine did not seem to me to bring out certain of the more subtle features of Shakespeare's characterization.

The last scene, where Kate wins the wager for her husband by her prompt and unquestioning obedience, must be interpreted in the light of what has preceded; and when Lucentio and Hortensio express their surprise and wonder what this "bodes," note Petruchio's reply:

"Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;

"And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?"

The peace and love and all that is sweet and happy are put first and last, and the obedience is mentioned only in a secondary and subordinate way, as if to suggest that it was based upon the love and not upon masculine lordship.

When Kate pulls off her cap and treads it under foot, it is because she understands her husband's purpose—as in

CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

A CORRESPONDENT sends *The Times* a somewhat labored argument against vegetarianism, his argument being based mainly on biblical grounds. He claims that those who, for various reasons, refuse to eat meat, "presume to be wiser than God;" that vegetarianism belongs to the latter half of this century; that the Creator gave animals for men's food; that the Bible characters all ate meat; that if soldiers and sailors were put on a vegetable diet they would soon lose their strength, energy and endurance, and so forth.

This correspondent's premises are not well founded. That vegetarianism, or abstinence from flesh food is a novel thing, belonging to the latter half of this century, is an absurd statement. From the earliest dawn of history, and for a period how much longer nobody knows, millions of human beings, in Asia and other countries, have been total abstainers from flesh food, as they are today. Many scientists, who are by no means prejudiced in favor of a vegetarian diet, believe that the original food of the human race was fruit and nuts, to which, later, was added grains, the killing of animals for food being an abnormal custom, developed by necessity, something in the same way that cannibal habits have grown up among some tribes.

That God made animals to be the food of man is an assumption that cannot be proven. The lions and tigers might, with equal reason claim that God made men to furnish them with food. Or, arguing in the same line, it is equally reasonable to claim that God furnished tobacco and many other narcotic plants to be used by the human race, some of which plants have worked much injury upon mankind, when they are used.

The correspondent is not apparently aware that the proper translation of the word "meat," as it is used in the Bible, would in most cases be "food," which knocks out one of his strongest biblical arguments. Furthermore, it is believed by many that Jesus Christ himself was a vegetarian, although he was not a bigot, and believed in the temperate use of all wholesome foods, as well as wine, by those who liked them.

However, the discussion of the question of diet from a biblical standpoint is unnecessary and irrelevant. It is too late in the day to question the fact that men may live and do hard work without partaking of flesh food. In point of fact, a great majority of the human race are, through necessity or inclination, vegetarians, either wholly or in part. The hardest work of the world is done by those who consider meat as a luxury, to be enjoyed on special occasions, and the most meat is eaten by men who pass a great part of their lives in clubs and swell restaurants. There is, however, vegetarianism and vegetarianism. The idea that abstinence from meat diet means living on cabbages, and turnips, and lettuce, and "sich," is a mistaken one. In beans, and peas, and lentils, and the various grains, the vegetarian has food which contains three times as much nourishment as meat, and develops far greater powers of endurance. The porter of Constantinople, whose diet consists mainly of black bread, figs and an occasional watermelon, the Arab of the Sahara, and the Yaqui Indian, who will live for weeks on a diet of parched maize, develop powers of endurance that no beef-eating Englishman or pork-fed native of China could equal.

There are gluttons among vegetarians, as well as among flesh eaters—men who eat for the eating's sake, who overload their stomachs, and make life a burden to themselves and their neighbors. Let each one seek out for himself the system of dietary that best suits him, but it is absurd, in the light of indubitable facts, to question the possibility of living and being perfectly healthy without the use of flesh foods. In fact, the statistics of British hospitals in the East Indies show that those of the native troops who are vegetarians show a marvelous power of recuperation from wounds, while on the other hand we know that the German army, in its great war with France in 1870, was largely dieted on a sausage mainly composed of peas, the favorite food of the Canadian lumberman, which there takes the place of the red beans upon which the American prospector sustains life in the Rock Mountain region.

The correspondent's exceptions are not well taken, and are overruled.

* * *

Genius and Muscle.

SOME writers, in discussing the subject of genius, have gone so far as to claim that exceptional genius is a sort of abnormal development, like that of a fungus, and that, in short, it is a species of disease—that great genius is closely allied to insanity.

The New York Journal recently published an editorial, in which the ground was taken that while there is "no disease in genius, muscle is bad for the brain." This theory is strongly contested in an Eastern hygienic publication, called *Physical Culture*, which admits that genius is often coupled with physical weakness, and shows that in nearly every case where it is otherwise there will be found the observance of that law which requires the use of harmonious development of every function and power of the body. Wherever genius is the product of blind, abnormal, unhygienic efforts towards the attainment of one particular object, it naturally becomes abnormal, unnatural, unhealthy and of brief existence.

The New York Journal makes the following assertion in its editorial:

"Man develops on two lines—the mental and the physical. In each man there is but so much vitality. Either side of his individuality developed abnormally must be so developed at the expense of the other side."

Commenting upon this view of the question, *Physical Culture* says:

"The brain is not developed at the expense of the muscular system, nor is the muscular system developed at the expense of the brain, and I believe that every modern physician will bear me out in this statement. One might

as well assert that the right arm is developed at the expense of the left, or vice versa. If but little use is made of the brain, as is the case with many athletes, and the body is developed to the highest point of perfection, the brain will be naturally sluggish and weak; though not because the body has been developed at its expense—simply from the lack of use. The same rich blood which built up the powers of the body could also have strengthened the brain if efforts had been made with this end in view. It is true that 'each person inherits so much vitality,' but this vitality, this spark of life which "glimmers, glows and glistens" with more or less degree of intensity, can to a very great extent be increased or decreased at the will of the individual concerned. If the muscular system be developed to its normal standard, and all the laws of hygiene and health are strictly followed, this vitality will be attained in full, but, if otherwise, only a small part of it may be acquired. The opinion, held by many, that each individual inherits so much vitality, which in some mysterious way transforms itself into energy that can be used for mental or physical work, is farcical. One's nervous energies are often doubled, and sometimes trebled, by the increased vigor of body that results from the thorough development of the physical powers. If either the brain or the muscular system be developed abnormally it is at the expense of vitality—just so much power for resisting disease, just so many years of life are sacrificed in either extreme."

It is certainly an absurd contention to claim, as this yellow New York Journal does, that "a man of great muscular powers is at a disadvantage intellectually with a thin weazened man." This is preposterous. There have been many men of genius who have "enjoyed" poor health, but it is only a yellow journal which would think of advancing the extraordinary proposition that they have been geniuses, not in spite of their ill-health, but because of it! According to this view of the case, in order to develop a man of exceptional genius, it would be necessary first to go to work and carefully ruin his digestion, his stomach, and nerves, and liver, and kidneys, and all the rest of him. Perhaps, if we were to make him a hopeless cripple, by breaking most of his limbs, that would be still greater advantage, or by entirely paralyzing him we might perhaps produce another Shakespeare.

Wherever there are cases when a man has exhibited great genius while suffering from ill-health and weakness, we may be sure that his powers would have been vastly increased had he been the possessor of a "sound mind in a sound body." Such arguments as that advanced by the New York Journal writer are enough to convince one that, whether or not genius and insanity are nearly allied, there is certainly sometimes a very narrow dividing line between the yellow journalist and the lunatic, the chief point of difference being that the former is in a position where he can do more harm.

* * *

Malaria.

THE reference made last week in this department to the views of Dr. Carl Schwalbe, on the subject of malaria, its origin and spread, has attracted much attention among local physicians. The subject is an interesting one, from a medical standpoint. According to Dr. Dunlap, in *Modern Medical Science*, 90 per cent. of cases of sickness show a malarial influence, as cause or effect. Malaria may be due to animal as well as vegetable decay, and so-called auto-intoxication (self-poisoning) is simply malaria due to retention within the system of material that has been, or should be, eliminated in the course of disease. Small, ill-ventilated bedrooms, want of exercise, shallow breathing, nasal catarrh, constipation, overuse of coffee, tea, or other stimulants, that check action of the kidneys; gluttony, and consequent indigestion and liver disorder, use of tobacco, spirituous liquors, etc., are, he says, a few of the many causes that lead to auto-intoxication.

* * *

Peculiar Potions.

WE ARE apt to think that the curious and often repulsive medicaments which were prescribed for unfortunate patients in the middle ages are entirely a thing of the past in this enlightened era, but such is not entirely the case. The *London Mail*, in an article on the subject, recently suggested that it is a good thing for physicians to continue to write their prescriptions in Latin, as otherwise they would sometimes find it difficult to induce delicate patients to take them. For instance, the *Mail* publishes the following recipe, which it says is a remedy introduced during the past few years:

Blattae Orientalis, drach. xii. Div. in pulveres cxliv. Capiat unam ter in die.

The translation of this is, "Take of crushed cockroaches 12 drachms, divided in 144 powders; take one three times a day."

Other remedies mentioned as being in present use are dynamite, or nitro-glycerine, the venom of the rattlesnake, dried bullock's blood, mixed with glycerine and brandy, and a syrup composed of powdered dried fox's lungs, with a little licorice and nainseed. Strophanthus, introduced from Central Africa a few years ago, and used as a heart sedative, is the substance used by African cannibals to poison their arrows.

It is evident that the curing art has not got so far away from curious antique methods as some of us suppose, but then, on the other hand, it is encouraging to note that we have nowadays an increasing number of intelligent physicians, who rely more and more upon the healing powers of nature, aided by hygienic measures, and less upon mysterious compounds and dog-Latin.

* * *

Baldness and Bareheads.

REPORTS from Eastern summer resorts during the past season have told that a change has been rung on the popular bare-foot fad. It is now the head which is frequently left uncovered. Men and women, old and young, go about all day with no covering whatever, save their own hair, upon their heads, and there is understood to be consternation among the makers of nostrums that are supposed to cure and prevent baldness. The hat is said to be generally responsible for the shining pates that are so common in civilized communities. Where people cling to savage and primitive customs, going about with bare heads, baldness is unknown. The Zulus do not lose their hair; neither do

the Indians nor other people whose scalps are exposed to the sun and the rain. It must, therefore, it is claimed, be that hat that causes man's hair to drop out.

* * *

Food and Drink.

A WRITER in a Chicago paper says: "An average man requires 59 ounces of food per diem. He needs 37 ounces of water for drinking, and in breathing he absorbs 30 ounces of oxygen. He eats as much water as he drinks, so much of that fluid being contained in various foods. In order to supply fuel for running the body machine and make up for waste tissue he ought to swallow daily the equivalent of 20 ounces of bread, three ounces of potatoes, one ounce of butter and one quart of water. The body is mostly water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains 96 pounds, or 46 quarts of water."

This is misleading, if not inaccurate. The question as to how much food a man needs depends very largely upon the amount of solid nourishment which that food contains. That is to say, if a man should attempt to live on turnips, which contain over 90 per cent. of water, he would need something like nine times as much as if he made his diet on dried peas, which contain only a little over 8 per cent. of water. The average man, undoubtedly, eats too much, especially the city man, who is engaged in sedentary pursuits. In a general way, it is safe to say that 12 ounces of water-free food, daily, is sufficient to keep a man in good condition. This would be represented by amounts ranging from 13 ounces to about eight pounds of ordinary food, according to the amount of nourishment which it contains.

* * *

Death From Burning.

BURNING is one of the most painful known methods of death. An Italian physician, Dr. Azzarello, tells us that burns cause death by poisons formed in the tissues by the action of the heat. According to *Modern Medicine*, he divides the theories of the causes of death from burns into the following classes:

(1) Death from shock or extreme pain; (2) embolism, thrombosis, and destruction of blood elements; (3) pyemic infection through the burned surface; (4) poisons formed by the action of heat on the tissues, or auto-intoxication from deficient excretion by the skin. The author has shown by experimenting upon dogs and rabbits that the intoxication theory is the correct one. A chloroformed animal died in the same time, and with the same symptoms, as one not anesthetized. Section of the nerves supplying the burned part causes no alteration in the effect of the burns. Bodies of animals burned to death failed to show any embolism, thrombosis, or great destruction of blood-corpuscles. The rapidity of death was too great for the action of bacteria to be the cause. On the other hand, blood from burned animals and extracts of burned tissues were toxic to other animals, and caused death with symptoms similar to those of the burned animal.

RAILROADS IN AFRICA.

PROSPECTIVE DIVISION OF SPOILS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

[*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:] Closer relations between England and Germany are indicated by what is going on in their diplomatic affairs, and the future of Africa is no doubt the main consideration. The world has a clearly-defined opinion of what the result of the war with the Boers will be. England will put forth whatever effort is necessary to assert a principle of suzerainty over the Transvaal republic and the Orange Free State and convert them practically into colonial provinces. In opening up Africa, England of late has disclosed a willingness to accept Germany as the nearest partner, and has already agreed to certain exclusive German railroad privileges in the southern part of the continent. The present development of railroads in Africa is in itself a sufficient reason why England and Germany do not consent that the Boers shall enlarge their dominion. Ten thousand miles of railway have been built or are under construction in Africa. About two-fifths of the distance from the Cape to Cairo has been covered, and it is by no means impossible to fill in the equatorial links within the next ten or fifteen years.

Railroads run north from the Cape 1400 miles and south from Cairo 1100 miles. The intermediate section is 3000 miles. Cecil Rhodes, who recently visited Germany in behalf of this immense enterprise, has said that it can be completed by 1910. Some of its sections are in German and Belgian territory. Two railway lines are under construction in German East Africa. On the western coast the Germans have projected a road from Walvis Bay to Windhoek, the capital of German Southwest Africa, and this is to be allowed connection with the Cape to Cairo trunk line. About two thousand miles of the Cape Colony system belongs to the British government, which also virtually owns and operates nearly all the railroads in Egypt. The understanding between England and Germany is based upon the rapid opening of Africa, the immense growth of its railroad system and the mineral wealth of the continent. Neither Great Britain nor Germany intends to turn all this over to less than 300,000 Boers, and so the Kaiser's visit to London has more than a complimentary meaning.

PUEBLOS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

[*Washington Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat*:] Six ancient and queer Indian friends of the United States were permitted to shake hands with the President. They were Pueblo Indians, and live in a town of their own at Isleta, Mex. The Governor of the town, Vicente Jiron, headed the six Pueblos. Three of the six were wise men of the tribe and carried with them walking canes presented to them in 1863 by President Lincoln. The canes are never brought out except on state occasions, and to frightened offenders. Even farther back than the 60's the Pueblos were good friends of Uncle Sam, and aided in suppressing uprisings of other Indians. President Lincoln recognized this friendship by ordering three silver-headed canes to be made for distribution to the three leading Indians of the tribe. The canes were appropriately inscribed. They are held in awe and reverence by the Pueblos, who look upon them as gifts from the "Great, Great White Father."

The Development of the Great Southwest.

IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

The Beet-Sugar Industry.

THAT the beet-sugar industry is destined to become one of the leading industries of the United States during the next few years there can be no doubt, nor that California will be the chief seat of this great industry.

The New York Commercial recently published an interesting article on the remarkable development of the beet-sugar industry, as shown by the fact that to the fifteen existing beet-sugar factories no less than sixteen new ones were added during the past year; that is to say, while in 1898 there were in the United States fifteen factories, with a total daily capacity of 68,500 tons of sugar, in 1899 there are thirty-one factories, with a total daily capacity of 18,450 tons. Of these thirty-one factories, seven are in California. The Commercial gives the following statement of the product of beet-sugar by States, in tons, during the past season, from which it will be seen that the output of California is almost 50 per cent. of the total output of the United States.

States—	1898-1900.	1899-1900.
Beets.		Sugar.
New York	26,000	2,600
Illinois	33,000	3,300
Michigan	310,000	31,000
Minnesota	38,000	3,800
Nebraska	83,200	8,300
New Mexico	15,000	1,500
Colorado	21,000	2,000
Utah	9,000	9,000
Oregon	17,600	1,700
Washington	12,000	1,200
California	415,000	45,600
Total	1,063,800	110,000

A Fruit Association's Work.

THE Sierra Deciduous Fruit Association, which operates in the Lamanda district, did a good business this season. The number of tons of green fruit handled is as follows: Apricots 155 tons, prunes 160, early peaches 110, late peaches 50, assorted plums, prunes, etc., 10 tons, or a total of 485 tons. The earlier fruits were sold as soon as dried, but the latter fruits are still in the warehouse.

New Sulphur Springs.

ACCORDING to the San Bernardino Sun, the Urbita Bathing Company has secured possession of the sulphur springs situated a short distance from Urbita station, and will endeavor to build up a popular resort there. The Sun says:

"The main building will be 135x75 feet, and enclosed under the roof will be a plunge 50x100 feet. The buildings are on the south side of Colton avenue, although the water rises principally on the north side of the street, and is brought over in pipes. This big plunge is to be the main feature that will attract the public, although there will be tub and private baths also.

"On the outside the water will be piped into a lake 250x600 feet, with a maximum depth of 17 feet and an average depth of 10 feet. Here it is planned to float a small launch, while a boathouse and row-boats are also contemplated."

San Diego Gold Mines.

REAT things are claimed by the San Diego papers for the Grapevine gold mining district, in that county, especially for the Dewey mine, the ledge of which, it is said, will average 80 feet in width, and the center pay streak 17 1-2 feet, the latter, it is claimed, assaying over \$15 per ton, and the entire 80-foot streak carrying gold in sufficient quantity to pay for work.

Utilizing Tailings.

THE latest railroad proposition down San Diego way will, within the next few years, add many millions of wealth to the resources of the country. In San Diego county alone over a million dollars will probably be secured in this way, from tailings, during the next couple of years. The 300-ton cyanide plant to be erected at the Golden Cross mines, at Hedges, will, it is said, handle tailings containing \$900,000 in gold, of which about 80 per cent. can be saved while the 200-ton cyanide plant at the Stonewall mine, in Cuyamaca, expects to recover about a quarter of a million dollars from the tailings there. Then, at National City, the tailings from the old Cedros Island mill are being treated by a process which, it is believed, will produce a large amount of gold.

Rare Mineral.

AN DIEGO COUNTY is coming to the front as a producer of rare and valuable minerals. The San Diego Union, of recent date, has the following:

"Rutile—Crystals of this rare mineral have been discovered in the mountains east of San Diego. There is an increasing demand for this ore of titanium in the East, and a promising industry may develop from this discovery.

"Schorl—Crystals of black tourmaline six inches in diameter were found near the Guejito ranch, associated with rose quartz.

"Indicolite—Blue tourmalines are now for the first time

reported from Southern California, from the lepidolite mine in this county.

"Green Tourmaline—Beautiful crystals of gem quality, associated with garnets, rubellite and other crystals, were lately found in the mountains west of Julian. Ralph Wright has also found some fine specimens, but not of gem quality, in quartz near El Cajon."

* * *

A Municipal Water System.

EL SINORE has a municipal water system, on a small scale, which has now been in operation for over a year, and is said to be a financial success, the receipts being \$500 more than the expenditures. The surplus is being used to further extend the system.

* * *

Another Proposed Railroad.

THE latest railroad proposition down San Diego way is for a road from Ensenada, in Lower California, to San Diego, for which the owner of the big Niji ranch in Lower California is about to try to obtain a concession from the Mexican government. The ranch is an extensive one, covering an area of 50,000 acres. The principal owner of the ranch, Baroness Gottliebsson, was recently in San Diego, and informed a reporter that she was on her way to the City of Mexico to see President Diaz and endeavor to get the necessary concession for the road.

* * *

An Iron Mine.

SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY may soon see an iron mine in successful operation. The deposit is on the property of P. B. Prefumo, almost directly west of the city, in the Osos Valley. A. A. Wheeler, of San Francisco, has made an agreement with Mr. Prefumo to lease his land on behalf of San Francisco capitalists. Mr. Wheeler is quoted by the San Luis Obispo Breeze as stating that there are more than 4,000,000 tons of ore that can be measured on the property.

* * *

Oranges for the Philippines.

REDLANDS has come to the front with a shipment of a hundred boxes of oranges to Manila, for the Christmas trade there. This is believed to be the first commercial shipment of oranges to the Philippine Islands, from this section.

* * *

A Profitable Sewer Farm.

PASADENA has a sewer farm which yields a good income, the 320 acres yielding \$6000 of products this year to the city. For walnuts alone over \$3000 was received. The other sales this year for the farm are given by the Pasadena News as follows, for the past seven months:

April—Hay, hogs, walnuts, pasture	\$ 64.10
June—Hay	94.47
July—Hay	210.10
August—Hay	622.00
September—Hay, hogs, wood	267.32
October—Hay, wood, walnuts	209.67
Total	\$1,468.66

* * *

A Successful Olive Ranch.

AMONG the numerous failures of olive culture in this section there are a few encouraging exceptions. Thus the Ontario Observer states that F. N. Turner of Los Angeles, has a fine crop of olives on his ranch, just south of that place, which has never been irrigated. He is now gathering the crop, which will all be pickled for the Los Angeles trade.

* * *

Wealthy Riverside.

RIVERSIDE correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner recently sent that paper some interesting facts and figures showing the large income which Riverside derives from the orange industry. Riverside claims to be the greatest orange growing district in the world. Its orchard area is thirty square miles, 19,000 acres, 1,536,000 trees. The probable citrus product for next season will be 7000 carloads, 2,352,000 boxes, about 247,000,000 oranges. The product of the colony alone is one-third the entire output of the State. The money value to the community of the crop now growing is \$5,000,000, or over \$500 to every man, woman and child. Other products—deciduous fruits, alfalfa, dairy products, etc.—will swell the volume to over \$600 per annum.

* * *

Mining Development.

THE investigation of the mineral resources of the State will proceed actively from now on. Dr. Stephen M. Bowers has been appointed by Gov. Gage, State Examiner of Mineral Lands, and Prof. W. L. Watts, of the State Mining Bureau, has been reappointed to take the position of examiner of oil lands. Dr. Bowers has already commenced work in San Diego county, and Mr. Watts will begin on the first of next month. Some time next year several interesting reports on the mineral resources of the State will be issued.

* * *

Ensilage Irrigation.

EARLY a year ago The Times, in this department, told of the profitable returns from the use of silos about Hynes, or South Clearwater, as the place was then known. The method of chopping green corn when in the fodder state, and storing it away in tanks for future feed for cattle, was described, and some striking figures in connection with its use were presented. It was shown how the butter output at the creamery had amounted to about \$2,700 more in a period of 100 days than it would have been if sixteen of the patrons of the creamery had not during that exceptionally dry period been feeding ensilage to their cattle.

That the silos which had been constructed in that neighborhood in the latter part of the year 1898 were successful, was, in the minds of nearly all of those who built them,

demonstrated conclusively. It remained, however for the cattle owners to find that there were further improvements to be made in order that their lands and their herds might be developed to the maximum of their milk-producing capacities. The feeding of the ensilage unmistakably increased the milk output. The next step was to provide plenty of corn for the ensilage. For that there was more water needed, and efforts were made to procure it.

Most of the stockholders in the creamery company proceeded to organize an irrigation company. As stockholders in the creamery company, they sold to themselves, as stockholders in the irrigation company, for a nominal sum, a little piece of ground on the creamery lot. A twelve-inch well was bored to a depth of 260 feet, and a flow of water, estimated at twenty miner's inches ran up above the surface. A redwood flume, fourteen inches wide, and of the same depth, of one and one-quarter-inch redwood stuff was built to conduct the water to as many of the patrons' ranches as could be reached. The flume was built a mile and one-half long, and running southerly from the well. When the complete pumping plant shall have been installed, the irrigating plant, including the well, the flume and the pumping apparatus will have cost about \$3000. A flow of about 100 inches of water is obtained by pumping. The presence of very fine gravel about the bottom of the well has kept the water from seeping in fast enough so that it might be pumped out in greater volume. It is expected that this condition will be improved by continued pumping.

The water is sold at a uniform price to all patrons whether they be stockholders or not, but the profits accruing from its sale go to the stockholders. The company has been charging from 50 to 60 cents per hour for the flow obtained by pumping the well to its full capacity. With the help of the irrigation two of the patrons of the creamery were enabled to raise corn sufficient to fill their silos. It is said that without the irrigation they would have raised scarcely any corn at all. Other patrons received material benefit from the use of the water.

The operations of the creamery have been extended by the establishment of a skimming station on the Bixby ranch, four miles southwest of Hynes. Another skimming station is to be established at Artesia, six miles southeast of Hynes. Each skimming station is provided with a patent separator, a steam boiler and other apparatus. Patrons having herds in the neighborhood of the station bring their night's milk and their morning's milk to the station in the morning, as they would bring it to the creamery. The milk is run through the separator and the cream is extracted. Each patron takes away his proportionate share of the skimmed milk. The man in charge of the station runs through the separator all of the milk received. That done he puts the cream into a large can, loads it on to a suitable wagon, closes up the station and drives to the creamery, where he delivers the cream. The butter is made from it the same as from milk delivered at the creamery. The establishment of the two skimming stations will increase the capacity of the creamery by about 500 pounds of milk per day.

The Clearwater Creamery Company, established in September, 1896; the Clearwater Silo Company, established in 1898, and the Hynes Irrigation Company, established this year, have nearly identical lists of stockholders.

* * *

A New Water Company.

A MEETING of land owners and irrigators was held a short time ago at the Fruitvale schoolhouse, near Hemet, in Riverside county, and a company was formed, known as the Fruitvale Water Company, with a capital stock of \$50,000, to irrigate land in the old San Jacinto and Pleasant Valley irrigation district.

* * *

Port Los Angeles Business.

THE following, from the Santa Monica Outlook, shows the imports and exports at the long wharf for the month of October:

IMPORTS.

Lumber, feet	954,428
Cement, tons	1,912
Coal, tons	17,372
Railroad ties	44,254
Merchandise, tons	2,298
Grain, tons	484
Posts	4,850
Logs	6
Vessels arrived—30 steamers, 3 ships; total, 33. Net tonnage of vessels, 32,429 tons.	

EXPORTS.

Cement, tons	601
Merchandise, tons	166

Sailed—29 steamers, 2 ships, 1 bark; total, 32. Net tonnage, 30,898 tons.

* * *

A New Cheese Factory.

THE cheese-making plant at Clearwater is one of the latest marks in the development of the dairy industry. The factory was built and is owned by George A. Smith of Los Angeles. The plant is operated by J. N. Labell. It has a capacity of 10,000 pounds of milk per day. Patrons deliver the night's and the morning's milk in the morning. The milk is weighed as it is delivered, and a sample is taken from each patron's delivery. For each patron there is a jar in which his daily sample is put. At the end of the week the milk accumulated in the jar is subjected to a Babcock test, and the percentage of butter fat is ascertained. The decimal representing the percentage is multiplied by the number of the pounds of milk delivered, and the product is the proportionate share of the net proceeds of cheese sales to which the patron is entitled. Patrons get their pay monthly. The Cheddar system is employed in making the cheese. The management is trying to produce a cheese as nearly as possible free from holes, and like that made in the factories of the East.

SOU' BY SOU'WEST.

0 WING to the cosmopolitan character of the population of Southern California, which draws immigration not only from every State and Territory in the Union, but also from nearly every civilized—and semi-civilized—country under the sun, it is not surprising to find that there are an astonishing number of different religious sects represented here. Thus, a report made a short time ago by a Sunday-school superintendent in San Diego, who visited ten thousand families, shows that among them there are representatives of no less than thirty-nine religious sects, including Christadelphians, Covenanters, Nazarenes, atheists and thirteen Mormon families. A careful canvass of Los Angeles would probably show a still greater variety of religious organizations. It certainly seems as if no devout person need hesitate about removing from the East or Europe to this wild, western region for fear that he might not be able to worship God after his own favorite fashion.

* * *

There are few mines in the world which produce large quantities of silver in the native state—that is to say, in white flakes or wires, just as it is used in commerce, and for coinage. In ninety-nine cases out of 100, silver ore would not be recognized, by a person without any mining knowledge, to contain silver at all. Probably the most remarkable of the mines yielding native silver is that of Batopilas, in Chihuahua, celebrated as the property of A. R. Shepard, who did so much to beautify Washington City. Mr. Shepard spent an immense amount of money in opening up these great mines, and he has been amply repaid for his enterprise. Since 1880, when he first acquired the property, over \$9,000,000 have been taken out, although only the high-grade ore has been worked. Over a thousand men are employed at the mine. It takes a pretty rich silver mine to pay operating expenses at the present price of silver.

* * *

The San Diego papers still continue to amuse themselves by saying funny things about Los Angeles. Thus, one of them recently quoted a number of expressions that had been heard from visitors who happened to wander down there from Los Angeles. These supposititious people are quoted as lamenting that they cannot sell their property in Los Angeles, and go down to live in San Diego, where the people are so much "sunnier and warmer-hearted," where they "live more naturally and genuinely," and where there is "more of the old-time hospitality and graciousness and welcome." That is all right. Doubtless, many people would believe that the Apaches and the Filipinos and the Esquimaux live more "naturally and genuinely" than we do in Los Angeles. As to the question of hospitality and welcome, it should be remembered that the people in Los Angeles have something more to do than to entertain visitors with stories of projected railroads and proposed steamship lines.

* * *

The Belgian hare industry is going to—Yuma. A citizen of that place has secured a stock of Belgian hares and is starting a rabbithy.

* * *

The petroleum business is rapidly coming to the front as one of the leading industries of the State. A large amount of San Francisco capital has been invested in Los Angeles oil wells and oil lands during the past few weeks, the total amount of such investments being estimated at nearly \$200,000. It is claimed that the San Francisco investors now control nearly half the total production of the Los Angeles field, which production amounts to about 50,000 barrels a month. The establishment of an oil exchange in San Francisco has done much to draw attention of investors and speculators to this industry. The exchange will, doubtless, lead to a considerable amount of wild and injudicious gambling in oil stocks, but this is a feature that is inseparable from such institutions, whether they deal in oil, or gold and silver mines, or wheat, or pork. People will gamble, just as they will drink, and if they are forbidden to do it in one way, they will do it in another way. Both evils may be regulated, but they cannot be entirely suppressed. It is said of the Chinese, who are inveterate gamblers, that when they have played away everything else they possess, they will bet their fingers, the loser permitting the winner to chop off a finger with a sharp hatchet, while he dips the stump into a chemical solution to prevent bleeding. What particular satisfaction the winner may derive in this case is not clear to the Caucasian mind, but it shows the power of the gambling habit. On the other hand, the recently organized oil exchange will have a good effect in making oil securities easily marketable, and will thus encourage the development of new sections, for it will now be easier to obtain capital. It has been suggested that it would be a good idea to have a branch of this exchange in Los Angeles, and the suggestion seems appropriate, considering that nine-tenths of the producing wells are tributary to this city. This is one of the few instances in which San Francisco has stolen a march on us. In the case of the branch of the State Mining Association, recently organized here by a few San Francisco people, the success was by no means dazzling. The branch appears to be already dying or withering, while the local organization of mining men is making a rapid and healthy growth.

* * *

Hundreds of army officers, scattered throughout Uncle Sam's domains, between Porto Rico and the Philippines, will be interested in the news that old Fort Whipple, in Arizona, is to be rebuilt and reoccupied. Volumes of interesting army life cluster around this old barracks, near Prescott, which was one of the earliest white settlements in what is now the Territory of Arizona. Peace and war have both had many victories there, and dozens of army contractors have grown rich in supplying the troops with wild hay, at so much per pound. Whipple is in one of the healthiest sections of Arizona, with a bracing climate, and has always been a popular post with army men in the Southwest.

* * *

It is no wonder that many people get quite excited over mining propositions, when one hears of the remarkable prof-

its that are sometimes made in the business. For instance, it is said that Senator Clark's present income from his copper mines in Arizona amounts to about \$1,000,000 a month, and this is a property that was sold a few years ago for \$15,000. Of course, it is easy to point out that for one prize like this there are many blanks, but the investing public is always more inclined to look at the profit side of the balance sheet. On the other side, it may be mentioned that there has recently been a slump of about \$60,000,000 in the market price of copper stocks in Boston.

* * *

The steamships running along the Coast, between San Diego and San Francisco, would be much better patronized, at least by those who are not affected by seasickness, if the accommodations were better, and quicker time was made. This is especially true in regard to the summer months, when the trip through the San Joaquin Valley is far from pleasant. It is somewhat surprising that no serious attempt has been made to establish a competing line. Perhaps, when some of the vessels now employed by the government as transports are placed upon the market, something of this kind may be done.

* * *

A Los Angeles lawyer, whom the writer knew in Arizona some twenty years ago, as county official, newspaper man, and in several other capacities—for there are few places like the Territory to bring out whatever versatility there is in a man—is not known in local society as a dancing man, yet he once did a piece of star performance in the dancing line that would have brought down the house, if there had been any house to bring down. It was during the Geronimo outbreak in Arizona, when the country outside of the towns in the southeastern part of the Territory was not a very healthy kind of a resort for nervous people. He was at an isolated cabin, near a mine in Pinal county, and his compadre had gone into town for supplies. Suddenly, about dusk, there loomed up in front of the door a dozen big Apache bucks, each looking, as my friend avers, at least eight feet tall. His hair may not have stood exactly on end, but he tried to remember a few early prayers, as he invited the Apaches to partake of the few stores remaining in the cabin, which they did. Then they built a big fire in front of the cabin, and collecting empty tin cans, placed stones in them, for the purpose of furnishing the orchestra music, and plucking their white brother by the sleeve, gravely signified to him that he was to take his place in the dance. Round and round that fire, for over an hour, they all hopped, like kangaroos, shaking the tin cans the meanwhile. The perspiration streamed off the lawyer's body, and he was about ready to drop, when his partner appeared with supplies, and opened his eyes wide with astonishment at the extraordinary spectacle before him. The Indians devoted their attention to the new stock of grub, and at daybreak took their leave, after a formal parting. The Apache has a pleasant custom of bidding farewell to people about dawn, and stealing back and shooting you from the rear, but it happened that these particular Indians did not return, much to the relief of the two Americans. An invitation to a dance still conjures up painful recollections in the mind of this Los Angeles lawyer.

* * *

California is a great section to get up a big boom for some product for a few years, and then drop it for something else. This seems to have been the rule, ever since the early days of the State, when they first began to discover that they could raise grain here. Away back in the fifties, potatoes were selling one year at \$1 a pound, and the next year at 10 cents a sack, including the sack, and so it has gone, more or less, ever since. There has scarcely been a year since the early days, when apples dropped from 50 cents to 10 cents apiece, that there has not been talk about overdoing the California fruit industry, and the same talk is heard plentifully today. Many are saying now that the orange-growing industry will surely be overdone in the near future. How is it, then, that just now, in the heart of the great apple-growing section of Western New York, apples are in demand at \$2.25 per barrel, in carload lots, and this in spite of the fact that there are millions of acres in the United States where good apples can be raised and that planting has been going on at a great rate for forty years or more? Compare this with the extremely limited area of country adapted to citrus-fruit culture, and it seems that these croakers really ought to "take a tumble to themselves." Of course, if you have a big stock of products in your cellar, and can't get them hauled down town for less than they are worth, there is a sort of over-production, but such a condition of affairs cannot be more than temporary.

* * *

The oil lands and orchards are by no means the only profitable fields that are worked by enterprising men in Southern California. The large number of invalids who come here from the East to enjoy the advantages of the mild climate, many of them being people with considerable means, afford a great chance, not only to reputable physicians to make money legitimately in ministering to the wants of these invalids, but also to the army of more or less illegitimate quacks who are not always particular as to the means which they employ to extract good round sums of money from the pockets of their victims. It may be news to some that several of these firms of irregular practitioners make use of the services of cappers to drum up possible customers, who apparently have the means to pay liberally. Some of these men live at the leading hotels, dress well, and pose as gentlemen of leisure. They wait for the opportunity of scraping an acquaintance with some new arrival, who has some real or imaginable ailment, and then, in a confidential and sympathizing way, tell him how they have been entirely cured of a similar malady through the ministrations of Dr. Nostrum & Co., the world-renowned specialists for all ills that poor humanity is heir to. Should the sucker swallow the bait and call upon the doctors, who will have received a tip from their representatives in the mean time, he will probably learn that his is a specially intricate and difficult case, which needs some exceedingly costly medicines, all of which means a round bill in three figures, a good percentage of which goes into the hands of the capper. There are in Los Angeles as good

physicians as can be found in any American city, but they do not do business in this way.

* * *

After wasting years, and years, and years in vague and theoretical efforts to build itself up by building paper railroads and founding spook universities, San Diego has at length run up against something tangible, and may now be considered as a really dangerous rival of Los Angeles. A short time ago the Board of Supervisors of San Diego county made a contract with one Benjamin Judkins, a San Diego character who is described as a "philosopher, poet, astrologer, preacher, traveler, author and farmer," and who seems, besides, to be a sort of all-around crank, being an adherent of the Teed school of religious astronomy, agreeing to pay the cost of a trip to London if Judkins would spend three months there and sing the praises of San Diego to the blarsted Britishers. This he has been doing, and in a recent letter to the board he tells them that funds are running low, and that he wants more literature, "two dozen abalone shells in the rough state," and an allowance of \$1 a day for six months' "expenses, train and bus hire." If he gets this he says he is willing to continue the good work which he has commenced. His path in the London metropolis has not been altogether one of roses, yet he claims to have met with much encouragement. He says that out of several hundred persons he visited, he met only five or six who were not interested, "the rest were agreeably surprised." Whether they were surprised at the information imparted or at the personality of the San Diego apostle of climate is not stated. Possibly the surprise was excited by the honey and olive oil, which he says he doled out to some of them. He complains that the newspaper offices, with one exception, turned a cold shoulder on him, being so much taken up with events in South Africa. This shows that the London newspapers are entirely lacking in enterprise. The San Diego people have evidently struck the right lead at last. Judkins in London, at \$1 a day, is a softer snap than buying copper at 10 cents a pound or coal oil at four-bits a barrel. The San Diego supes should immediately forward Jud a carload of literature, with his expenses, train and bus hire and those two dozen abalone shells in the rough state. Then we may expect to see Cook & Co. put on a special tourist service between London and San Diego, and the next census will probably show the subjects of Her Majesty to be in a majority around the bay. In this way they will even be able to worry along for a few more years, in case the projected Salt Lake railroad does not materialize—or even should it make its terminus in Los Angeles. But, above all things, let the San Diegans be sure to send those two dozen abalone shells in the rough state. There is something very appropriate about this. Great possibilities of development lurk in an abalone shell in the rough state—and the same is true of San Diego.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

BEFORE THE FROST (IN THE EAST.)

There's a little pause of waiting, in the time that falls between
Nature's waking and her sleeping, ere the white hath hid
the green,
Which of all the glad year's gladness hath the most of
rare and fine,
Which of all the sad year's sadness pours elixir most divine.

For so blend our lights and shadows, like the crossing warp
and woof,
That our bliss is edged with sorrow, and full oft our joy
is proof
Only of some pain that, passing, leaves our spirit's life
possessed
Of a sense of tranquil pleasure or the dear delight of rest.
In these days of quiet beauty, when the silver haze of
morn
Like a mystic veil uplifteth, and afar to space is borne,
Come the hours like radiant angels bringing gifts from
One we love,
And the rapture of thanksgiving rises to His throne above.

Yet the tears o'erbrim the eyelids as we look from height
to height,
Flooded with a wondrous splendor, bathed in waves of
liquid light;
As we gaze o'er field and forest, where, unrolling rich and
wide,
Glory still excelleth glory in a vast triumphal tide.

Not the sweet, shy charm of April, not the roseate grace of
June,
Nor the lili'd later summer sleeping in the August noon,
Have such power to stir our longings, have such memories
dear and deep,
As this time when earth is hushing, like a child before its
sleep.

Voices once that made our music, fill no more the lonely
days;
Faces once that made our sunshine, beam no longer on our
ways;
Hands which clasped our own so warmly, folded lie beneath
the sod,
And above their strange quiescence, blooms and fades the
goldenrod.

Still our souls go forth undaunted, victors amid loss and
strife;
And we gather consolation, in whatever stress of life,
From the thought that over yonder, where the immortal
anthems swell,
There is utmost peace and safety, and with Christ the ransomed
dwell.

In the morning-glories' twining, with their fragile trumpet
shapes,
In the ecstatic thrill of color flushing o'er the ripened
grapes,
Through the grand year's coronation, beats the loving heart
of God;
Let us raise our psalms majestic, let us tell His praise
abroad!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

AN INTERESTING PEOPLE.

THE PARSEES, WHO FEED THEIR DEAD TO THE VULTURES ON TOWERS OF SILENCE.

[Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine:] The most peculiar people of India are the Parsees (or "Parsees"—meaning "Persians,") who feed their dead to the vultures upon the Towers of Silence. They fled to India from Persia when that land fell into the hands of the Arabs twelve centuries ago. Their men are the first very singular persons the traveler sees on board the ship which takes him to India, their singularity consisting in their long, sallow faces and large eyes, their shiny, patent-leather-looking, tubular hats, and their long and ugly coats. They are most numerous in Bombay, but one meets them in other cities on "Bombay side," and in Madras and Calcutta on the other shore. They are the richest natives of India, and have made and still make their money in trade. They are the only Indians who, as a body, admire and cultivate western progressive ideas, who treat their women fairly well (according to our ideas,) and who permit their widows to marry again. Their first rule of life is to practice benevolence, and no people do this more liberally. They maintain nearly twoscore charitable institutions in Bombay alone. They are the only people in the world who do not smoke, and this is because they will not trifle with fire, which is sacred in their belief. They never spit, and they will not in any way contaminate the earth or water, or desile the trees and flowers. That is why they destroy their dead without burning the bodies. They have no beggars among them; they are monogamists; they are not caste-ridden (or rotted) like the Hindoos, for they acknowledge but two classes—the priests and the people. They keep New Year's day, not only as a religious fete day, but, much as we do, as a day for general visiting. Their women are not imprisoned with their servants or otherwise degraded, but may be met anywhere and everywhere to the same extent as English women in India. So often are these women comely, and so beautifully are they clad—in such soft and exquisitely-colored silks—that, as one writer says, "they appear as hours floating about the earth in silk balloons, with a ballasting of anklets, necklaces, ear-rings, and jewelry." It is no more than fair of the Parsi men to let this be as it is, for they are the ugliest men that crawl upon this globe.

An English lady advised me to go and see the rich Parsi young women riding bicycles on the road beside the sea at 4 o'clock of any afternoon. What an idea! The bicycle has so revolutionized young womanhood in England that men who return there after a short absence cannot credit their senses as they note the change in the maidens and their home government. What will it do—or not do—in India? Truly, that modest-looking toy has worked as much of a change in this swift-booted century as many of our most important inventions. It has proved a steed which leaps the highest bars of prejudice, runs away with the deepest-rooted conventions—even outpaces the plans of women for their own emancipation. I try to fancy what it may do in India, but, after all, it has only a few thousands of Parsis upon whom to work.

AFTER THE GOLD BOOMS.

IMPORTANCE OF THE REACTIONS IN DETERMINING THE POPULATION.

[Ainslee's Magazine:] The law that settlers follow the line of least resistance suffers an exception when men are seeking gold. In the natural order of things, population would have worked itself in a continuous progression toward the Rocky Mountains, crossing them only by compulsion, as the Alleghanies were crossed and the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers. But where there is gold in sight there is no law. Humanity goes into Alaska with the same blind avidity that it went into California fifty years ago, with the same fatuousness that it swept to Pike's Peak in 1858. Population forsakes all its domiciles, its patronages and its prosperity, in the Argonaut period, and, as if driven by some monstrous wind, surged over the uneven earth to the Pacific and to the Rockies. The whole world knows how it did so, and the suffering that ensued is as common a story as the fortunes that were won. But the thing that is not known, the matter of lasting importance that is most often overlooked, is the migratory reaction, the settling back of the big flood to the places in which either by necessity or by choice, it must finally rest. The character of the Great West, the trans-Missouri, with its multiple variations, is determined by this phenomenon.

A map and a book of census statistics will tell the story. It is the story of the oil from the pitcher again. Men and women touched the crest of the continent at Leadville, in Colorado, in 1858, but fell back onto the plains again before the 60's were expired. The Mormon emigration filled the valley of the Jordan in 1847, but the general tide of people either went to the lower valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin on the oriental side of the Sierra Nevadas, or receded on the eastern slope of the Rockies. Successive mining discoveries enticed rushes of prospectors into Northern Idaho and British Columbia, but the greater mass of the movers went back into the warmer regions of California and Oregon. Where the Comstock and the Consolidated Virginia silver mines once magnetized so many settlers as to beguile Congress into making a State of Nevada, there is little left now but the evidence of what has been and the promise of what may be when the immigration of the West begins to move again for less glorious promises than acres of oranges for the mere tilling of the soil, and monster timber for the mere hewing of the logs. The mesas of the two southwestern Territories, Arizona and New Mexico, seem to have absorbed the hosts of traders and adventurers that went into them, as the sandy soil of their great areas drink in the freshets from the mountains.

Saracinesca is thought by many to be Mr. Crawford's most famous novel; at any rate, it has run through so many reprints that it is felt that this superbly-illustrated edition cannot fail of a welcome from Mr. Crawford's readers. "Via Crucis," by the same author, with twelve full-page illustrations by Louis Loeb, is a romance of the second crusade.



It Coaxes a New Skin

When your druggist suggests something just as good as Anita Cream, kindly remember, other preparations cover up or bleach, and should be avoided.

All dermatologists and physicians declare that the only way to remove discolorations is to remove the outer cuticle, and Anita Cream is the one preparation that will accomplish this result quickly and surely. The transformation is neither unpleasant nor disfiguring, simply a change from stains to transparency, from muddiness to clearness. After a treatment the complexion is clear, velvety, beautiful. There is no chance for failure if directions are followed. Try it for

Freckles, Tan, Moth and Liver Patches, Muddiness and all Discolorations of the Skin. 50c of Druggists or direct of us.

ANITA CREAM ADVERTISING BUREAU,
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Prof. C. W. Harris Will Begin His Lecture Course Monday, December 11.

It is the overwhelming knowledge that all pain and suffering is useless—the conviction that it can all be done away with by human means, in a thoroughly rational and natural manner—that impels him to impose on himself the further burden of this lecture course.

Prof. Harris is now treating as many patients as it is possible for one person to see. He is curing them of disease in every form, without the use of any medicine whatever. He does this by calling into activity the latent powers of the diseased body. He then directs the inborn powers of the patient so as to readjust the disease-racked body to harmonious action. He continues this control of the functions until they are re-established and smoothly working in the way nature intended. The complete cure follows as a matter of course. It is a natural cure, because nature does it. Put aside the effects of hundreds of years of mis-education as to the necessity of drugs and their ability to accomplish desired results, and every reader must admit that this plan is both sensible and logical.

Now, the proof that it is sensible is the fact that it is successful, not here and there, but in hundreds of cases of every nature. No doctor ever administered medicine successfully in half as many cases as are being permanently cured by the methods of this masterful man.

It is this wonderful art of healing without drugs that he teaches to others. He does it in order that they may be able to assist him in this work of healing the afflicted. His course of lectures presents to students the accumulated knowledge of years of study and experiment.

It is one thing to compile a lecture from the text books and writings of hundreds of other students, as is done on ordinary subjects. It is quite another thing to take up new lines of thought, carry them through untried paths of investigation and inquiry, always searching, weighing, deducing and finally crystallizing the results of this research into easily comprehended form.

This is just what Prof. Harris has done. By careful application for a comparatively short time, any one can grasp the underlying principles and see the superstructure slowly built up before his eyes. The ability is in any one to do the same work that Prof. Harris is doing. It is a God-given power, but God has given it to every man. We have simply been dead to the fact and so engrossed in other lines of investigation that this greatest power of the human race has been allowed to lie fallow.

Should you not wish to take part in this wonderful work of rescuing the human race from its suffering and sorrow, do not overlook this: The development of this power within you, the knowledge of how to use and direct it, will enable you to meet every condition of life successfully. It will fortify you against disease and enable you to live in health and to maintain your loved ones in the enjoyment of absolute health and all the pleasures that follow in its wake.

Prof. Harris issues a pamphlet, "Agreement," which he will be pleased to mail to any one interested enough to write him at his Los Angeles address, 921 South Olive street. It contains testimonials and other interesting matter, and no reader of this article who pretends to be abreast of the times should fail to send for a copy at once. Kindly remember that Prof. Harris does not receive patients Sundays or evenings.

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A GHOST STORY.

STARTLING SPECTACLE ENCOUNTERED
BY A MAN IN MICHIGAN.

By a Special Contributor.

OME years ago I was engaged with a party of surveyors in a sparsely-settled district of Michigan, laying out county roads. It was our custom to put up nights at the nearest farmhouse, and it so happened one night we, four of the company, stopped with a Mr. Cramer, one of the most prosperous farmers in that county. After enjoying a good supper, the others of the party sat in conversation with Mr. Cramer, while I became deeply interested in a book I had found—Irvings' story of the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." I could imagine the consternation of Ichabod Crane at meeting the specter and his frantic efforts to get across the bridge out of the horse's way. I had just finished the story when the conversation drifted into the subject of ghosts, and I was not a little surprised when Mr. Cramer, who appeared to be a man of intelligence, announced that he was a believer in the supernatural.

"Ghosts? Of course, there are ghosts," he said. "I have seen one on several occasions, but they never do any harm—none that I have met—unless it be to upset the nerves. Ghosts or supernatural appearances in many forms are as old as time. They are mentioned in the Bible, in Shakespeare, and in the stories of all countries. Scott's writings are full of them, even the quiet, solid-headed Hollander sees them. The Puritans believed in witchcraft, which is the same thing by another name. All their exorcising and threats could not keep the witches away. So these psalm singers proceed to burn and hang the innocent people who had seen the ghosts. Napoleon had his 'star,' and Lincoln his dream of a 'ship sailing in air.' All the same, different only in manner of appearance.

"Now, I have a ghost, or something of that sort, in and around my place. It is a young girl, almost a baby. Look at that engraving of the Sistine Madonna hanging on the wall. You see the cherub at the bottom of the picture? I mean the one at the right. Her face is similar to the cherub; features round, full and fresh as if in life, except that unlike the cherub her eyes are not looking up, and she has no wings. She has hair light in color, and flying loosely. I can see nothing but her head, shoulders and part of her arms; the rest is half-luminous cloud, like the tail of a comet. There is no one in my recollection that resembles her. She makes an appearance at intervals, and nearly always before something is going to happen; never any calamity or accident to me, but something that will result in my favor. So I am well pleased when she visits me.

"I saw her the first time one evening, just before dark, when I was taking care of my horses in the barn. I saw a figure flitting or sailing from the barn floor to the hay-loft, and then to the rafters and back again, and you may be sure I was startled, and maybe frightened, when I saw it was a childlike face turned toward me, with a sweet smile. I wondered what it all meant, and it troubled me during the night. I hesitated about telling my wife, thinking she might be nervous concerning it, but the next day a violent wind and hailstorm destroyed buildings, trees and killed stock, leveled grain in the fields in the vicinity, but not a bit of damage did I receive. I don't think I connected the visit with my exemption from the storm, but a few weeks later she came again when I was feeding the horses, a little later than usual, and persisted in coming in front of me, and then passing out the open door, only to come back, hovering around where I was busy, as if urging me to follow her. I finally did so, stepping out to see where she went to, and away she flew or floated, all the time facing me, toward the house, and then I saw smoke coming from one corner of the kitchen wing, and that it was on fire. As it was at the end farthest from the door, it would probably not have been seen until considerable damage had been done, had it not been for her attracting me to the danger point. As it was, the fire was easily extinguished, and then my little friend disappeared.

"She never visits the house, so far as I know, at least, so that I can see her; but one night I was awakened by a soft touch on my forehead, and as I awoke an impression fastened itself on my mind, a silent, imperative command, 'Go, quick; something is wrong at the barn.' I hastily arose, without awaking my wife, who knew nothing of my going or coming until I told her next day; and as I stepped out the door I saw her leading the way. As I

opened the barn door, she passed over my head and hovered over one of my best horses that had caught one fore leg in the rope halter and fallen down, the leg hanging on the rope, so he could neither get up nor relieve his limb. The horse lay quiet, making no struggle while I was at work to get him free, for my little friend remained near his head until I had released him, and as he got up she quietly melted from sight. I went back to bed, fell asleep at once, without a thought or dream to disturb me all night.

"I could give you several similar instances of her watchfulness over me and my property. My horses know her, and are not at all alarmed at her presence or actions, but evince a curiosity by turning half around to follow her motions, even neighing in a friendly way, as if to give her an acknowledgment. My dog, a very intelligent shepherd, does not give her any notice whatever. I don't believe he sees her at all, for she has several times been quite near him without attracting his attention.

"She never appears when any person is near me, so I cannot prove my assertion by producing this ghost, but she certainly comes, whether you are inclined to doubt my story or not; and, gentlemen, I am always glad to see her, for I know it bodes good to me and mine.

"I don't know as I shall call her a ghost; ghosts are not generally very attractive in appearance, and usually are thought to presage anything but good to any one. So I think I shall call her a fairy; fairies are sometimes mischievous, but not malicious—often what the old country folk call good spirits.

"I cleared up this farm from the natural woods; no one to my knowledge was ever buried here. None of our children is missing; in fact, all are boys, and this visitor is a girl. My wife has tried time and again to see the little miss, but has never succeeded in getting a glimpse of her shadowy form, but she knows the actual results of following the appearance, and when I come in at night and say I saw my little girl again, my wife says then nothing will occur to put us in any danger when she is near by. She does not fly, but in 'Puck's air girdle floats at ease,' sometimes slowly, and then quite rapidly; does not alight on anything, but rests on air. Stays only a few minutes, always with that same pleasant smile on her face, then, as if having delivered her message of good tidings, fades or melts away, and the last I see is a faint light spot where the head was.

"I have never asked any one to explain the matter; I would not have her think I mistrust her; neither do I want to do anything that will offend or cause her to discontinue her visits. I always greet her, 'Well, little one, I am glad to see you again,' and the horses follow her with their eyes, as if they are glad also."

When we went to our rooms I asked the oldest man of our party: "Mr. Snyder, do you believe Mr. Cramer's story of the ghost or fairy?"

He replied, "I don't want to believe in such things, but he is so earnest, and does not appear to be a man given to seeing spooks, I shall have to say I believe what he says."

"Well," I said, "I would like to see her myself, or one like her, or even any kind of a ghost. I never saw one, and then I would believe in them. I don't think I would be afraid to speak to her, or it, as the case might be, unless it was that skullduggery rider of Sleepy Hollow. Maybe that might shake me up a bit, but if it was the baby ghost, or anything like her, I would hail her and try to find out who she is or was, and get her to be my guardian angel."

"Hold on, now, Bob; if that schoolma'am heard that remark you would lose one angel and might not get the other. Better be contented with the live one, and not get one that can fade away so easily."

The subject was not resumed next day, but my young head was full of ghosts of all sizes and shapes. I tried hard to think of other things and banish the entire sub-

ject, but the visions and stories would not down at my bidding. I was spoken to several times sharply for not "sticking my peg" at the end of the chain; my mind was on anything but my duties.

As we were to go to another section for work next day, I concluded to walk over to the next neighbor's—about two miles—that evening. The schoolma'am was teaching the district school and boarding at this house, and I really wanted a chance to see her and tell the wonderful story of Cramer's ghost. It was a warm night; the moon was up early, though showing with difficulty through dark, straggling clouds. The road beyond the clearing and for half the way was through a piece of heavy timber, and for several hundred feet over a swampy tract, laid with logs—corduroyed—lonely enough at any time; more so in the light of a half-obscured moon, where grotesque shadows chased each other across the path.

As I reached the logways in the darkest part of the road I commenced whistling; partly because I knew one tune, and partly because whistling is a substitute for company on such occasions. Chancing to look to my left I saw a figure in white rise up from the ground to a man's height and slowly sink down again. I lost a few notes in my tune, but started it again louder than before, and, looking again, saw the same white object rise again. This time it was the exact shape of a child's coffin, larger at the top or head and narrowing toward the foot. It was so plain there could be no mistake as to what it was. I hesitated, then stopped; was half inclined to run back to Cramer's; "but, then," I thought, "it is just as near to the other house." I could not keep my eyes off the specter; my head said "Run;" my legs said "We can't do it." Then my knees grew weak, my feet suddenly heavy, and it seemed as if the moon had disappeared entirely—nothing left but myself and this uncanny, grawsome white something close by. Was I really scared, or was I really seeing a ghost? I tried to reason it out. Both. There surely was a ghost, and I knew I was scared from my toes to my hatband.

I was sorry I started at all. The schoolma'am could be seen some other time just as well, and maybe she would not care to listen to ghost stories.

The ghost, object, or whatever it was, appeared to be coming toward and nearly in front of me, no matter which way I turned. If I went ahead, it might stop me; if I turned back, it might get in front of me. I finally started back for Cramer's. Through the woods it came, directly toward the road in my front, leisurely, with the same movements, rising, then lowering, and facing me all the time, for I did not keep my eyes away from it. Not a sound did I hear. I was so unstrung. All my boasted courage of the night before—to speak and ask it if it was to be my guardian angel—had evaporated. I had but one supreme, overpowering thought—terror. If Mr. Cramer wanted a ghost, fairy, or even half a dozen, he was welcome to have them, so far as I was interested. I had no use for even one—not even a little one.

I had gone but a few rods when I saw it come out of the dark shade into the road, and in despair gave up. I was certainly lost. The coffin commenced rising again, and I should have fainted away, but at that moment the moon broke through a cloud and shone brightly. I heard a horse whinnying, and then I saw what was very plain—my coffin was the white face of one of Cramer's horses. When he stooped to pick at the grass, the coffin went down, and when he raised his head to eat, the coffin came up again.

I turned and went on to the other house, saw the schoolma'am, but did not attempt to interest her with any spookish narratives, and she does not know to this day what made me so nervous and disconnected in my conversation that evening.

W. J. HANDY.



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